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The Carolina Magazine

Official Literary Organ of the Student Body of the University of North Carolina

VOLUME II LX

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1930

NUMBER 1

Heart of Steel

By VERNON A. WARD, JR.

RICH? She was the wealthiest person in Argentina. Beautiful? A more beautiful creature never lived. Cultured? Her refinement was envied by the most cultured. Respected? Everyone who had heard of her worshipped her as a goddess. Her name was on the tip of every tongue in Argentina. Men swore by her. Yet—they said she had a heart of steel.

Thus was Mona Lucia described to Dick Richardson soon after he landed in Argentina. Dick hadn't intended to come to Argentina to fall in love. His purpose was to act as an electrical engineer for a great North American power company, which had branches in that rising South American republic. But as soon as Mona Lucia had been described to him he knew that she was the girl for him.

So he asked where he might see her and how he might meet her. For an answer he received a knowing grin and the simple half-Spanish, half-English statement that she attended the Saturday-evening balls in the "Plaza" of Buenos Aires.

Thus it was that Buenos Aires had a great event set for the next Saturday—the melting of the heart of steel. But that great Southern Metropolis didn't know it. Nor did the owner of that particularly hard heart.

Saturday came (as usual). And, in the opinion of at least one young American heart, it was the most beautiful, as well as the most mysterious evening that has yet come to pass. Even the depressing knowledge that Mona had broken a thousand hearts without breaking her own didn't depress on this important evening. Dick didn't worry; for he was conceitedly confident. He was young and handsome (so he had been told) and was going to melt the heart of steel.

Nor did Mona worry the least bit. Nobody had told her that the melting of her heart was set for this particular Saturday evening; and there was nobody to tell her that the moon was at all different from the usual Saturday-evening moon. She hadn't ever fallen in love; so she didn't fear this night any more than the ones that had gone before. Why, indeed! She was the woman with the heart of steel, and was proud of it.

Dick and Mona entered the ball-room at the same time, and (can you imagine?) they didn't even recognize each other. To the one the other seemed just like any other stranger (if, indeed, they noticed each other). And Dick didn't have the slightest idea whose heart he was going to melt.

A genuine flapper (if there is anything genuine about a flapper) approached and placed her hands on Dick's coat lapels. Dick turned away stiffly. He wanted only Mona.

Night Passes

By ELEANOR KINCAID

*O, Maiden of the Night,
With your raven tresses flowing
And jewels woven in your hair,
Spill your sweet elixirs on the earth.
Perfume the air.*

*O, Lady of the Night,
Stately in your velvet gown
Spangled with luminous star,
Send your cooling breezes from on high,
Breathe from afar.*

*O, Spirit of the Night,
Folded in your smoky robes,
With your lamps fading in the sky
Pass not with the dawning,
O, do not die!*

Then he realized that he had to find some way to meet Mona. How could he do it? Of course, he didn't want to appear over-interested in his future sweetheart. After a moment's consideration he decided that he must meet someone who would be able, in turn, to introduce him to Mona. He glanced about the room.

The table he chose was rather aside from the others. He didn't care to be overheard. It was rather embarrassing for the youth; but he boldly occupied a seat opposite a beautiful young lady.

"If you'll pardon me for such an uncustomary self-introduction, I'm Dick Richardson."

"Ah! but you made a slight mistake, Mr. Richardson. It is quite customary, I believe, but at the same time unmannerly."

What luck! He had thoughtlessly used his own language; and she had not only understood, but had replied in English equally as perfect as his. Dick had, indeed, found that the Spanish learned in America—rather, the United States—was quite different from that used in Argentina.

"Perhaps I may explain?" he questioned.

"Certainly. I think you should."

"Well, you see, I'm a stranger here. I just arrived from the United States Tuesday."

"It wasn't in the least necessary to tell me either where you came from or when you arrived. I knew, without a doubt, that you came from the United States, and I knew, too, that you were a tenderfoot here."

Imagine! She had called him a tenderfoot. But, perhaps, she knew no better.

"You see, it's very difficult for me. There are people here whom I'd like to meet. I had to meet someone so that I could be introduced."

"Well, why not a man?"

"It didn't occur to me."

"Oh! I see."

"Will you forgive me?"

(Continued on page seven)

Inward Feelings

By BOB BARNETT

THERE are those among us who are curious to understand the motives that prompt and the sensations that are felt in the experience of the human mind. There has always been a tendency, too, among those people to perceive experience through an emulation of the desires and experiences of others.

There are those who consider it quite impossible to be real in their estimate of a murderer, for example, unless they too have experienced the sensation of looking down at a smoky revolver and then across at the bleeding, dead body of its victim. How can you understand the mind of a thief unless you, too, creep along dark alleys at night, lay careful plans, break into a house, and steal away with your plunder under your arm? How can you understand the man whose whole life is twisted by an exaggerated impulse to translate all that he sees and hears into terms of sex interest, unless you, too, debauch and find the same excitement that pleases him? How can you understand the drunkard's feeble irresponsibility, his hauntings and cravings, unless you too have experienced the sensations of inebriation? How can you understand the blasphemer who holds nothing in reverence with his noisy iconoclasm, unless you do the things he does and deliberately think and follow out the thoughts he thinks?

The position is a plausible one. How can you appreciate an experience in the abstract, unless you can parallel it by personal experimentation? To avoid the danger of sentimental credulity one must know. Is knowledge possible without the test of personal experience?

Take for example the woman who sees in her husband attitudes and habits quite beyond her comprehension. She wants to understand it and relate it to her own notions of life. She copies her husband's habits as far as she is able to. It is a frank experiment made in the hope of recapturing the sensations of her husband and perhaps then understanding them. The experiment is doomed to failure by the very premises of the instance. In the first place, whereas his impetus is spontaneous, her's is deliberate, affected, and grossly unreal. Consequently, it is obvious that her reactions will be quite different from those of her husband. His would be casual and unpretended. Her's would be unnatural and studied. It is unlikely that the experiment would bring her any closer to an understanding of that which puzzles her. There is little intrinsic dependability in experience. It is there for its multifold interpretations.

How then is this woman to understand? What is the key to an understanding of her husband's experience and feelings concerning life. What is

(Continued on page seven)

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Tuesday, October 7, 1930

Opening Statement

In assembling this, the first issue of the 1930-31 CAROLINA MAGAZINE, we have sought to fashion a sheet that would do credit to the cause of student enterprise. Capitalizing upon suggestions derivative of the editorial experience of others, we shall strive to perpetuate and to augment those qualities which make the magazine a readable publication and a sentiment-moulding institution. Throughout the regime of the present editor, the dictates of student persuasion will be followed in so far as they are consistent with sound editorial policy.

The editor (by election) and the remainder of the staff (by appointment) of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE are the servants of the student body. In them is vested the channel through which the students of the University are urged to make recommendations as to desired format and content. In the contributory sense, the columns of the magazine are open to the entire student body—regardless of political, social, religious, or professional affiliations. All persons doing good and consistent work will be listed in the masthead in some capacity. The editor reserves the right to make staff changes without previous notification of persons concerned.

We take occasion here to express the hope that the students of the University of North Carolina will look upon the CAROLINA MAGAZINE as a workshop for creative writing—a workshop with the latch-string on the outside. Although contributions from faculty members and outsiders will be published from time to time, we shall depend chiefly upon material submitted by students. This publication is essentially a student enterprise and has for its scope the campus of this institution. To depart from this field in any appreciable measure would be to betray and to trample upon the purpose of the magazine.

With each succeeding issue we shall attempt to secure greater typographical attractiveness. Although the standards of the magazine are to

be high and exalted, they are to be neither fixed nor permanent. Our persuasion in this connection is that standards are most effective when they are relative and not absolute, movable and not fixed.

In conclusion, the editor promises to maintain a salient interest in the CAROLINA MAGAZINE and to render the student body any service which will not cast a disrupting shadow upon the seamless web of sound editorial policy.

Another Magazine

The interval between the last and present issues of this publication has seen a new magazine appear, the editorial control of which is directed by a member of this student body. For *The Agora* we have only words of praise.

We feel that the editor of *The Agora* acted very wisely in choosing for the field of his magazine the Southland. Certainly, no section of the United States is in more need of a literary magazine of the intercollegiate vintage.

The CAROLINA MAGAZINE is essentially a student enterprise, having for its scope the campus of this university. *The Agora* is an intercollegiate enterprise, choosing for its scope the South. It is our sincere and undivided hope that *The Agora* will in very considerable measure meet the long-apparent literary needs of the intercollegiate Old South.

The Academic Mind

Every known civilization which has left its imprint on the world of affairs has, in so doing, developed its own peculiar customs, ideals, and protective legends. Each generation has taken some flattering unction to its soul, lest it should reveal too frankly defects which shame the mind and disconcert the spirit. China seeks to explain her devotion to reflective wisdom, when there is really no explanation to offer. England, still semi-feudal, lays great emphasis upon the zealotry of her aristocracy. In short, we wear our failures and display our weaknesses.

The academic mind—that strangely mysterious factor in the advancement of civilization—is prone to seek escape from the world of reality into the Utopia of contrast. Its permeating tales of enchantment grasp us and we insist that our beliefs are not fairy tales. In Western civilization the chiefest of these is the legend of

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Heart of Steel (<i>a story</i>)	VERNON A. WARD, JR.
Inward Feelings (<i>an essay</i>)	BOB BARNETT
Phantom's Choice (<i>a story</i>)	DION MUSCOVIER
Homesickness (<i>an account</i>)	JOE JONES
Can Spring Be Far Behind (<i>a story</i>)	JAMES JACQUES
The Quest (<i>verse</i>)	CONRAD O. HINSHAW
POETRY	
Night Passes	ELEANOR KINCAID
Les Roses	VERNON A. WARD, JR.
The College Bummer	VERNON CROOK
Classroom	JAMES DAWSON
The Valley of Life	VERNON CROOK
The Same Only Different	JOHN WARDLAW

Book Comment

Alfred A Knopf published, on September 19, John V. A. Weaver's latest book of poems, entitled "Turning Point." Mr. Weaver, who was born in North Carolina, moved to Chicago while yet a child. When he had attained manhood, he enrolled at Hamilton College; later, he took graduate work at Harvard and Columbia. Then he worked in an advertising agency, sold canned fish for a wholesale grocery concern, and finally became publicity director for the *Chicago Daily News*. His first published "literary effort" was an advertisement written for that paper. For the past two years Mr. Weaver has been on the coast under contract to Paramount.

* * * *

The Mexican Revolution, one of the most romantic chapters in modern history, is the theme of Martin Luis Guzman's book, "The Eagle and the Serpent." The most sensational and dramatic character in the revolution, Pancho Villa, who was pursued by the armies of two countries and yet escaped, who was hailed variously as a hero, scoundrel, martyr and bandit, is portrayed in "The Eagle and the Serpent." Guzman, the author, fought in the Mexican Revolution under several generals, including Villa. He knew Villa personally and took part in many of the most violent episodes of that daring individual's career.

* * * *

Fritjoff Michelson, co-author with Leon K. Byre of that rowdy and rip-roaring account of a voyage on a tramp steamer, "Ocean Parade" (McBride), was born in Deadwood, South Dakota, which seems fitting enough, since that town was the home of Deadwood Dick and Calamity Jane.

useless knowledge. The American people have endowed it upon a scale of boundless magnificence. To this institution of useless knowledge, so-called, belong books by the square mile, buildings reaching almost to numerical infinity, and professors by the thousand. These we may call the temples of the academic mind. We, ourselves, are the creatures of habit and routine. Were there no hindrance, we fain would escape into the field of the academic mind.

In the past, the world has been run by so-called practical men. To them is accorded the glory of the world's accomplishments. True it is that the civilization of a given period is begotten by its own peculiar system of production, but what part of the success of American industries is attributed to the work of the so-called academic mind? Very little, indeed.

A century ago the practical, average man not only built colleges and universities, but he governed their every move. The situation now is different. The control of our colleges and universities has been gradually wrested from common, average men. Resultant of this is the fact that all too many Americans look upon a college education merely as a passport to desirable social connections. The eradication of this conception ranks high among the problems which confront Young America.

Phantom's Choice

By DION MUSCOVIER

In the light of the morning sun, the newsboys hurried about, slipping their papers into unresisting hands. Here and there were groups of men heatedly arguing about the latest deed of that masterly criminal who had been dubbed "The Phantom" by the more illiterate, less dignified journals.

"Wuxtry! Wuxtry! All about the big MURDER! Phantom gets James Carewe. Right here. Gittcha papers now."

The newsies shouted the length and breadth of the street like mature street hawkers—shrilled their gory news into the ears of all the early risers. Suave New Yorkers hurrying about their business stopped to examine the ninety-six point headlines in their favorite papers—and having stopped, were lost. They reached avidly for the details of the latest crime, and losing for once that inimitable sang froid that is the escutcheon of every man-about-townish character, their generally composed faces blanched. All faces lost composure at sight of the gory mess that reporters, pandering to what they thought was the public's demand, had hastily gathered together.

Meek-looking gentlemen devoured the bloody description of the crime and writhed in their uncomfortable subway seats as they mentally reenacted it. They marvelled that a man could be so cruel, so bloodthirsty—so marvelously, ingeniously baffling. Oh, if they had but one bit of his courage, were just one bit as hard—perhaps they would be happier; yes, perhaps.

Out-of-towners like the "lady from Duluth" flocked quickly to the news-stands eager for something to tell the home folks about. "My! my! my dear, here I was in New York with that horrible murderer stalking around the streets. It was simply blood-curdling. I never slept a wink, my dear. Tsch-tsch! what a place that New York is. A veritable Sodom and Gomorrah combined. As I says to the Reverend, I don't know what this world is coming to. And, my dear, New Yorkers are such terrible people—such wanton, sinful people. Tsch-tsch!," they would say when they arrived in the old home town.

But at least one New Yorker remained obdurate in the face of the newsboys' cries that were wafted through his open window. He had no need for the details of the murder of James Carewe, he reflected. He rose languorously from his mussed bed and reached for a cigarette. Then he hopped neatly into his trousers and buttoning his shirt the while, lifted a battered doctor's kit from a nearby chair to the bed. From it he took a slim stiletto and began to scour it diligently with some kitchen polish. His long dexterous fingers moved deftly here and there over its surface, removing some dull spots that could have been only blood. He held it in the sunlight that streamed through the open window and, evidently satisfied, replaced it carefully in its sheath and laid it just as carefully into the kit again.

He walked toward the mirror and bent his knees as he lowered his frame to get his reflection into what little portion of it remained.

Les Roses

By VERNON A. WARD, JR.

*As through the garden I passed,
I noticed not least but last
The rose that grows at the close
Of the garden where the soft breeze blows.
It was exquisitely dainty and fine.
(Could such daintiness come from a thorny
vine?)*

*Its petals were rounded, curved, folded.
Its sepals were green—at the edges golded.
In the petals was encrusted
The golden pollen slightly dusted.
That was a beautiful rose
That grows at the garden's close.*

*I was dazzled by the brightness
Of a new rose, and by its whiteness.
It flashed in the bright sunlight.
It was the whitest of all the white.
In impeccable raiment was it clothed.
The slightest spot was by it loathed.
It was still imperaled with sparkling dew,
As toward it in the garden I drew.*

*I was startled by the glowing red
That had from another rose bled.
It lit near-by roses with a glow.
It was the deepest red that could grow.
Impearled was it, too, with the dew,
And the color proved that it was true.*

*Next came the rose of old, old gold
That had a mellowness quite untold.
It had a velvety golden sheen
That attracted the eye whenever seen.
It was not flaring, glaring, bold;
For that often proves imitation gold.*

*There was a rose so delicate, so pale
That one would have thought it fragile and
frail,
And, should one touch this pale rose-ray,
That the dainty mirage would drift away.
It made one think of immortals fair;
At this one scarcely dared to stare.*

*Last I found a true, lasting rose
Growing on the trellis at the garden's close;
At the close of the garden where the soft breeze
blows;
At the close of the garden where many a flower
grows.*

*This rose was the usual country flower
That adorns the beautiful country bower.
Its color is placid—purity and truth,
Indeed a model for age and for youth.*

Neither the dirt on its surface nor the cracks that skitted gaily in every direction across its face could conceal the fact that he was unusually handsome. Cold grey eyes gazed out at him from behind two bushy eyelashes and his dark curly hair curved gracefully about his forehead. He was a devil with the women—not to mention a stiletto or a gun—and he knew it.

Stephen Lang never seemed to bother about women, but his very indifference made him attractive to them. He had a deplorable habit of looking at a woman for a few seconds and, apparently finding her wanting, turning his head away. They seldom resisted that. It was a direct

(Continued on page four)

Screen Notes

One of the great events of the picture year comes to the Carolina Theatre shortly when "Whoopie," the Samuel Goldwyn-Florenz Ziegfeld musical riot, starring Eddie Cantor, makes its appearance. This famous pair of producers, kings of the screen and the stage respectively, have exhausted every angle of their art to make "Whoopie" memorable.

The cost of the production, originally estimated at a million and a half dollars, was nearer the two million mark when shooting was completed. The filming called for seventy-four changes of scene, many of them taken in such world-famous natural beauty spots as Zion National Park, 512 changes of costume and scenes including four and five hundred people.

The entire Goldwyn and Ziegfeld staffs were combined to make "Whoopie" technically perfect, with Thornton Freeland, young and brilliant Hollywood director, in charge of the filming.

Sally Morgan (Eleanor Hunt) has long been in love with Wanenis (Paul Gregory), an Indian boy who lives near her father's ranch, but her father is forcing her to marry the Sheriff (John Rutherford), while Wanenis is away being educated to white man's ways. Wanenis returns just before the wedding, learns of the plans and goes back to his people on the reservation, broken-hearted. Sally, desperately unwilling to go through with the marriage, prevails on Henry Williams (Eddie Cantor), an imaginary invalid living on the ranch, to take her away in his ramshackle Ford. As soon as her escape is discovered, her father and the Sheriff set out in pursuit.

Sally and Henry are despairing when they run out of gas in a few miles, but they hold up a car to steal gasoline and get to the next ranch for food, ignorant that this very ranch is owned by the people they have held up. The foreman of the ranch is expecting the owner and family, and is desperate because he has neither cook nor maid to take care of them. Sally and Henry volunteer for the jobs, only to discover, on their arrival, that the people they are to wait on will surely recognize them. Henry blacks his face with soot as a disguise and proceeds to cook in his own sweet way.

All is going well until Sally's father and Sheriff arrive, looking for the fugitives. Sally and Henry escape just in time and dash off in the Ford, after Henry has gone he-man, knocked out the ranch-owner's son and wrecked the garage. They seek refuge in the Indian reservation, and learn that Wanenis has determined to abandon which civilization and go back to savagery in his despair, believing that his race makes his love for Sally impossible.

Sally's father and the Sheriff trace the pair to the reservation and are about to carry Sally off, when the Indian chief reveals that Wanenis was a white baby, abandoned in a deserted hut, and reared by the chief as his own son. Immediately Sally's father consents to Sally's marriage to Wanenis, and everyone is happy except Henry, whose domineering nurse takes charge of him again.

PHANTOM'S CHOICE

(Continued from page three)

challenge, as they say it, and flung, as it were, by such a handsome man, they resented it. They resented it so wholeheartedly that they took up the challenge and bowed to the temptation of impressing him, of, perhaps, capturing him. And not even Lang said he didn't enjoy it all.

He smiled to himself as he combed his hair until it was in precisely fetching order from whichever way he viewed it; for he was a very vain man, was Lang. Then he smiled again, a very pleased-with-himself, laudatory smile.

He straightened his tense body and walked toward the bed. Onto it he emptied all his pockets expectantly. When he had finished, there was an amazing conglomeration of assorted knick-knacks lying before him. The usual pocket knife, key ring, and crumpled packet of cigarettes he threw aside, together with a very inefficient-looking lighter. On the bed there were now some twenty rings of various sizes and shapes; topaze, ruby, emerald, and signet rings. There were also two platinum watches, a jeweled cigarette lighter, a thick packet of bills of large denomination, and, last of all, a diamond necklace such as must have graced the throat of a queen.

Lang bent over his spoils and greedily fingered everything. He smiled as he reflected that Carewe's safe had been very generous to him. He smiled again—a very excellent smile, too, if one discounted the hard look in his eyes. His eyes belied his smile, one would say, because they were cruel and positively smileless.

He had almost reached his goal, he thought. He was approaching that state of financial buoyancy that all men desiderate, few men attain, and none are satisfied with. One more job and he would be worth approximately one million dollars! He cooed the number softly, again and again. It rose and captured his fancy, until he strode up and down the length of the room repeating to himself monotonously the magic number . . . one million . . . ONE million . . . ONE MILLION!

At the window he stopped a moment to gaze down at the passers-by. How shoddy they looked, he thought! How pitifully resigned to their fate! They were born, and lived, and died; ever striving for wealth; never coming any nearer their goal from life to death. All their dreams were of wealth, yet they never marshalled sufficient initiative to scale the first step to the temple of Mammon.

"How many of you will ever have a million dollars?" he asked aloud of the unheeding multitude. And receiving no answer to his unheard question he answered for himself, "None of you! Why?" Again he gave his own answer, "Because you're all soft! You're soft and you're brainless! Yah, you don't deserve to have a million dollars! You don't deserve anything, you softies!"

He drew a slip of paper from the drawer of the dilapidated bureau and studied it intently for some moments. From the names of this paper he was to choose his next, his last, victim. Then off for South America. South America and a cattle ranch. He had always wanted to be a

rancher. He could start life anew down there with a million dollars. He would be the respected citizen of some little town far, far to the South. Perhaps he would attain prominence through his wealth, and then he might become some sort of public official. And no one would be the wiser—but some a bid deader, it must be said. He grinned sardonically at his gruesome quip. Yes, some would be very much deader.

He passed a hand through his meticulously combed hair and stared into space. Which was the next victim? Toss a coin? No, that wouldn't do, there were seven names. He re-read the list, his index finger stopping automatically, guiltily, beside the four that were crossed out. They were four who had gone; one more victim and the Phantom would ravage no more. His face suddenly cleared. Galens would be the next! It would be a masterstroke! The parting shot of the Phantom; a whimsical adventuresome farewell!

The man whom the Phantom had chosen for his next victim had come to New York six years before. He had purchased a luxurious home built on one square block of land fronting on the Hudson River. The house was like a medieval castle, hidden behind ancient trees, and raising weather-beaten turrets to the sky above. It was fitting that this strange man should occupy that strange house. The house had long been empty and the price asked for it had been the sole obstacle to its sale after its former owner's death. An agent had purchased the mansion for Galens and had paid the stupendous sum, rumored to be about two million dollars, in one cash payment!

Galens, in all his six years in New York, had never been seen by another person. He had taken possession of the house in the dead of night, surreptitiously, and had not left it since. In that pretenacious abode, rearing itself majestically amid myriads of sky-scraping apartment houses, he had spent six years of his life.

He had never been seen, this wealthy recluse—ah, but he had been felt. He had been felt, to use the vernacular, and how! Every financier in the country had felt his pressure—every fluctuation of the market was directly attributable to Galens, or originated from a source that suggested him.

A few days after his arrival he had bought over a million dollars worth of stock in one of the largest corporations in the country. Thereafter, he had bought into every concern of prominence and repute that was listed on the stock board. He had eaten like a cancer into the heart of business and industry in America. He directed the destinies of some of the largest corporations in the world. His foresight was uncanny—he seemed to anticipate every move of importance made by a rival organization. His business acumen coupled with his wealth and power enabled him to corner the market, or break an antagonist's corner, at will. He had accomplished such wonders in "the Street" that his name had become a household word all over the world and the newspapers had tacked on to his name the honorary title of "the Great."

Another reason, perhaps just as intriguing as his wealth and power, was that he had never been seen. About him there sprang up the glam-

our and enchantment of a man of mystery. All of his business was conducted by a secretary—a secretary who had never seen his employer! He talked with Galens through the medium of a speaking tube connected to the three little rooms that were the sole material domain of a man who owned more land than some of the kings of Europe. But Galens the Great never ventured from them. His meals were sent up through a dumbwaiter and he cleaned his rooms himself. Through a porthole arrangement, through which a hand could reach, he carried on the business of signing documents that his secretary brought to him.

There were many rumors traveling around the city and country. Most of them were publicity stunts, spectacular moves for added circulation by various unscrupulous newspapers, or vaguely substantiated stories by "limelight seekers" or amateur detectives who reported private interviews with "Galens the Great." People wondered, naturally, that a man of his means and importance should seclude himself so consistently and obstinately. All visitors were met and entertained by the secretary and were tactfully discouraged from a further visit, as were all veiled hints for invitations.

A disgruntled and insatiably curious public manufactured tales to its own liking and Galens' detriment. True, he contributed magnanimously to every worthy project that was brought to his attention, but there must be something wrong, otherwise he would not be such a confirmed hermit. Some of the scandalous tales were to the effect that he was a mythical figure created by some rapacious corporation, so that they might devour the country's assets without interference by the law! Some were to the effect that he was a communist working for the Russian government! He was a negro! He was an escaped murderer!

But if these tales were told they were never authenticated; and they were also never denied. Once in a great while, an editor would receive a huge check for his personal account and a subtly worded threat advising him to discontinue disparaging articles concerning Galens the Great or his enterprises. But other than this, no check was made on the rumors. They floated around from time to time exciting varying degrees of interest, but they were always splendidly ignored by their central figure.

It was partly the mystery of the man—mostly, be it known, the wealth—that attracted the Phantom. It would be so ironical! Having one's incognito destroyed on one's death bed! Lang never left behind him the possibility of future identification by a victim—it was much more expedient, so much more simple to effectively gag any would-be identifier.

He gloated over the coming venture. He would be the first and last man to see Galens the Great alive. It would be the cream of the jest

* * *

Two nights later, the echo of his last crime still reverberating around the world, his name still lingering like a bad breath on the lips of all men, Stephen Lang, alias "The Phantom," crept up the heavy trellis that adorned the side of Galen's house, and headed toward the win-

(Continued on page six)



THE BOOK WORLD



Anthology

COPY 1930. The Writers Club, Columbia University, New York: D. Appleton & Co. 347 pp. \$2.

The Writers Club of Columbia University publishes with the 1930 *Copy* the seventh volume of this annual anthology. The writing in these volumes is done by members enrolled in the special writing courses given by Columbia. All the work in *Copy* has been previously published by magazines.

This volume proves the belief that work done in special writing courses is limited in scope and traditional to be fallacious. The work is representative of the writing of an average group of American college students—in fact, a great deal of the writing in this book is considerably better than that turned out by the average student. Material in the issue consists of stories, plays, poems, and essays, and was selected by a committee composed of Joseph Auslander, Lorna R. F. Birtwell, Dorothy Scarborough, Ernest Brennecke, Helen Hull, and Warren E. Schutt.

Of the thirteen short stories published the first, "Hot Copy," by M. C. Blackman, is undoubtedly the best. It is almost worthy of a veteran writer. Other outstanding stories are "Ugly," by Dorothy Perkins Eastabrook, and "Pioneer," by Harry G. Huse. Of the essays, "High School Poets," by Nellie B. Sergeant, and "Negro Authors Must Eat," by George W. Jacobs, are excellent pieces of work. As a whole the verse in this volume is typical of that of college students. A play, "Wilderness Road," by Anne Collins and Alice Timoney, is a well done piece of writing. It is fitting that it should have been included in this volume.

Copy is an admirable anthology. In a review of the brevity which this must necessarily be, it is impossible to evaluate each separate bit of writing in the book. But, on the whole, the selections included are well worth reading and point admirably to the direction in which the younger writers of modern America are turning.

PHILIP DeVILBISS.

Autobiography

LONE COWBOY. By Will James. Scribners. 1930. 431 pp: \$2.75.

Life very rarely produces a natural artist. The cultivated, academically trained artist, writer, and musician are commonplaces. Men who possess a talent so strong that overwhelmingly adverse circumstances cannot prevent its fruition are very few in number. Will James is such a one.

The narrative of *Lone Cowboy* tells how a little boy, hardly more than a baby, becomes an orphan in the West; how an old French trapper adopts him and takes him on his long, long hunts; how when he is still very young the French trapper is lost in an icy river, leaving him alone on his own resources.

He has already developed a passion for draw-

The College Bummer
(With apologies to Longfellow)

By VERNON CROOK

*Under the brunt of Nature's spree
The College Bummer stands;
The lad, a trusting guy is he,
Who hails and waves his hands
In hopes that some big-hearted friend
Will pass who understands.*

*His head is bare, and combed and slick;
His face, wreathed in a smile;
His eyes are ever more alert
For a ride another mile;
And he looks the whole world in the face
For one friend among the file.*

*Week in, week out, from morn to night,
You can find him by the way;
You can see his lifted hand a plea
That you will him convey;
And he truly hopes when you help him on
That he can some time repay.*

*But often many cars pass on
And leave him standing there,
Till very weary he becomes,
Sore, tired, and in despair,
As he waits some good Samaritan
To take him in his care.*

*There as he stands in weariness
And watches men pass by
With empty seats, unfeeling looks,
He cannot reason why
They do not wish to hear at all
Their fellow-mortal's cry.*

*At last some good Samaritan
Comes by and takes him in,
Who talks to him as man to man,
Who treats him as his friend,
And tells him when he lets him out
He trusts they'll meet again.*

*Hailing, meeting, befriending,
Onward through life he goes;
The morning sees his trip begin,
The evening sees it close
And, if he's gained another friend
He's earned a night's repose.*

*Now may the lesson that he learns
While standing by the ways
Engage a seat beside him
For the Bum of future days;
If this it fails great be his blame,
If not, great be his praise.*

ing which stays with him through the long drifting career as horseman that now opens and takes him all up and down the West. He works in all kinds of country, and with all kinds of horses and cattle.

Always he is moving toward a remote objective—to become an artist. However aimlessly he seems to wander, this ambition gives his life its direction, and its ultimate achievement.

—Mark Oliff.

Henderson Contribution

CONTEMPORARY IMMORTALS. By Archibald Henderson. D. Appleton & Company, New York. 1930. \$2.50.

It would seem futile and absurd for any living critic to attempt to single out a group of contemporaries as the immortals of today; for, as Doctor Henderson states in the foreword of his newest volume, "it may well be that in choosing contemporary immortals we are only designating temporary immortals." Time is the acid test of immortality, and our own critics can only make guesses as to the less obstructed view and more mature judgment of posterity. Perhaps there is no basis for such a distinction between mortals and immortals as Doctor Henderson makes save that of idealism, which the author suggests. And thus is the attempt to categorize in a class by themselves certain men and women of today justified.

Never has there been any more illustrious group assembled within the pages of a single volume than are here gathered: Einstein, Gandhi, Edison, Mussolini, Shaw, Marconi, Addams, Wright, Paderewski, Curie, Ford, and Kipling. How familiar are these names, each one a symbol of the great feat each has performed. One sees in this list a sort of panorama of the highest peaks reached by mankind in this century. These people have been and are the leaders in our civilization, and in these little sketches the author presents them with vividness and insight; for he is familiar with the great forces in the lives of them all, and he knows well many of them.

All of the essays are of interest to the reader, but if it were necessary to choose a superlative, perhaps the piece on George Bernard Shaw should be given first place. This sketch is really a masterpiece of its kind. Through this medium one is led to a more appreciative and thorough understanding of the great satirist. One sees Shaw the humanitarian behind G. B. S., the mask of iconoclasm. The high quality of this particular essay might be attributed to the author's long acquaintance with the man. The articles on Gandhi and Einstein are also of especial interest.

Whoever reads this book will be impressed by the fact that these genii, these immortals, are "hard workers and indefatigable students," as Doctor Henderson would put it. Their interests are versatile, yet they are pre-eminent in specific fields. Most of them have striven for human progress and worked within, rather than without the group. Doctor Henderson, in his pleasing style, describes them in a way which makes their life-stories as thrilling as a medieval romance.

—Beverly Moore.

And the entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things, but enjoy the right things.

—John Ruskin.

PHANTOM'S CHOICE

(Continued from page four)

dow that he had discovered opened into the owner's bedroom.

The night was cold and windy, and the rustling leaves of the trees seemed to collude and drown the sounds of his activities. The moon was hidden by numerous clouds of black and grey; even the sky overhead, seen through patches of clouds, was darkly angry. From the streets that bounded the palatial dwelling, there came only the occasional sounds of an automobile.

There were shutters on the windows of the house to keep prying eyes from seeing what they were not meant to see. Light came through the slits of one, but nothing could be seen from the street.

Lang waited until long after the window was darkened and then, listening furtively for any alarming sounds, crept along the ledge until he was just outside of it. Noticing that the shutters were bolted from the inside, he returned to the ground for an additional kit, containing the various tools of his trade.

Half an hour later he returned to the ground again with a shutter dangling from his hand. Leaving it below he mounted again to the window ledge, cautiously inserted his jimmy, and raised the window; and waited. He waited for seemingly endless minutes, listening for the regular breathing that should be coming from the bed. And as he waited a cold chill ran down his spine. The hair at the nape of his neck rose and bristled—a feeling of dread, of horror swept over him. It seemed to come from the odor of the room. He shook himself and dismissed the feeling as the outcropping of fear. Huh, he was no softy. He wasn't afraid!

He composed himself and stepped off the ledge into the room. Again he stopped to listen. When his eyes became accustomed to the darkness he located the bed and approached it with his kit in his hand. From it he took a tiny phial of chloroform which he wrapped in rags. Crushing the rags in his hand, he broke the phial and gently lowered it to the sleeper's face. Quickly he jumped astride the struggling figure, pressed one feebly waving arm beneath his knee and held the other with his free hand. The chloroform took effect rapidly.

Lang reached again for his kit and drew from it the shining stiletto. He placed it between the fifth and sixth ribs and leaned slowly on the hilt—. The blade sank noiselessly, deftly, into the flesh.

During this operation the peculiar feeling, the like of which he had never experienced before tonight, again crept over him. He shuddered involuntarily as the strange revulsion returned. Unconsciously he mumbled encouraging nothings to himself. The sensation was quite inexplicable except when it was interpreted as a manner of fear. He flashed his light quickly around the room. He could have sworn someone was watching him! No, it was just that softy feeling trying to get the better of him. He was no softy!

He went about his business with mathematical exactness, as if he had unlimited time before

him. He finished with his stiletto after wiping it temporarily on his gloves and began his search for the safe. He found it presently, standing out from the wall with no effort made to conceal it. Like an aged sardine can it was, he thought. He had little difficulty in opening it. From it, after a few moments of scarcely exerting manipulation, he extracted fourteen packets of one-hundred-dollar bills, each containing ten thousand dollars. He put the money into his kit and crept again toward the window. He gave not another glance to the still figure on the bed; he seemed to associate it with that momentary revulsion he had felt. He searched the ground below before he stepped onto the ledge again. Satisfied with the quiet of the night, he crept carefully down the trellis, and fled precipitately into the street.

* * *

On the following morning—or, one would say, late morning—the Phantom awoke, went through his usual manoeuvrings, and then went out to breakfast sumptuously at the little Greek lunchwagon around the corner.

Having eaten, he strolled listlessly down the street, until a newsboy thrust a paper into his hand. Automatically he read the headlines first and, immersed in their portent, handed the boy some change and sauntered leisurely away. Having read all the bold type lines he folded the paper and entered his lodgings.

Once there, he set about to clean his stiletto before putting it lovingly into the kit again. In a general way he reenacted the scene of a few days before; on the morning after his previous exploit.

Later, sitting by the window, with the unread paper on his lap, his mind reverted once again to South America. In a few days he would leave for a new land, a new start—with no one the wiser. He was a rich man and he had gathered his money in a little over two weeks. He grinned as he remembered how long it had taken him to save up for the suit he was wearing. Three months of hard work before he could buy himself a suit! It was ridiculous! It tickled him to remember things of that sort. He turned an affectionate eye toward the bed, where his money was spread out in bold array. One million, four thousand and eighty dollars in cold cash!

Then, lighting a cigar—and looking rather ugly with it between his grim lips—he lifted the paper and began to read.

Suddenly the cigar fell from his lips—and somehow he still looked ugly—. His face was ashen; its healthy sheen had faded to an xanthic glow. His eyeballs were protruding like those of a frightened negro, and his hands—the hands that were supposed to be lined with steel nerves—shook as if taken with palsy. Perspiration, no, real honest-to-goodness sweat—cold, clammy sweat coursed down his nose like a miniature Niagara. He read and reread those fatal lines:

GALENS THE GREAT MURDERED
BY PHANTOM

Galen's incognito of six years duration
finally revealed on deathbed by
the Phantom.

MILLIONAIRE HERMIT FOUND DEAD BY SECRETARY AFTER POLICE BATTER DOWN DOOR
Galens Proves to be Leper Escaped from Colony Off Coast of Virginia. Authorities Have Been Searching Frantically for Him, Since His Case is Said to be the Most Virulent and Horrible Type Known.

Homesickness

By JOE JONES

On this raw, clouded twenty-seventh day of Adirondack August there is upon me some of that feeling which must possess the birds when they arise and fly from the autumn fields.

All day long a slow wind has come out of the Northeast, cold and fitful under a dull sky, carrying with it a mist that reminds me of days at sea on the North Atlantic. Though it hardly whispers in the spruce and hemlock, there was a delicate rustling as it crept through the silver foliage of a birch thicket; and I saw it gather a flurry of pale leaves from the branches of a sick early-yellowed maple.

Soon there will be enough fallen maple leaves to scuffle through. Their dry aroma is one of the first autumn scents, even as Virginia creeper's red is Fall's newest crimson. The wall is even now brilliant with it from end to end. Folk here call it woodbine, but at my Virginia home it was always Virginia creeper. I wonder if it is scarlet there so early.

But this is the same goldenrod we have at home, and these are the same goldfinches clinging to the bullthistles' seed-puffs. For of all flowers goldenrod is the autumn flower, and of all birds goldfinch is the autumn bird. Whether he is showering empty pods from a sunflower head, or shaking a cloud of down from dandelion or wild lettuce, he pauses anon to whistle early autumn in. I never hear him but I think of the end of summer—and home; for in this season I always loved best to be at home.

I am homesick today; not only for home, for walnut-gathering time, but for the South. This longing for the South, this weariness of the North, have been growing within me for some days. It was only while walking around the lake this morning, with cold mist on my cheek and Jays' cries in my ears, that I knew my malady beyond a doubt.

I am weary of sharp Yankee-talk, impatient with being admonished for my "I reckon" and "You-all." I'm lonely for southern people, for southern speech, for an indefinable southern something lacking here.

I want to see a darkie and a mule, a log cabin, a hound-dog; the roads and fields are lonely without them. I want to see a buzzard floating around up in the blue. There aren't any buzzards here, and the sky seems empty the livelong day.

There are herds of sumptuous automobiles, there are exquisite mountain lakes, and no end of perfect golf courses; but somehow it doesn't exactly fit into my heart. When a fellow is born and brought up in one section of the country it's hard for him to forget it. Anyway, I shall be more than ready to embark when the southbound train comes in tonight.

Can Spring Be Far Behind?

By JAMES JACQUES

A man of thirty years walked gently down the avenue. He was slightly tall with dark hair and eyes. His face was grim and smooth-shaven. He was pensive and silent. By his side walked a woman—a woman of thirty years. She had light hair and blue eyes and a face which appeared to cling wantingly to mirth and youthful laughter.

The wind blew in little gusts as it always does during the last days of March. Yellow lilies were blooming here and there—March lilies they are called. The man was thinking of the past, of the winter as he observed all this; the woman was thinking of the present, and approaching springtime, and renewed life and hope. Side by side they strolled out into the park and sat down on an oaken bench.

"You know," he said, "this life is a hellish thing. First, one has a bit of happiness and then it is taken away. It is all a sham. It is not worth the pain."

"Oh, what is wrong?" she asked. "Life is indeed very unkind at times. But tell me your story. I think it must be very much like mine."

"My story, my life, is just like the winter," he said. "It is very unpleasant and stormy. It is as a tempest without a calm."

"Is it always a tempest, always a wintry storm?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "The calm disappeared while the tempest was raging and thus it has been."

"But tell me your story; show me the tempest," she said, "and I will tell you of the calm."

"Oh, it is all very simple," he said. "It seems so very long ago that she went away—eleven years. I was 19 then and she was the same age. She had light hair and blue eyes and a face o'errun with youthful laughter. I loved her and often in the springtime, when all was typical of life and hope and dreams, I would build a little dream house. And God! what a house—verdant lawns and shrubbery all about; cozy rooms with carpeted floors and draperies of purple velvet; open fireplaces with inviting fires; large easy chairs in which to recline; a radio to furnish the gentle music; and outside, a balcony to look up at the stars... that was the house I built and to think it was destroyed in one little blow!"

"And that blow?" she asked.

"That blow came," he said, "when she left and went away. There was a terrible storm and many houses were destroyed and she was not found. But I do not think she was drowned. She just went away, and since then I have been a wanderer from place to place—a wanderer, running away from the tempest, away from the winter."

"That house, will it ever be rebuilt?" she asked, tensely.

"Never," he said, "never unless she rebuilds it. But come, the story is told. Now tell me of the calm."

"Oh, it is all very simple," she said. "I knew a man once who loved me very passionately. He was tall and handsome with dark hair and

Classroom

By JAMES DAWSON

*The bleak instructor drones, a paladin
In wisdom-jungles by the sages sown,
Repeating endless tenets he has thrown
To previous hordes, astonished by the din
His learning makes when beaten dry and thin.*

*And countless mordant phantoms jostle down
To sit again and wear a ghostly frown
To see old knowledge spread that ancient grin*

*Across her tightly stretched and sallow skin;
The same she bore when first they kissed her gown*

*And blinked before her jewel-brilliant crown
Of clever wrought and convoluted tin.*

*They frown to find their live illusions gone. . .
The pale and earnest lecturer drones on.*

eyes. He was 19 then and I was the same age. He often built dream houses in the springtime, but I was a fool and laughed at his dreams. I . . .

"Did you love him as he did you?" he asked.

"Not then," she said, "but one day in the springtime I found that I did, and I was ashamed of my laughter. There came a mighty storm and I ran away—away from the tempest toward the springtime—away from the man I loved—away from Jim Jones!"

"Virginia—you!"

"Yes," she said. "I knew you the moment I saw you last night, but I wanted to be sure. So when you asked me to walk with you today, I came with you and now—I am sure!"

He looked at her and smiled and taking her in his arms said: "Virginia, I cannot believe it. Winter is over, the tempest is ended, it is the calm and I am glad."

"If winter comes," she said, snuggling closer to him, "can spring be far behind?"

HEART OF STEEL

(Continued from page one)

"I consider myself complimented," was the cynical reply.

It was not till then that he saw how truly beautiful she was. Why, she was an angel! Gee! No angel could ever be that beautiful!

"Let's dance," he grinned—and in such a way that no one except Dick could grin. It was this grin that caused this angel to say:

"Certainly." And a beautiful smile appeared on her face as she said it.

The orchestra had started. She was in his arms. He considered a moment. She was beautiful—charming. He could see that the men they passed envied him. And how she danced! What grace! He even called her "Grace." She smiled at him. He held her closer. Mona and his resolutions were growing distantly vague. The dance passed quickly. He was almost sure then that he didn't even care to meet Mona. He no longer cared for hearts of steel. Other dances passed—all of them quickly, sweetly. He was glad that he hadn't met Mona. She was a darling who danced with him. Then he realized that—that he was falling in love. They danced to the patio—to the garden.

The moon was beautiful—reflecting on the pool—its moonbeams glittering in the fountain. His arm slipped about her—about her waist.

"You said you'd like to meet someone?" she asked.

"I said that."

"Then we must hurry. It's growing late."

"But now I don't want to meet anyone. You see, I want you—only you. I was a fool."

"How do you mean?"

"You see, I'm just a damned fool. I had an idea that I'd like to meet a girl—a girl named Mona Lucia. I was just crazy. I guess I wanted to melt that heart of steel."

Her melodious laugh sounded softly. "Don't you care to meet Mona now?"

"No."

"Why?"

"I told you. I love you. Simply that. It may seem rather sudden, but I love you. I want you."

"But I will introduce you to Mona Lucia."

"I don't care for Mona Lucia. I want you—only you."

"If you don't care for Mona, you don't care for me; for I am she."

"Mona," he exclaimed.

"And I love you, Dick. Do you hear me? I love you. You are the man I've always dreamed of."

He stood for a moment frozen. Then he clasped her in his arms. The moment was sweet but brief; for he slowly released her as if in doubt.

"But, Mona, they said you had a heart of steel."

"For others—yes. For you—no. See, Dick, I've always dreamed that you'd come to me. When I saw you I knew you were the man."

"Oh, Mona, I've loved you always, too. I longed for you long before I saw you. That heart of steel is melted."

"Dick, even as fire melts steel, the fire of love melts the heart of steel."

Dick thought he was dreaming. But she was there, so he drew her close and kissed her.

It had not been necessary to melt the heart of steel; for it had always been melted—for him.

INWARD FEELINGS

(Continued from page one)

a formula for wisdom? How can you understand experience quite foreign to yourself but natural to others quite as human as yourself? The key to wisdom is a combination of certain subjective and objective capacities exercised along certain channels with certain habits. Criticism, purely objective as best, tolerance largely a matter of subjective intelligence, and sympathy which is entirely subjective in its function; they are the secret of understanding when they are understood with all of their implications.

To become hemmed in by certain moral indignations is a predicament pitiable in the extreme. It forecasts banality and insipidity in your attitudes toward everything. Criticism transcends indignations and prejudices and is interested only in facts. Emotions have their impeti. The critic realizes that before one can fully understand an emotion one must be familiar with its

(Continued on page eight)

INWARD FEELINGS

(Continued from page seven)

irritant. In brief, criticism is no more than the spirit of science. Science is true, but unrelenting. It holds that permanent kindness may be achieved only through transparent truth. There is no sentiment in its inexorable method. It is purely objective, if that is ever quite possible.

Tolerance is no more than the sincere belief that you are really no more qualified to say your way is more holy and righteous than the way of your most despised neighbor. Tolerance is the antithesis of self-glorifications and selfish dogmatism. The intolerant man is the man who is so sure of himself that he closes his eyes and blindly says others are queer, oh how queer, and laughs or frowns patronizingly. The gentlest virgin is as guilty, oftentimes, as the hardest and most cruel chauvinist. Their methods only are different. The virgin resigns herself to martyrdom and quietly damns the world for its guiltiness while she herself rests inanely complacent that she will find her selfish little reward. Her's is a quiet, exasperating intolerance which is no less maddening than that of the blustering, caustic chauvinist. He, too, is selfish. He proudly and noisily believes that his intelligence has been touched by the divine finger and pronounced infallible. His opinions are right because they are his. It is often not that simple with him but in his crude way he has found a more graceful explanation of it. He is loud and common. He shouts his dogmatism and then pounds his gavel for quiet.

There is greatness in the tolerant man. He is brave enough to dare to expose his opinions before the world. He is big enough to admit that possibly both you and I are right. He finds himself in a big and varied world and does not try to mold it to himself but instead accepts the challenge of variety and becomes fascinated by its implications. The danger in tolerance is that it may become an excuse for flabby irresponsibility and a vacuitous, open mind. The criterion of potent tolerance and pseudo-tolerance is truth. The tolerant man can afford to be tolerant just so long as his friend will be frank and perfectly honest with him. As soon as an untruth comes between them their tolerance becomes aimless. The tolerant man must demand truth from the world and if the world refuses him, he must then be ready to fight the world. But he must fight in defense of his opinions; he must fight for the radiant possibilities of truth.

Even at best, sympathy is a delicate experiment. But to understand, one must sympathize. It is, after all, only through genuine sympathy that the finer understandings are captured. Sympathy is that fine balance between complete resignation to the view of another and a personal interpretation of that view. One capacity without the other robs sympathy of its value and meaning. A new view must interest you sufficiently to make you quite willing to release your own identity as far as possible in the assimilation of that new feeling and view. Unless this can be done satisfactorily, sympathy remains a mere gesture of kindness, superficial and non-productive. But losing one's identity for the moment is not enough. Sympathy demands interpretation. And this interpretative

The Valley of Life

By VERNON CROOK

*I see the sunset shadows dull the evening sky,
And my imagination gives them life.
The Heavens become great nature's screen
where I descry
Reflections of man's earthly peace and strife.*

*A dog is outlined on a hill above a stream
That rolls in rumbling laughter o'er its bed,
Thrilling each traveler with the music of a dream
From which the trials and needs of life are fled.*

*Above its mossy banks, above its beckoning flowers,
Above the countless charms of Nature's crown
He stands; but not for long, for beauty overpowers,
And he is leaping forward, traveling down.*

*Above the valley now a man looks down upon
Its restive charms; and in him wakes the hope
That he can live forever there. The sun
Grows brighter as he journeys down the slope.*

*Time passes on, and toil leaves a cabin there
To shelter him who came and labored long.
This spot becomes more dear to him, its charms more fair
As years roll by. His heart is filled with song.*

*But now, alas! I see the leaping flames around
It all. They rush in glee to every wall
And hurl its blazing timbers on the glowing ground.
Helpless the man who stands to see it fall!*

*And as the dying glow sheds forth its paling light
I see him in his boat upon the stream.
I cannot see which way he goes, for it is night;
But he has left his fond and shattered dream.*

Every great poet with a lively imagination is timid, he is afraid of men, that is to say, for the interruptions and troubles with which they can invade the delight of his dreams.

—de Stendhal.

capacity must illuminate with the light of all of your previous correlated sensations and thoughts this feeling that your imagination is sharing with a friend. But in the interpretation, the capacity for a complete imaginative reenactment of an experience must not suffer. Reality in the realm of understands must necessarily be primarily subjective. You, yourself, are your world, and it is your duty to make the world and experience in general as significant as possible in terms of yourself. That is of use to you. It may be of use to humanity. It is at least genuine.

Experience of the most profound variety and its understanding come not from promiscuous experimentations but from criticism, which is analytical estimation of facts. There is limit to one's capacity for activity which can be integrated usefully into one's personality, but there is almost no limit to the richer and finer possibilities of tolerant sympathy.

The Same Only Different

By JOHN WARDLAW

*Magnetism's most deceiving,
Moods of madness bring disgust.
Once I had myself believing,
You were one to love and trust.
Nervous tension, fool emotion,
Energy, time and money spendied;
And I never had a notion,
That false joys would soon be ended.
Depth and warmth, bright illusions
Turned out shallow, cold and ashen.
It's just one of life's confusions
Mixing up real love with passion.*

The Quest

By CONRAD O. HINSHAW

I wandered alone.
I wandered alone by a brook in the springtime.
Alone?
No, not alone;
There were many things by me which gladdened me.
There was the cheerful brook, the sound of the wind,
And the faint, near, melancholy hum of the bees.
A bird twitched itself from twig to twig with impudent ease,
Seeming to tease me as I watched with envy his joyous movements;
Letting forth a little sound delicate as is the frailest flower.
No, I was not alone.
I followed the brook, I followed it to the end;
And what did I find, what did I find but a river:
A river churning itself when lashed by the cruel rocks.
Did the river care? Did the river care, I wonder?
There were places where the sound of the waters was harsh;
There were places where the crash, the splash, and the gurgle
Joyously blended in a beautiful uptuned chorus.
On and on the river wound on its journey,
Now a sandbar quietly washing, now a gently fall o'ersplashing,
Now betwixt banks of fertile land shaded by whispering corn,
Ceasing never in its rush and crawl.
I could not follow to the end of the stream;
I could not read all its secrets, all its stories;
What they meant, what it all meant in the game of nature.
I do not know, do not profess to discern
The mysteries it held; but—others have guessed,
And may I not too read the riddle of the ages long?
Would you know my answer?
Shall I tell you and be laughed to shame?
The river is seeking its level, and we
Are seeking happiness as the river seeks the sea;
Except that our road must needs be up
Scaling the heights overhung with changing mists,
Along the changing, vanishing, and ever elusive trail
That leads to Tranquility.

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The Carolina Playmakers: A Close-up

By HARDEE CHAMBLISS, JR.

A critical and impartially developed study of the University's part in the Little Theatre Movement; the local future of the Playmakers outlined.

AS a cultural organization, the Carolina Playmakers is easily the most widely known phenomenon on the University campus. Its reputation comes through several channels. Besides the annual state tours which the Playmakers take, it is usual for them to make a Northern tour which includes several large and small towns that lie above Washington. Added publicity is given them by various theatre magazines throughout the country which praise the organization as a leader in the Little Theatre movement. But despite this propaganda, which is confined to the appreciative, knowledge of the Playmakers is more widespread than intelligent. There seems to be no one who will risk any sort of appraisal of what the troupe is doing with the result that commendatory news notices have superseded criticism. But this lack of critical appraisal is due to the peculiar nature of Playmaker audiences, rather than to the work of the organization itself.

The reactions of Northern audiences are especially curious. Being familiar with, and consequently critical of, the usual forms of drama, they tend to become puzzled by a means of expression which to them is strange and exotic. Unaccustomed to the folk-lore theme, they regard the dramatization of the primitive man as something too remote to be open to criticism. They become too fascinated by the pronunciation of the players to be bothered with the requirements of good drama. To these Northern audiences it is enough that the woodsman is pictured in his primitive surroundings. They are satisfied with the novelty of the spectacle, and criticism is forgotten.

In North Carolina, other than Chapel Hill, the same uncritical attitude is prevalent. But here it comes from a different source. The audiences here are seldom hindered with ideas of either good or bad drama and their reason for attending any production is, normally, to spend a couple of hours, unreflectively. They are comforted with the thought that here, in the Carolina Playmakers, is found the cultural necessity, Art, and that this Art is relayed to them by home people. They are not only too unsophisticated to be critical but also too patriotic. They are glad when they can take the words of newspaper writers in believing that the work of the Playmakers is good drama.

The field of possible criticism thus narrows down to a very limited belt, Chapel Hill, the

home of the Playmakers. The audiences here are no longer mystified by the strange customs of the portrayed characters, nor are they so unsophisticated as to demand a show and nothing else. They are academically conscious of very definite requirements for reputable drama and refuse to be taken in by successive plays which lack meaning. They have become tired of viewing drabness instead of tragedy and foolish pranks instead of comedy. The mere story of a farm hand no longer amuses them and they have finally begun to insist on a reason for the relation of a rural incident. Scepticism has entered the Playmakers theatre and a show-down is becoming imminent.

The thesis of the Playmakers, when examined, indicates that plays are written on the assumption that each locality has certain indigenous qualities which are material for the drama. Flatly interpreted, this is quite true. It is very near to being a platitude. But the effect of this dogma on the writers of Carolina plays probably accounts for the uniformly watered quality of nearly everything that is produced. The playwrights confuse the idea of utilizing folk lore with the writing of sound drama. They have so thoroughly absorbed the principle of "indigenous soil qualities" that rural scandal and stupid jokes have begun to replace meritorious plays. There are, it is true, exceptions to this statement, but the tone of the Playmakers is very definitely one of bucolic incidents and not one of satisfying drama.

Paul Green, the most conspicuous product of the Playmakers, offers examples of the sort of thing the Playmakers are producing. Although his play, *Fixin's*, (written in collaboration with his sister, Erma), is above the level of the usual rural tragedy, it has enough of the qualities which appear in the others to make it fairly typical. In this play, the female protagonist is the unfortunate wife of a materialistic husband. In her futile attempt to inject glamour into her life she decorates her home with various kinds of trinkets, such as vases, etc. The husband fails to notice this craving in his wife and carelessly breaks one of the cherished dishes. Before the opening of the play, the wife has lost a child and partially blames the husband for this loss. The play ends with the wife deserting her husband and, as she passes through the door of her tenant farm house, she sings a woeful folk song.

It is impossible, in this play, to become particularly disturbed about the fate of the husband, the mother, or the child. Its development relies too much on what is accidental. The characters do not really struggle, they succumb. There is never even a momentary feeling that

(Continued on page four)

On The Trail of Euterpe

By JOE JONES

SEVERAL years ago George Jean Nathan invoked the wrath of the Audubon societies by declaring that bird songs are not musical. He said he would as lief hear a creaking cartwheel as a singing bird, and that more real music comes from a spittoon's being struck with a silver fork than from the throat of any thrush or nightingale. He went so far as to back up these statements with some of that biting logic which is continually emerging from his critical nature.

The Audubonians came back at him with many pretty stories of robins and hell-birds singing and ringing at dusk and dawn. They accused Mr. Nathan of having never harked to the lark at heaven's gate, and said it was evident that, excepting raspish city-bred sparrows and starlings, he had heard no bird sing. The American Nature Association, offering prizes for the best replies to the critic, published the winning retorts in *Nature Magazine*, the association's organ.

Upon reading Mr. Nathan's attack I agreed with the bird people that as a confirmed metropolitan he had probably heard few birds besides sparrows and starlings. His descriptions of bird notes certainly fit the notes of these two, and few others. Like some of the outraged persons who answered Mr. Nathan, I felt a desire to take him to hear the mockingbirds sing by moonlight in a southern garden of my acquaintance.

I fear that even then he would not capitulate; he is too staunch a critic. He would probably say something like this, "The music you think you are hearing is not in the bird's song, but in you and your surroundings. You are mistaking an idiotic medley of harsh chirps and squeaks for a song." Then, by the laws of music and its composition, among which Mr. Nathan is a sure-footed savant, he might clinch his argument and drive it home. Of course I am sure that the very next robin which happened along would make me forget Mr. Nathan and all his immutable rules.

I wonder what really constitutes music, after all. Is it, like poetry, in the ear and feeling of the listener, rather than in the notes themselves? Suppose I say that for me there is more music in a veery's song than in any fugue or cantata? Can the critic say that I err? Can he say that the miser hears less music in his clinking gold than did Mozart in his spinet? Surely what is but an unpleasant sound to one man may be the soul of melody to another.

Here is an example of this:

I have in Florida a middle-aged bachelor

(Continued on page six)

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Sunday, October 19, 1930

Books of Poetry

In May, 1931, Harper & Brothers will publish a new anthology of American college verse. The plan is to include two poems from each of one hundred major colleges and universities in the United States. Poems submitted must not be longer than thirty lines, and the writers must be students at the institutions from which the poems are submitted.

A committee consisting of Dr. George Coffman, head of the University English Department, and three other members will choose the poems which are to be sent from Carolina. These will be selected from the issues of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE which appear before April 1, or thereabouts. It is, of course, understood that verse which has been accepted by an incorporated magazine or paper, unless it be of the college publication, or unless permission is obtained to reprint, is not available for use in the compilation.

At the instigation of Washington and Lee University, another book of college verse is to be published, material for which must be in the hands of the editors of the book not later than November 15, 1930. From the CAROLINA MAGAZINE of last year and the issues which appear before the date just mentioned, the committee will choose four poems.

We feel that there is an apparent need for books which will provide a cross-section of the work done by writ-

ers of poetry in the various colleges and universities of the nation. It is hoped that our contributors will give attention to these matters.

Criticism

We lay hold upon the spencerian stylus, forsooth and egad, for purposes professedly denunciatory. Some destructive critic left a cryptically signed epistolary attempt in the magazine box shortly after the appearance of the issue preceding this one. Rather than to construct, every one of the many remarks contained therein was designed to defame this publication and its duly established staff.

The writer in question, rather flip- pantly perhaps, suggests that in publishing certain articles we have been guilty of a crime against the cause of journalism. Let us suggest that "A Reader," in his unwarranted and un- savory comments, is guilty of civil mis- conduct.

Criticism referred to was unsigned— an indication of baseness and of an in- cipient sense of wrongdoing—and a condition under which no well-meaning criticism is offered.

The editor, whose reputation is per- haps a bit unsavory and whose visage is admittedly nothing to rave about, is personally callouns to defamation— having grown tolerant to it from long subjection thereunto. There are, how- ever, certain members of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE staff who cannot but resent unnecessary and ill-timed degeneration by "A Reader" whose vituperative pen reflects more bile than brains, and more the desire to be clever than to be sincere.

TABLE OF CONTENTS	
The Carolina Playmakers: A Close-up (an article)	HARDEE CHAMBLISS, JR.
On the Trail of Euterpe (an essay)	JOE JONES
An Unsolved Experience (an account)	VERNON CROOK
Plato on Prohibition (an essay)	Cornell Columns
Moustaches or Old Time Religion (a treatise)	WRIGLEY
Expensive Food (a story)	J. W. LONG
POETRY	
To Amourette	STANLEY STEVENS
Invocation	VERNON CROOK
Caprice	ELEANOR KINCAID
Imperial Roan	VERNON CROOK
Evening	LOYD MAUNEY

Book Comment

David MacGregor Cheney, whose first novel "Son of Minos" was recently published by Mc- Bride, has been appointed to the English facul- ty of Harvard University. Mr. Cheney is well known in university circles for his work as a writer and an educator. He is also author of "The Golden Goblin," a fairy tale that is con- sidered one of the best ever written.

If there were a Pulitzer prize for originality, nominations would be in order for Doris Web- ster and Mary Alden Hopkins, the ingenious ladies who started the vogue for parlor psycho- analysis with "I've Got Your Number" a few seasons back. Now they have put on the market a unique work entitled "Consider the Conse- quences," a short novel so constructed that it permits the reader to direct the story to suit himself. At each turning-point in the hero's or heroine's fortunes the reader decides which alternative course to follow, and the story con- tinues in the channel designated. Every reader has at some time felt that a character in a story ought to have acted differently. Well, here is your chance to tell the hero what to do!

Cyrus Hall McCormick, inventor of the reap- er, is the subject of a biography by William T. Hutchinson of the University of Chicago, which will appear coincidently with the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the invention of the reaper. Professor William E. Dodd has con- tributed a foreword to the volume, according to the publishers, The Century Company.

Edwin Erich Dwinger was a seventeen year old ensign in the German army in 1915. He was wounded and taken prisoner on the Eastern front by Russian Cossacks. From that time until the end of the war he was in prison, first in a hospital in Moscow, then in subterranean bar- racks in Samara, and finally in a Siberian camp. During these years he kept a diary of his expe- riences and observation. This diary is about to be published under the title of "Prisoner of War" by Alfred A. Knopf.

Floyd Gibbons is not only the highest salaried radio announcer in the world. He is now draw- ing one of the largest incomes in the whole field of entertainment. He is on the air twice a day for fifteen minutes each for *The Literary Di- gest*; once a week for fifteen minutes for the General Electric Company, and besides that he makes special broadcasts from the air, talks for the talkies (he was the voice in the Admiral Byrd polar exploration pictures), is going into vaudeville for a week, and is going to be in a movie of his own composition. Gibbons is the subject of a biographical and personality study, "Floyd Gibbons: Knight of the Air," by Doug- las Gilbert, edited with an introduction by Burton Rascoe, and with a preface by Gibbons himself. Just published by Robert M. McBride & Company.

An Unsolved Experience

By VERNON CROOK

I awoke in murky darkness with the sensation that I was floating on top of a huge balloon filled with water. My resting place was soft, so miserably soft that the slightest movement on my part made me seem to drift down and down into an abyss of waves that strangely dared not drown me. It was a curious, creeping, awful sensation to be there; the more so because I knew not nor could I begin to guess where I really was, or how I had come to be there.

God! it was dark; the stillness sang into my ears the song of the boiling kettle. Scarcely daring to breathe, I lay there and listened intently, longingly listened for any sound of man, beast, or machine that would prove to me that I was still in the world. There was only the boiling song of the stillness! I thought of the stars. I recalled having heard that the spheres make music up above the world almost half way to heaven, gasping at the idea that I might be "half way to heaven."

Then I heard it! Whether it was below or above or beside me I could not tell, but certainly I heard some sound. At first it was like nothing in particular, but after a time it assumed the nature of something chewing and swallowing methodically. There was a rhythm to it that fitted perfectly into the song of the stillness. What could it be?

After an interminable period of time I assumed enough courage to feel about me; then slowly, very slowly, I extended my arms upward and moved them from side to side hoping to come in contact with—I knew not what, but I felt only the darkness, the damp, sluggish blackness, creeping about and bumping against them. Cautiously, inch by inch, I squirmed my way across the surface of the thing upon which I lay, half dreading, half hoping to get off it. The distance seemed interminable and time was measurable only in terms of the rhythm of the stillness. At last, however, I came to the edge, I peered cautiously over, I listened, and learned that the peculiar swallowing sound came from somewhere far below. Just how far it was I could not guess, for my eyes could penetrate nothing into that abyss of darkness. Leaning precariously over, although I reached down the length of my arm, I touched nothing. To determine the distance I spit time and again, but never heard anything. Long I lay there pondering what to do next and praying for light. I was afraid to scream, for I had a strange fear of that swallowing sound going on so methodically somewhere below.

Once more I leaned out over the edge and reached downward. I began to slip; faster and faster I felt myself going over the edge; frantically I grabbed at nothingness, and uttering one rending scream of horror I fell into the abyss.

Momentarily I was stunned, though I had not fallen far. I lay upon a floor covered with something which in the darkness felt like cotton. I eased to a standing position and remained statue-like waiting for enough courage to do

To Amourette

By STANLEY STEVENS

*You have forgotten, Amourette,
Both day and circumstance—
You did not know nor dream
You glanced like sunlight on my path
For one sweet breath, then left it gray
For the gleam.*

*You never guessed the dull regret,
The loss, the emptiness you left
Behind you, Amourette.
Because our hands touched only once,
You thought—how well I know—
That quite content I willed
To let you go.*

*The soft, caressing sweep
Of lashes, dark upon your cheek,
The promise, fugitive and sweet
That lights with warm, shy grace
The wistful valiance of your face
Were never flame for me,
But only peace.*

*No touch of you nor sound I keep
For mine, it is not mine
To draw you into life's warm sweep;
I cannot wish to hold, to take,
To make you real—and yet,
The gleam is mine—forever—
Amourette.*

*Not flame but peace . . . would I had
said . . .*

*But no . . . you were not meant to learn
Bright ecstasy. Need, hunger, clamor sped,
There bides a secret place. Be well content
To grace that hidden shrine—forget
We met, but not the still, white fire
That lingers, Amourette.*

something else. Then cautiously placing one foot an inch or two before the other I proceeded across the floor until I came to a—a wall! What a joy it was to touch something upright; I thanked God for the wall. Examining it with both hands, I suddenly touched something that rattled, or clinked, like cups and saucers in a cafe, which at the same time slightly pricked me. Knowing that such a thing assuredly had no life and meant no harm, I reached for it again, soon discovering the curiosity to be a wire screen with Indian arrowheads mounted upon it. Nearby was a bow. Going further along the side, I touched something else which startled me into the creeps, something I thought must assuredly be scalps. Fearfully I felt for the top of my own head; it was still there. Then I found a powder horn, a long-barreled gun, and a ramrod, hung one above the other. That finished one side; I turned down another. Along it was a continuous shelf of books almost completely hidden below a coating of fine dust that rose to fill my nostrils and to make me cough. I passed on to find the next side hung with saddles, riding whips, and walking canes. The fourth side was covered with swords and old armor. Once more I came to the arrowheads.

(Continued on page eight)

Plato on Prohibition

No thinker, certainly no "philosopher," has influenced civilization so long and so persistently as Plato. All later thought is colored by his. Christianity is diluted Platonism; as Dean Inge says in an essay on Greek religion, "if one wants to find out the first Christians let one look to Socrates and Plato." And Nietzsche, piqued with Christianity and steeped in Plato's work, proclaims, "Christianity is Platonism for the masses." The apostles themselves spoke platonically; St. Paul's statement, that we see through a glass darkly, comes from Plato's *Phaedrus*. And the blessedness of the meek is everywhere present in the Socratic dialogues of Plato. What sentiment could be more like Christ than that of Socrates in Plato's *Philebus*, that hope (a Christian virtue) is opinion and imagination of the future?

Yet the learned members of the Anti-Saloon League, Dean McBride and his followers, admit that their opposition to imbibing alcoholic liquors is based on the teachings of Jesus and of the churches. And the churches, one and all, pledge allegiance to the gospel of Jesus. Now, if the religion founded on Jesus' teachings is a form of Platonism, why don't the tried and true teetotalers and reformers (whose number is legion) go back to Plato, and see what the man who gave Christian doctrines their impelling force, has to say about drink, drunkenness, prohibition, control of liquors by the government? Not only in large compass does all present-day political thought go back to Plato, Fascism (the philosopher-king), Communism (Plato's *Republic* is a more communistic state than Russia), and democracy (see Plato's *Laws*), but he also has something pertinent to say about modern problems of government. And if, moreover, it is really to him that the prohibitionists are appealing when they invoke religion and the churches, let us inquire into what this Plato-fellow has to say on that subject.

Plato's remarks on drink and prohibition come under his discussion of the virtue of temperance which he espouses along with courage, justice, and wisdom. These four make up what Plato calls the Good. Now what does he say about temperance? Plato takes over bodily Socrates' doctrine that temperance rests in overdoing nothing. In his *Philebus*, Plato has Socrates say that the wise man's aphorism is "nothing too much." He goes on to say that drinking, which is a form of pleasure (and, by the way, a form in which Socrates was particularly expert; he could drink any man under the table) is good so long as it is not done in excess. In the *Symposium*, it is agreed by all present that hard drinking is a bad practice, but drinking moderately, or as we say, to a man's capacity, is not only not bad, but really good. So, the first point in Plato's view of the drink-problem is the regulation by each man of the quantity he himself imbibes. Drink, so taken, is healthful. Drinking is a form of pleasure, and pleasure is charming. No man has a right to interfere with another man's pleasure. Moderate drinking is a habit

(Continued on page six)

THE CAROLINA PLAY-MAKERS

(Continued from page one)

they are either tragic or great, but instead one feels they are essentially small souls bewildered by their environment. Towards such a play one tends to react more with a feeling of disgust than with one of tragedy. Even pity becomes a matter of condescension on the part of the audience. We are unable to believe that it matters very much whether the wife gets her ribbons or not.

But the play is indicative of the usual tragedy of the Playmakers. Since they limit their play-writing to the treatment of insignificant people, tragedy itself becomes too pathetic to be important. While we see these baffled folk oppressed by their environment, we nurse the feeling that the situation is meaningless and stupid and that actually they don't stand a chance. And with the ending of the play, we feel that it is the end of the character; that nothing good has come from all the unreasonable buffeting which that character endured.

The No 'Count Boy, though not as typical of the comedy of the Playmakers as *Fixin's* is of the tragedy, is near enough to the usual tone to make the play significant. The customary comic tricks are here in full bloom. Horseplay, whippings, and loud laughter come in for their usual treatment. The play is choked with incidents in which humor is so naïve that the possibility of converting them into comedy becomes visionary. As in the normal Playmakers comedy, there is a needless exaggeration of intentionally amusing incidents and a pointless insistence on clarifying humor. The players exhaust all the possibilities of humor before it reaches the audience. All that remains for the latter to do is to laugh.

There has been, however, at least one excusable play recently produced by the Playmakers. This is *Job's Kinfolks*, by Loretta Carroll Bailey. But even here there is still evident an alliance with the Playmakers tradition, that of attempting to make the lives of insignificant people seem important. Although Loretta Bailey comes closer to doing this than any of the others, her success is due not to the following of this tradition but to her departure from it. For in the character of the Grandmother in this play the playwright has been able to forget traditional admonitions long enough to create someone who is distinctly above the level of unimportance. In recapturing very definite character values she has made the individuality of the Grandmother stand out as the most important figure any Playmaker has created. But aside from the Grandmother, the characters show the same affinities to drabness and insignificance which are the earmarks of the usual Playmakers tragedy. Of most of them we say that it is too bad, but not very bad.

Precisely what the Playmakers will evolve into within the next decade is, at best, a matter of doubt. But it is plain that they will not be able to maintain their present program with success. They must soon face the dilemma of lacking an audience which appreciates the type of drama that they are producing and of facing

one that views their plays no longer as curios. Although present criticism of the organization is limited mainly to Chapel Hill, this will not be the only area for long. Northern audiences will gradually become critical of a form of expression which lacks strangeness, and they will soon be demanding a sort of play which has more meaning than mere novelty. The present novelty will fade and when it does, criticism will take its place.

By the time this situation comes around, the Playmakers may be able to face it. They may have realized by that date that valuable drama demands more than anecdote with a localized flavor. They may have added significance to a sort of play which at present attracts because of its insignificant characters. But it is evident that they must change their program sooner or later. Dissatisfaction is already current in Chapel Hill and the Playmakers would be wise to accept these home reactions as bad ones.

Moustaches or Old Time Religion

By WRIGLEY

TO become steeped in the search for the origin and evolution of customs is a weakening and harrowing experience. Montesquieu felt that it was in his power to reduce to writing the complete civil past of the French peoples; but when he spoke of his work he said it cost him so much labor that his hair turned gray. The desire of many modern to find out all about the hirsute growth on the upper lip is most sincere. However, it seems that this age requires greater intellectual vigor and more detailed work than past generations, and, even though the reward appears greater, the steady heat of cerebral activity also reaches a more advanced stage—with a possible result of complete baldness.

Whether the moustache was of plebian origin or first in evidence among the nobility is widely disputed. There are no records on this fact for complete confirmation. Furthermore, it is doubtful whether it was a product of any age. Roman life was complete without it; but in the chaos of invasion various barbaric tribes were drawn toward this clean shaven race, infesting it with flowing hair and long beards attached to moustaches. But as yet it was artless and the hair merely assumed an idling, at times fantastically wild.

In the glamorous days of knighthood it was a part of one's bearing to be concerned with a flourishing moustache. Time was idled away, not in fingering cigarettes nor staring vacantly at a book, but in gazing at the mirrored surface of a stream, in a sincere endeavor to create a growth, to deepen it by stains, and to give it grace and buoyancy. The image is not complete, unless we see the knight mount his steed and in his fieriness rove about the regions with a rumbling echo on his trail—a chevalier who symbolizes stalwartness. There is cause to tremble at the impetuosity resulting from this sturdy moustache, for it is large and exhibits balance, benevolently curving around the corners of his mouth, seeming to vibrate and live

in its absoluteness—a mass of masculinity.

In this modern world where one sheds himself in the silken softness of complacency, in the void of comfort, the moustache still persists, although the great upheaval in social structure caused the element which bore the brunt of its glorification to rapidly disappear. It is no longer the ebullition of spirit, of vigor, but a curiosity of the anatomy, bankrupt of all the rugged grandeur of life. It is most pitiful on an inflated form, and is very common; thus nothing is detected but a puffed inanity.

As a rule we have a much more definite conception of what constitutes a man with a moustache than of what constitutes a man. Various species of the external structure lurking dynamically about the upper lip bear evidence of remarkable similitude to internal traits. Is there another unit of creation which is a more potent index, or can surpass the vividness and minuteness of this tintured bit of hair in mirroring so completely man's inner self?

Supplemented with this visible spectrum we may establish, to a large extent, an authoritative collocation of characteristics, which is sort of bringing the situation to a head. We can peer into the vacuity of the lower order where the craving of the mind is obvious in its outbursts; there, all the enamoration, all the turbulence, and all the munificence of mind which precedes the nurturing of the moustache is made obvious.

How each brazen moustache reveals a human passion! The slim curl of trepidation, the fine fragile blonde, the flaunting bravado of the twin-like effusion (in parenthesis it may be said that this too is a moustache), each beautifully bedecked in great tradition, each in its turn a masterpiece of dramatic vigor. The harboring of these types is a matter of extreme delicacy, for they appear so slight that they would be almost unnoticed if not critically observed. Though they are expressive of supercilious disdain they aid the sincere desire for an acute impression, and great prudence and great determination are required to carry them. We can find satisfaction in its beautiful symbolism and detect the revelations of the mind in all of its ramblings.

A growing moustache may signify the trembling point of adolescence, some flux of the body seeking the reality of individuality, or even a primary interest in the great unconquered groups of women; or perhaps the poor soul, enfeebled with the blood of his race, was cramped, and desired to swerve from the intimacy of this stilted life.

The horror of a moustache in its infancy! While awaiting its bloom the bearer is compelled to live like the hermit and tramp through the countryside at dawn rather than cross the endless taunting pavement crimson with comrades, as he feels the progeny beat and burn against a flushed lip. In low spirits he despairs of its slow progress. Apparitions of specialists, offering to rebuild sparse and worn growth, decrying the barren look and mummy-like crop, proffering their unfailing ointment, appear. Visions add the necessary amount of the divine spark to produce a maximum number of hairs

(Continued on page eight)



THE BOOK WORLD



Collegiate Outlook

THE AWAKENING COLLEGE, by C. C. Little. W. W. Norton & Co., Inc. New York. 282 pp. \$2.00.

There are hundreds of people who are eager to tell us what is wrong with the American college. Educators have always insisted, however, that if such information must be forthcoming, it must be authoritative. The average conception of collegiate education in the United States breaks down because it is unauthoritative in the extreme. If the plight of collegiate education must be laid open (and, indeed, indications are that it must), it is better that the reprimands should come from within the academic circle than from outside critics, such as journalists or so-called men of practical inclinations. Critics who adhere to the former group are likely to contend that things are on the mend. In *The Awakening College*, Mr. Little has intentionally presented the optimistic viewpoint. Having been president of the University of Michigan, president of the University of Maine, and assistant dean of Harvard College in the course of his career, Mr. Little is well qualified to diagnose the present collegiate outlook. His avowed opinion is that there are brighter days ahead.

The Awakening College contains fifteen chapters, each portraying a separate subject such as College Admission, The Curriculum Question, Fraternities, Co-education, The Professional Scholar, etc. These subjects, although they have long been familiar as popular newspaper copy, are invested with a new sensationalism by the author. Furthermore, he explains each topic so adequately that even the ignorant workman has no difficulty in discovering what is meant. In all cases Mr. Little seems to be sincere; in most cases his diagnoses are the most reasonable yet devised.

Mr. Little feels that the average college student of today is tragically neglected. Teaching ability, he thinks, has been forced into the background by professional scholarship. He laments the fact that students have to go to college at the age when they are in the most trying stretch of their lives, psychologically speaking.

The Awakening College is a book of the sincere opinions of a man who is a scholar and who knows whereof he speaks. The book lacks a proper public; it should appeal most to educators. Yet the writer touches upon nothing that he does not explain fully enough for any audience to understand. It is argumentative, and yet constructive in nature. The plight of American collegiate education is seldom so boldly painted as it is in *The Awakening College*.

—Publius Nalcon.

"We shall never lack vanity, even in the completest absence of any reason for having it."

—de Stendhal.

Invocation

By VERNON CROOK

*I see within true poet's verse
A moving, beautiful array
Of marching wisdom, pure and terse,
That grips, and thrills, makes sad or gay.
But when I guide the dripping pen
To trace the ways of life and men
I sink within the engulfing fen
Of ignorance and vain essay.*

*What spirits touch the poet's tongue
To give it magic rhythm's might,
So that it rouses old or young
Into a frenzy of delight?
What god has lent the poet's soul
Such store of wisdom on parole
To point man to some worthwhile goal
And give him strength to win life's fight?*

*Come, touch this simple brain of mine,
And loose my tongue at wisdom's bid.
Come, let me quaff Melpomene's wine
That I might sing as Melpomene did.
Come, lift me from this hateful mire,
And give me a harp, or a flute, or a lyre,
That I may stir men to aspire,
To leap beyond life's great confine.*

Negro Life

BLACK MANHATTAN, by James Weldon Johnson. Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. \$2.50.

Well may we wonder how much worse the North would have treated the Negro than the South has if the North instead of the South had been left with a vast, helpless population of ex-slaves after 1865. Perhaps, the lot of the black man would have been a good deal harder than it really has been. Somehow the prevailing opinion is that the sovereign state of South Carolina, for example, would not have found divine sanction for humiliations quite so acute as the puritan conscience has been wont to.

Mr. Johnson strengthens this belief in *Black Manhattan* when he reminds the public that just before the War Between the States the freedmen of the North were in as much distress as the Negro element of the United States ever was. Although New York abolished slavery in 1827, Negroes were not given equal suffrage with whites until a decade or more after the cessation of civil hostilities in the nation.

The author states that his book is not "in any strict sense a history." *Black Manhattan* is rather an account of the musical, dramatic, and literary emergence of Harlem. The volume is perhaps the best book on the subject, since it succeeds in presenting in an interesting and condensed style information hitherto obtainable only in scattered form.

—Japheth Album.

"The only reason for the existence of a novel is that it does attempt to represent life."

—Henry James.

Early Fire Fighting

YE OLDE FIRE LADDIES, by Herbert Asbury. Alfred A. Knopf, New York City. 275 pp. 1930.

Few New Yorkers living today remember the city's volunteer fire departments, which were legislated out of existence in 1865. But in their time, the volunteer firemen of old New York were influential socially and politically, composing one of the gayest and most picturesque groups in this gay and picturesque metropolis. The story of their lively careers, their brawls, escapades, rivalries and diversions, has been told by Herbert Asbury in a book entitled *Ye Old Fire Laddies*.

Although Asbury's book is an anecdotal rather than a formal history, his account begins with the first recorded fire in New York and follows the progress of fire-fighting from the Worshipful Fire Wardens of Peter Stuyvestant's New York and the latter period when George Washington was a prominent "fire-laddie," through the exciting time when the Bowery Boys reigned supreme, down to the day when volunteers answered their last alarm. The chapter on George Washington as a volunteer fire-fighter (and he was indeed an enthusiastic smoke-eater) is an amusing addition to the biographies of the "Father of Our Country."

Most of the book deals with the fifty years preceding the Civil War, when New York was quaintly rough and elegantly rude, when fire-engines were the gaudiest, craziest contraptions in Christendom, glorified by such names as Old Turk, Shad-Belly, Dry-Bones, and Old Hay-Wagon, and when firemen were fantastic heroes whose exploits gave rise to legends. It was the era of Old Mose the Bowery Boy, Bill Burke and Frank Chanfrau. Asbury reveals the curious end of Old Mose; he went to the Sandwich Islands, became an intimate of the King, and died the father of thirty children. —A. A. K.

"Any art is, in essence, artistic, proud, free from the cheapness of the mob; and now the mob, like a turbid and dead sea, is over all the land."

—Joseph Hergesheimer.

Caprice

By ELEANOR KINCAID

*You laughed when I said
Your love was like a candle-flame
That flickers with each breeze.
You seemed to think it
Like a lighthouse, strong and steady,
That pours forth welcome rays.*

*But that was long ago, dear,
And now—you never think
About me or that love of yours.
And if you did, you'd only say
The love that quickly comes and goes
Is not true love today—or ever.*

PLATO ON PROHIBITION

(Continued from page three)

of the good man and true, says Plato. There should be no denial of his right to drink. From the standpoint of health, too much drink is bad, because it befogs the brain and calls up unseemly passions that cannot be satisfied except by violence.

Where does state regulation of drink come in Plato's writings? "Of drink there shall be no regulation." Strong liquors should always be handy, but there should be a regulation of drinking when excessive, for then it harms not only the individual drinker, but the polity itself. It is not drinking that the state is opposed to; it is *drunkenness*. That must be regulated. Thus, in his famous *Republic*, Plato says that in the rulers of the state, and also in the ruled, drunkenness will not be permitted, since it is unbecoming to a citizen. Abstinence from intoxication is what this forerunner of Christ teaches, not abstinence from drink.

In Plato's *Laws*, it is said that intoxication is a very important subject, and one which will seriously tax the discrimination of the legislator. And then, notice the Athenian who is speaking for Plato, says, "*I am not speaking of drinking, or not drinking, wine at all, but of intoxication.*" Let the churchmen chew that cud. Then the speaker in Plato's dialogue denies that the drink-problem can be solved by counting heads, the number of those for it and the number against it. He says that quality is what counts, and he says it thus: "At the very mention of the word intoxication, one side is ready with their praises and the other with their censures; which is absurd. For either side adduces their witnesses and approvers, and some of us think that we speak with authority because we have many witnesses; and others because they see those who abstain conquering in battle, and this again is disputed by us. Now I cannot say that I shall be satisfied if we go on discussing each of the remaining laws in the same way. And about this very point of intoxication I should like to speak in another way, which I hold to be the right one; for if number is to be the criterion, are there not myriads upon myriads of nations ready to dispute the point with you?"

This speaker in Plato's dialogue thinks that one of the elements of education is the convivial meeting, and one of the chief factors towards conviviality is drinking, but not in excess. By education, Plato means everybody's education in the state, and his remark that drinking makes for discussion and hence better politics is akin to Mr. Mecken's remark some years ago that the decline of public opinion in America and of the strength of American politics could be dated back to the abolition of the saloon. Plato says good citizens are made around the drinking table, so long as they drink not too much. But assuredly he would not, if he were alive today, say that good citizens were made by drinking around a table surreptitiously, since alcoholic liquors are banned, for that to him would be corrupting and degrading both to the state and to the citizen. Besides, to Plato,

and remember he is the first Christian, drinking is a personal choice. It is intoxication that is the state's business.

Well then! Plato not only says drinking is healthful and charming; he also says it is helpful to the state since it makes good citizens. And furthermore, he says that no man can be a good citizen who cannot sit around a table and drink without getting drunk. Never once does he say that alcoholic liquors should be abolished; never once does he say that the state should tell a man how *much* to drink; a man should know how much he can drink.

I ask the Anti-Saloon League, especially Mr. McBride who says that it is a religious duty to oppose drinking; I ask the Methodist-Episcopal Bishop Cannon who has just been excused from testifying by the Senate Committee on Lobbying and Campaign Funds; I ask the W. C. T. U., that staid organization of feminine church-goers; I ask any churchman who is a dry; all these people I ask to show me where in Plato, whose thought surfeits the Christian religion, they can find opposition to drinking. There is none to be found, and perhaps that is why these militant Americans do not choose to go back to the origins of Christianity, when they proclaim that drinking is anti-Christian. Anti-Christian? It is one of the earliest Christian virtues. And St. Paul might have said, 'Faith, hope, charity, and temperance without abstinence or intoxication.'—*Cornell Columns*.

Imperial Roan

By VERNON CROOK

*Under the Roan's imperial glance,
Within the shadow of her brow,
Are seven states all hovering near
As if to shelter their expanse
Beneath her wing-like balsam,
All safe within her ruling sphere.*

*Beneath, around the Roan's ascent,
Earth's wrinkled contour stretches on.
And where the mist above it lies
One seems to view an ocean pent
Below, a mass of bulging billows
Surging up to meet the skies.*

*'Pon such a mount the Tempter stood
Beside the Lord to bid him cast
Himself below to gain the earth.
E'en as I gazed I felt I would
Not fall were I to leap, was urged
To spread my wings and test their worth.*

*How easily, it seemed, could one
Float gently off astride the clouds,
Astride the seeming waves that roll
So near below. Sure I had done
The attempt had faith prevailed and had
Not reason deemed such faith too bold.*

*Imperial Roan! Upon her crest
The darkest storm clouds pause to night
The day; then to disperse that dark
Such lightning leaps from Heaven as
wrests
The trees from Earth or splits the rock,
And furrows Earth with ploy-like spark.*

ON THE TRAIL OF EUTERPE

(Continued from page one)

friend, a misogynist, who is continually warning me never to marry. During a month we spent together in Venice, our gondolier, taking us one night by a roundabout way across to the Lido, passed near a certain pleasure resort which is nothing less than an island of modern sirens. The place is a distinctive and high-class brothel, one of whose salient features is the fact that during the season of warm, cloudless nights some of the women sing from the rocks to the passing boats.

They leaned out and sang to Mr. Blank and me as we passed. They sang Italian love songs and amorous gypsy madrigals which melted the heart clean out of me. My experienced old bachelor would not allow our boatman to approach the shore, and I knew all the importunity of Ulysses bound to his mast. It was to me the most compelling music, but Mr. Blank might just as well have had his ears sealed with wax. I believe those yearning Italian voices were actually repulsive to him.

Again, I remember well some music which was peculiarly beautiful to me because of the strangeness of its source. It is another case of music's quality arising from the listener's feeling rather than from its own tonal value. Here is the incident:

During a few days of early spring exploration I had rowed out to a group of the more secluded islands off the South Carolina coast. Spending my first night on the beach of an island too ridged to see across, I decided next morning to find out what was beyond the low hills. On the windward shore I discovered a shack hard by two close-set rows of blossoming pear trees, from which, as I drew near, there came to me a murmuring of bees and the subtle fragrance of pear blooms.

In the dooryard an old man was working with hammer and saw on a new wooden beehive. He greeted me with a courteous surprise, and it was not long before he was telling me, in scholarly English, about his apiary. Meanwhile the sound of bees among the perfumed foliage had risen to a remarkable volume. The trees were some distance to windward of us, so that the sound was lowered and increased according to the strength of an unsteady breeze which blew in from the ocean. When I spoke of this the old gentleman said, "Yes, if you will wait here till afternoon, when the sea-breeze comes in steadily without a flaw, I shall play my bees-harp for you. Those poles between the trees and the beach are the pegs of the most wondrous harp either of us has ever seen." So I waited.

About mid-afternoon my host bade me stay on his porch while he went out to the row of six poles which stood beyond and parallel to the rows of pear trees. There were several pulleys on each pole, and from a little shed-like affair there spread up to the various pulleys a web of ropes like the skeleton of a fan. Up these lines the old man hoisted five great canvas sails which cut off all wind from the pear

(Continued on page seven)

Expensive Food

By J. W. LONG

A YOUNG man stood on the corner of the Main Street of a one-horse town. People passing by looked cautiously at him as he leaned nonchalantly against the rusty lamp post. Under the flickering light, he presented a forlorn figure. A soiled cap was pulled well down on his head. His eyes could hardly be seen 'neath the long bill of his cap. A tattered coat enveloped his manly shoulders, under which was a blue work shirt with a collar which was too large. It was unbuttoned. The coat was old. It had seen better days—so had he. The coat sleeves were too short. The shirt sleeves were too long. His pants were baggy. Their legs too short, which gave one the idea that he had bought the pants when the water was high. He wore no socks. Nothing on his feet but shoes. They looked like battleships, at least they were battle scarred.

He was many miles from home. Home, sweet home. But that wasn't so bad. The devil of it was that he was hungry, exceedingly hungry. But it could be worse, and it was. He was "broke," wretchedly "broke." He had been a frequent visitor to the pawn shops since leaving the portals of his beloved parents. He had pawned, pawned, and pawned. He had pawned out. Bankrupt, yes, but no sheriff would lock up his store. He had no store.

It was getting darker. No stars, no moon—nothing. Clouds were drifting overhead. Big clouds. Black clouds. Clouds without a silver lining. He watched them. He wished that he were a cloud. With the darkness came colder weather. He was already cold. Uncomfortably cold. He buttoned his coat.

With his hands sunk deep in his trouser pockets, he sauntered up the street. It was a slow saunter, more like a murderer's march to the death chair. God! He was hungry. He was in deep thought. It was high time for thinking. He thought some more. People passed him. Big people and little people. Ugly people and pretty people. They were in a hurry. They had money. Plenty of it. He wished he were going with them. To shows. To dances. To banquets.

He walked on. The appetizing odor of hot dogs met his nostrils. He felt a sinking sensation in his stomach. It was empty. He was sure of that. He would trace the odor to its origin. He would eat. He quickened his pace. The gravel hurt his feet as he walked. His soles were worn out—so was his soul. He came into sight of a dingy lunch wagon. Its light that beamed through the small windows seemed friendly enough. At last! He would eat. He quickened his pace again.

He stopped, stopped still in his tracks. His shoulders slumped. His chin almost touched his heaving chest. This was hell! He was "broke." Not "bent" but "broke." If he only hadn't left his home!

He started as if he had been struck by something. He had. It was an idea which had struck him. He was still capable of having ideas. He fingered something in his pocket. He straightened his shoulders. He would do it! Damn right

Evening

By LLOYD MAUNEY

*Shadows steal across the sky
Giving birth to the night,
Chasing the rainbow Gods away
Scurrying in hurried flight;
Sun kissed clouds bedecked with gold
Sail the majestic sky,
Nodding a farewell to the earth
As curtains of night draw nigh.*

*Plaintive calls fill the air
A whirl of winged life,
Turns to homes with sunsets glow
After the daily strife;
Peace and contentment over all
Blessing the brow of the night,
Bring new hopes and joys and dreams
And put all woe to flight.*

*Daily tasks vanish in air
Happiness and peace abide
The fitful breezes fill the heart
And sweep the worries aside;
Lulled in dreams of the day
Filled with hopes of the dawn,
Facing another new day ahead
Following where life leads on.*

he'd do it! He advanced slowly, cautiously toward the coveted lunch wagon. The owner of the lunch wagon was fat, humorously fat. That didn't matter. He'd take a chance. He sneaked up to a window and peered in. The fat man was counting his money. What could be better? He moved back into the shadows. Friendly shadows. He peered to the right, to the left. No one in sight. The stage was set.

It was time to strike. He was about to strike. The iron was hot. So were the hot dogs. He crept up quietly. His right hand always in his pocket. It clutched something, something very precious. He paused at the door. He thought of his mother, his beautiful mother. How sad it would make her if she knew what he was about to do! He had never done anything to lower his character before. Never in court. Never in jail. Unquestionable reputation. But hell! He was hungry. He was desperate. He must do it! He would do it! He crept up the steps—eased the door open—glanced around the row of empty stools—tiptoed to a stool. The fat man's back was turned toward him. They were alone. His hand ever clutching that something in his pocket. The man turned. Now was the accepted time! He must act quickly! He did act quickly!

He traded his Phi Beta Kappa key for a belly full of hot dogs.

ON THE TRAIL OF EUTERPE

(Continued from page six)

trees, so that the humming of the bees was no longer carried to me.

Presently I heard a murmured cadence, rising and falling like the hushed, ghostly tones of an organ. Although the tune was by no means perfect, it was easily recognized as that of a well-known prelude. I was at first sorely perplexed as to the music's origin. When the truth

finally came to me I realized that the old fellow was literally playing a tune through the bees by manipulating his wind-taut sails! Standing on the ground where the ropes converged, he used them as an organist uses the keys. By allowing the wind to come through in varying degrees he modulated and controlled the bees' murmurings coming to me on the porch. It was the most strangely-sweet music I had ever heard. Imagine anyone attaining anything like a diatonic scale with five canvas sails, a wind, a few ropes, and several pear trees full of bees!

What seemed even more to be wondered at was the fact that the man doing the playing could not hear the music at all. A person standing near the trees, or under them, could hear only the unbroken humming of the bees, for it was not the wind striking that made the music. One must be at a distance to leeward to catch the variation in tone, which consisted only of the even sound is being borne to one's ears in varying degrees by winds of varying strength.

This strange musician explained that he had a son on the mainland who had assisted him in rigging up the affair. The two had worked together in learning to play tunes upon it; one played while the other listened from the porch, thus collaborating in working out the proper scale. Rendering their accompaniment yet more difficult was the fact that they could play only when the pear trees were in flower, which was about a week each spring.

I shall give one more anecdote:

On a stuffy July day several other loafers and I were lounging on the porch of a North Carolina country store. Just across the road a negro chain-gang sweated with pick and shovel in the ditch. A few of them talked and grunted a bit, and finally grew silent.

Presently one of my fellow-idlers said, "What's that hummin' noise I hear." We sat still and listened to the sound. It grew louder; it rose and fell in a distinct cadence. As it was coming from the direction of the laborers, a couple of us got up and walked across the road.

The rhythm came from four old negroes who shovelled dirt with an even deliberation. Their faces were expressionless, their lips unparted, but in perfect unison they hummed a tune which had in it some poignant, unfathomable melody. The guard said the four had worked together almost five years. They had begun their terms at about the same time, and each had a little less than two years yet to serve. Each day they swore their innocence and hummed their tune together. Through five years of constant practice they had become more than experts.

To me it was a sound of ineffable sweetness, but I probably felt that way about it largely because it came from chained black men digging for seven years in a ditch. Let four free men hum the identical sounds, and I am sure it would not have the same musical quality for me; though the two quartets would perhaps sound alike to George Jean Nathan.

"Literature should be either instructive or amusing, and there is in many minds an impression that these artistic preoccupations, the search for form contribute to neither end, interfere, indeed, with both." —Henry James.

MOUSTACHES OR OLD TIME
RELIGION

(Continued from page four)

and make *her* really love the sight, and feel, of the moustache so rich in fertility, its very texture velvety and resilient and *alive*.

He does not know why it is so derisively accorded, and with one mighty blow levels his companions by flaying them as merely rude, uncivilized ruffians who accept "unquestioned traditions," and insists that nothing in this world that is virtuous and beautiful is appreciated—yet he continues his ostrich-like policy of revealing his hindmost, and remains glumly silent all that period while his body crawls along, wincing as each bit of wind seems afire, as dark and desolate shadows fleet across his brow. He dwells in the anticipation of meeting someone similarly embellished, and multifarious antipathies smoulder within him, making him more and more determined to fuse his production into a brilliant reflection of his own ingenious mind. In his solitude he hungers for intimacy with friends. Oh! that period of failure in human relationship.

When a moustache of unripe age is placed under the lens of intense scrutiny we actually see the simple artificial elements created by the light of the weaver's own thought revealed for a moment—as though pausing on the other side of death. To him it is an enormity, whereas we see slim shadows. It appears as though gathered together in an atomic condition and subject to disintegration by a flash.

But even the most sincere stumble into the abyss of credulity—and when the youth clamors for information as to its appearance we are so touched by his intense yearning and untiring energy devoted to the expanding vision, that we grow uneasy—as the entranced soul clutches earnestly at the apparition before the glass, blinded by its own focused brilliance. And he, seeing it in the spirit of art, tells of it with admirable minuteness; still it remains almost invisible. In gazing further we doubt our own senses, and in doubting begin to believe. Besides, such an ardent manifestation hardly permits us to imagine that nothing is there.

Remarks pass on its close similarity to famous creations, that the hairs are fairly evenly distributed throughout, although the two ends are not quite identical, or that there is a remarkable resemblance between the two arrangements, or perhaps its revision would be desirable; no, not quite on the same plane but accomplished in design. All these thoughts arch about the axis of insistence. The power of division is, however, the feature which especially distinguishes embryonic from mature stages. At times it is best to profess to know nothing; for to comment upon the physiognomical (and at times defective) setting glorified under different passions and emotions is an impractical course of proceeding, and would be either dangerous or full of personal bias. The truth so often despairs and exhausts the sensitive mind of its patience, of its intimacy with joyous thought.

In shaving, the care not to despoil its exist-

ence is a weighty burden on the strained mind. When still thin-bodied, the hairs are elevated to a dignity which they had not had since they were mere shadows, and difficulty arises as to just where the line between development and transformation should be drawn.

What a calamity to the frenzied soul when a slip of fate tears one of those coddled fibres from its root! How it issues forth a cracking sound, a tearsplit shriek, as parting racks its trembling frame! It is unendurable, it is cruel, it is tragic—its own twisted and stunted shape left raw. Then the dream of recovery, another imaginative achievement.

When human desires have caused the forces of nature to yield, and success greets the full blossomed splurge, the world has added a proud possessor to its lands. Like the parched souls who stagger into a roar of cool water there is now fixed boundless ambition, love and hope. While the bearer's frailties received an ample share of severities, the extent of his self-sacrifice in introducing into his life a moustache casts new and solemn light upon his character. In exhausting his ingenuity he now has a new structural dogma—hypocritical or conceited, obliging and courteous, the vain and the egotist of the future—amassed above the cauldron from which the spiritual and ethical values and the greatness of existence will seethe. Thus one says in despondence, "Gone; all are gone, the old familiar faces."

Then the mind rushes to the unshaved face shaded by the mysticism which it previously glorified—so like a thorny forest rising from mid-ocean. There is disgrace to this indifference to scientific accuracy of execution. We cannot affect him with some of his own abounding enthusiasm, and bitterly whirl it back to the depths of our mind and shudder at the magnificent moustache which is a sad sight to those who knew it in the days of its completion—for in some it hinders the only outlet for expression.

There is demurring at the differences in design at the extremities. It is suspected that the real reason for the tendency of leaving a margin is to allow space for even greater realization in prospective amorous relationships. There are some things in life even more important than a moustache, and those naturally gifted and talented men who mold the destiny of their lip to blend with those vague memories, to strike a greater touch of intimacy, succeed in attracting *more* than the smile of woman—and emotional warmth is a pleasant thing to feel. Yet all the quips which are displayed on the physiognomy cause the lions to bellow uproariously from their lairs at this flexibility of formless matter.

The mere application of a razor could at one stroke put an end to the display of caprice and queer unrestrained reveling into the wildest of eccentricities, and the sweep of a hand clear the gloom out of the air. And the enfeebled soul would so rise from the depths of false vanity and misery that it would flash out in reverence and walk humbly with its God; and after an instant of strange shuddering, as though in its last convulsive moment, pour out the memories of that period of privation, of dreariness, and the sickening suspense as the wide gate opened

with the stopping of the blade and the frightful severance.

Thus, stripped of his burden, a new man would emerge; an extraordinary sense of peacefulness would prevail in the air, and with a buoyant mind, a jaunty step, and a whistling air, he would feel at ease with the world, knowing that "good night" could be vigorously said to his companions without grazing past his conscience's neutrality.

UNSOLVED EXPERIENCE

(Continued from page three)

Now I knew a little more about where I was—precious little. I was in a room instead of on the topmost pinnacle of some cliff which reached up half way to heaven. But what a room it was with its curiously-decorated walls. Suddenly I realized that I had been all around it without meeting a door; the thought perplexed me. Had I been let down into some pit? By whom?

With more confidence than befitted me, I stepped boldly out toward the middle of the room, bent on exploring the interior. I advanced with firmer steps than I had employed for quite a while. Then, before I could realize what was happening, the floor seemed to drop from under me. Uttering oaths for the benefit of all trap-doors, I hurtled through space down upon something which gave a startled, painful grunt as it jumped aside and let me splash into a mushy, slimy bog.

More afraid than I had been before, I lay in that stinking, stifling mire, listening painfully to the breathing of that curious animal somewhere very near. Wondering if it could see me in the dark, I dared not move lest I attract it. How long could I live under the stress of such an existence? I thought of Daniel in the lion's den but felt none of his courage. Then the animal moved. I knew it was coming towards me; I heard it smelling for me in the darkness as it advanced. I prayed for light and it came not; I prayed the bog to swallow me and it did not; I prayed for the beast to become paralyzed but the beast kept coming. Holding out my shaking arms to protect myself I waited half unconscious for the end. The monster was almost on me!! God, my hand was in its mouth!

The strain was too great. The stillness ceased singing in my ears as I fainted away.

Best Sellers at the Bull's Head

Newman—*Hard Boiled Virgin* (Bonibooks).

Lawrence—*The Lost Girl* (Bonibooks).

Bierce—*Can Such Things Be?* (The Traveler's Library).

Castiglione—*The Courtier* (Everyman's).

Michaevelli—*The Prince* (Everyman's).

Galsworthy—*Plays* (Scribner's).

Shakespeare—*Tragedies* (Everyman's).

Cervante—*Don Quixote* (Modern Library).

'Tis more to guide than spur the Muse's steed;
Restrain his fury than provoke his speed;
The winged courses, like a generous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his
course.

—Alexander Pope.

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Carolina Playmakers Define Drama: Look To The Future

By RALPH WESTERMAN

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Ralph Westerman, successor to Hubert Heffner as business manager of the Playmakers, calls attention to certain things which he thinks Hardee Chambliss overlooked in his article in the issue of October 19.)

DRAMA is a lighted torch that silhouettes human emotions against a background of common understanding. And from the varying intensities of this understanding is born the urge to translate dramatic symbols into the pragmatic essentials of human existence.

Everything which even remotely touches the mind is significant. The emotional consciousness may be temporarily disorganized by some far-reaching cataclysm. On the other hand, such an apparently commonplace incident as looking at an on-coming wave or contemplating the contour of a hill may arouse the observer to a high emotional pitch and eventually inspire him to conscious creation. This is the key-note of Drama.—First the earth and the primitive advance of nature; then the conflict of man and "devils"; and finally the dumb wonder incubated in the fires of physical conquest and intellectual transcendency.

The throes of creation are continuous: manifestly vigorous in the parliament of nations, as well as in the fierce eyes of a consumptive vagabond who is driven by an unthinkable horror to destroy beauty and frustrate the fruition of dreams. This driving force, then, may be defined as "dramatic substance." It lends itself to infinite projections; it is individual and yet universal; it is the voice that speaks through the magnificent tragedies of Sophocles. Today the same voice may be heard whispering behind the masks of Broadway actors; throughout the length and breadth of theatre-conscious America the voice falters over the artificialities of modern drama, or grows strong and vibrant in interpreting the more deeply rooted themes concerning intrinsic values.

Susan Glaspel, in the biography of her husband, George Cram Cook, says, "In a theatre for experiment you may do things which in themselves are not worth doing. Yet he would feel something in that play—a thing that was on its way to something else." The Carolina Playmakers have always held this to be true. Years of experience have proved the futility of judging amateur playwrights by the conventional standards of the commercial theatre. And yet several critics of the organization have insisted upon stressing certain points relative to this very phase of the problem.

Audiences always will be intrigued by the strange and the exotic in drama. And no doubt

Three Moods

By JOHN WARDLAW

TO PASSION

Halt, inward yearning, deep intense emotion,

*Sweeping all my common sense away,
Engulfing all that tries to block your way,
Ruling passion mightier than an ocean.*

*What can stop your flood of liquid fire?
Just a short relapse, and then your rages
Thunder from the depths of other ages,
Soothing, sensuous, sly, smooth, sweet desire.*

TO DULLNESS

*Halt, lazy dullness, somber resignation.
Life holds no pleasures you can e'er enjoy.
Your feigned emotion is a mere decoy.
You're bored with even bright anticipation.*

*What if you do see the consequences?
Life's so simple you would probably say,
"What's the use of living anyway?"
Who will wake your sterile, stale, still senses?*

TO TRUTH

*Hail, strong emotion, cool, clear, calm contentment.
Life is love and peace in equal blending.
Love is the spirit never ending.
Gentle goodness overcomes resentment.*

*Welcome all that seems to me most dear.
My mother's smile, the good advice she's giving,
To make worthwhile this life that I am living.
Truth stands serene, silent, still, sincere.*

this attitude does explain much of the interest Northern audiences have in the Carolina Folk-Plays. But aside from that obvious fact, persons of importance connected with the theatrical world have understood and appreciated the motives behind the Playmakers' contributions. For instance, Kenneth MacGowan, in his book *Footlights Across America*, refers to the work of The Carolina Playmakers in the following manner: ". . . it is North Carolina that has done more than any state to justify a plea for local drama . . . I am thinking of the life-effort of one man which has fulfilled itself richly and strikingly through the people of North Carolina—the work of Frederick Koch." And farther along in the same chapter Mr. MacGowan pays further tribute: "This is the way of folk-playwriting, (universal appeal through

the medium of local symbolism), I do not know of a sounder. The dramatic instinct is close to being inborn. A man may train himself to craftsmanship if he can go to the theatre enough, but a point of view like Koch's is a creative short cut. It is an invaluable contribution."

A recent criticism of the Playmakers' productions has to do with writing plays around "characters of little significance." The writer of the article referred especially to Paul Green's *Fixin's*. It might be interesting to note what the *Theatre Magazine* had to say about this same play, in its February number of 1928. "*Fixin's*—a story concerning nature and the frustration of a work-driven wife who craves unattainable beauty, has as its locale the house of a tenant farmer in Carolina. The theme of the play, however, has a universal appeal. The wife who seeks to express herself in beauty and the husband who values only the material things of life are not confined to a tenant farm. They may be found in Harlem flats in New York and on Main Street from coast to coast."

Evidently there is disagreement here. Possibly the first critic forgot to look beyond the settings of the plays he criticized. Had he done so he would have seen the eternal symbols of love and hate, charity and greed—virtues and vices that are not peculiar to the Carolinas. Certainly it is true that if a play deals with the realities of a locality, it remains local only in its setting. The elements of pain and joy, submission and revolt, are companions of humanity, whether we want them or not. But we cannot confine them to any particular nook of the universe. It is from such things that gods are born, and dramatic epics are inspired to celebrate the event. This is real drama, regardless of whether it confirms or violates our concepts of the ideal theatre.

The Carolina Playmakers cannot, if they value their integrity, ignore the rich, sweet soil from which our folk drama has grown. But at the same time the Playmakers do—and will—encourage other, or more sophisticated, types of playwriting. There is nothing in the articles of corporation pertaining to the limitations of plots or characterizations. Each and every member of the group is free to write and criticize as he sees fit. Nor could it be otherwise: no dramatic organization can afford to establish an unbalanced policy of play production. By doing that very thing the organization sells its soul to a minority of fanatics who are far more interested in spreading propaganda than they are in interpreting reality.

(Continued on page six)

The Carolina Magazine

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Sunday, November 2, 1930

Odum's Latest

An American Epoch, Dr. Howard W. Odum's latest book, is being well received throughout the nation. Especially is this true in the North, where the prevailing conceptions of both the Old and the New South are still packed with erroneous ideas. The author paints in interesting fashion the period from 1850 to the present—the period which witnessed the glory and grandeur of the Old South, the horrors of civil hostilities, and the emergence of the New South “enamoured of her new work” and ready to take her place in the American Union.

To spend time and effort here in writing of Dr. Odum's abilities and resultant achievements would be nothing short of folly, for these are fully recognized both here and abroad. Suffice it to say that ten years of exhaustive reading and research preceded the writing of *An American Epoch*. The author has sought in the pages of his work to predict the immediate future only after a careful analysis of the period stretching from 1850 to the present. Certainly, there is no person who is better qualified for such a task than Dr. Odum is. His book is a great contribution for which we have only words of praise in all but one particular—too much data is crowded into 379 pages for the absorbing power of the average reader. The author is such a mint of informa-

tion on his subject that the casual, average reader is apt to turn away with dazzled eyes and a troubled brain. The book is a masterpiece of scholarly research which requires the utmost mental exertion on the part of the reader. Herein, however, is comprehended one of the most valuable features of the book; that is, it is thought-provoking. Dr. Odum has very boldly taken upon himself the difficult task of converting a factual treatise into a story without destroying any of the facts. No Southerner who wants to have his own background cleared of its cluttering superstitions should neglect to own *An American Epoch*.

Looking at the matter from a related, though slightly different, angle, *An American Epoch* (which is the crowning glory of Dr. Odum's study and research to date) means another star in the crown of Old Carolina. Such men as the author in question are a boost to the institution and a credit especially to the faculty thereof. “For a great many years there has gone out from Chapel Hill, the seat of the University of North Carolina, a vibrant wave of light and healing comparable to that which shone in another day from the library windows of Monticello. No resident of this Athenian settlement has done more credit to its enlightening mission than Mr. Odum,” says a commentary in the *New York Times Book Review*.

We may justly swell with pride as we realize that this enlightening mission has been conducted with a courage comparable to that which went before the swift, lean columns of the Southern Confederacy—that gone, but not forgotten institution.

Wherefore Education?

The colleges and universities of the United States have been crowded for years, and give promise of being even more crowded in the future, with men and women bent on acquiring that intangible thing which we call education. The universal aim of attending school is to become educated; but when asked to define an education, the average person gives a very lame answer . . . such as, “the result of work necessary to get a diploma.” Obviously, such an answer is wrong. People's ideas of what constitutes an education are so hazy that their attempts to define the term are

shockingly unsatisfactory. There is much more in an education than the mere work required to get a diploma. Were this not the case, education would no longer be a priceless thing. An engineer who receives a diploma from a university is not necessarily educated. Is a girl educated merely because she leaves the portals of some university with a knowledge of the subject of home economics? *Education* defies the definition-maker by virtue of the fact that it is too inclusive a thing to be tied down to the import of a few words.

The following article, which is an excerpt from Everett Dean Martin's “The Meaning of a Liberal Education,” throws considerable light on the subject: “An educated man is not merely one who can do something, whether it is giving a lecture on the poetry of Horace, running a train, trying a lawsuit, or repairing the plumbing. He is one who knows the significance of what he does and he is also one who cannot and will not do certain things. He has acquired a set of values. He has a ‘yes’ or ‘no,’ and they are all his own. He knows why he behaves as he does. He has learned what to prefer, for he has lived in the presence of things that are preferable. . . . He has learned enough about human life on this planet to see his behavior in the life of a body of experience and the relation of his actions to situations as a whole. . . . He is being transformed from an automaton into a thinking being.”

During the course of running the gauntlet prerequisite to the acquisition of a degree from this or any other university, one would do well to keep the above definition in mind.

Selection

Since it is the chief problem of an editor, a few remarks about the selection of material for this publication and the counterpart task, selection of staff members, might not be unseasonable.

There are doubtless new students who are interested in becoming members of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE editorial staff, but who have delayed the signification of their intentions in anticipation of some form of competitive try-out. The fact is that there is never a set, competitive system for selecting the staff of this sheet. Such endeavor seems to have a

(Continued on page three)

SELECTION

(Continued from page two)

connotation which is hostile to real literary effort. We have no desire to weigh personalities and are convinced that any attempt to measure inspiration within a time limit will result in failure. Facility, a power in its place, must give place to slow virtues in a literary magazine of the order that this organ aspires to be. To guard, promote, and foster the spark of dignity which is to be found in the so-called *urge to write* is our purpose. The accomplishment of such an aim does not call for any stop-watch competition.

This magazine not only welcomes, but admittedly solicits articles which bear evidence of having been slowly thought out and carefully written. Submitting for publication such a creative work of writing constitutes signification of desire to be considered for membership in the staff. We shall print the things which impress us as being better than the rest, hoping that our likes will not be tainted with personal prejudice, and be governed as nearly as seems expedient by so-called literary criteria. In the light of contributions and interest shown in the magazine, the editorial board is altered from time to time. We are opposed to deadwood staff members, and feel no hesitancy in saying that contributors who fall into such a category should go elsewhere for occasional occupation.

To any and all students interested in writing, whether their chosen medium be the CAROLINA MAGAZINE or a sister publication, we offer the hospitality of the magazine office and whatever constructive critical observation may be centered in it. There is no time when the staff is not subject to revision, both addition and subtraction.

"It is much easier to be critical than correct."
—Baconsfield.

Storms

By ELEANOR KINCAID

*Outside the elements crash and roar;—
Destruction in their path!
Inside, is warmth and peace and quiet,
And yet within lies crushed
Something more precious far
Than trees and grass and flowers—
A human heart.*

Old Man Cynic

By VERNON B. CROOK

*I stand again this morning in
A valley loved in youth.
Alas, how changed! The valley is
Repulsive and uncouth!*

*I stand alone before these hills
That make a bowl of earth.
I view them, with a cynic's eye,
The mirrors of life's dearth.*

*'Twas in the spring I used to view
Their bright, enticing mien
And romp in glee with those I loved
Across their grassy green.*

*The hillsides boasted singing trees
With shimmering shade below,
While from the valley's crystal spring
A babbling brook did flow.*

*'Twas not alone I tarried there
Beneath those whispering trees
That spoke of life, of answered dreams,
In just a passing breeze.*

*But now I stand alone to view
The changes that are wrought;
To curse those hills for losing all
The battles I have fought.*

*Ah! Life is like the hills are now,
Repulsive and uncouth,
And not the Eden that we saw
While romping there in youth.*

*The trees stand bare as tombstones on
Those dead and grave like hills.
No sun is there; winds, only winds
That groan, howl, and chill.*

*The valley's full of fallen leaves,
Dead leaves that reel about
Upon the drunken wind; the ghosts
Of yesteryear, no doubt!*

*No silver spring from which to drink
Adorns the valley's floor.
Perhaps 'twas a mirage seen in youth
By old men seen no more.*

On Shower Baths

By A. GURGANUS

THERE is no reason to doubt that the shower-bath in its natural and original condition was the first method of ablution practiced by prehistoric man. The first rainstorm that overtook him on the way back from a plegiosaur-hunting trip gave him his first shower, and it must have been a pleasant one. Afterwards, I feel sure, he told his wife, and at the next spell they had a shower party with the man in the cave above and his family, and the system of fun and sanitation received its impetus towards popularity.

There is something rudimentary and fundamental about having cold water splashed upon one, and getting completely and deliciously wet. Not damp, not moist, but wet, wringing wet. You, yourself, when a child never enjoyed anything so much as your first drenching in an

(Continued on page four)

COWS

By JOE JONES

I READ the other day a news item which told of a cow's being put into an airplane, carried about above the city of Chicago, and there milked. The half-full pail, fastened to a parachute, was wafted unspilt to earth. This was something new to the pilot of the plane, to the man who did the milking, to the persons who watched the bucket float down, and for those of us who read about it in the papers. Above all, it was a new experience for the cow. It is an interesting story, but I think the most fascinating part of it would be to know just what the cow thought about it all. She must have thought something. I should like to know what it was.

I have always had a profound respect for cows. There is an expression of inordinate serenity upon their mild faces that I have never seen elsewhere. It is not the listlessly contented aspect of a sleepy, well-fed cat; nor the droll, self-satisfied look of a ruminating goat; nor the last word in eternal patience seen upon the countenance of a lop-eared burro. It is more akin to that inscrutable quality which Leonardo the Florentine ensnared in the face of the rich merchant's wife.

It were as though the cow had all knowledge and all understanding, the gift of prophecy, that she could speak with the tongues of men and angels, and yet, of her own free will, preferred to stand and gaze and chew, and say nothing about it all. She lacks only a faint smile of cynicism, and I fancied I saw even that upon her face one morning when the bucket was upset and the milk spilt, not by her, but by me.

Really though, I do not believe that the cow has anything of the cynical in her makeup for all of the abuse and injustice she has suffered at our hands. She is only a simple, unassuming creature who will eat weeds if there is no grass, or bean-hulls and cabbage-stalks if there aren't any weeds. She is far less finicky about her rations than is the horse. To her, poison oak leaves are a delicacy, and I have been on milking terms with at least two cows who liked nothing better than fluffy, yellow ducklings a few hours out of the egg.

Somewhere I have read that when Cortes first invaded Mexico the natives refrained from attacking him because they believed his horses were gods. Unfortunately, the conqueror left a sick mare in an Aztec village, whereupon the inhabitants, placing the animal in a temple, fed it flower blossoms and gaudy-plumaged birds as the only proper food for so magnificent a deity. When news of the creature's death spread over the Montezuman empire, Cortes was fiercely attacked as a prophet of false gods. No longer were the Indians in awe of him; henceforward he must clear his path with gunpowder and the sword.

I have always felt that had it been a cow that Cortez left with the Aztecs she would have thriven on her diet of birds and flowers, so that her idolaters had been none the wiser. The conquest of Mexico might thus have been ac-

(Continued on page four)

ON SHOWER BATHS

(Continued from page three)

unavoidable rainstorm—the thrill of being wet, the cool drive of the water into your sleeves and down your neck; and the joyous shush of soaked, water-logged boots. The thoughts though of stamps all sticking together, of shoes being stuffed with newspapers, of the absence of favorite trousers and coat while undergoing pressing, take away the insouciance of it.

But has mankind taken the hint of nature in splashing water upon itself? Not in the least. In the intended way water was impelled against the body with no effort on the part of the body, except its presence. Now we get the water and impel the body into it. It is a lengthy and lazy process that gives one the feeling of having done something worthwhile, something quite out of keeping with the purely routine spirit of the thing.

Take the English system of bathing, now happily on the wane, of striking postures in an enlarged shirred-egg dish, and hoping there is not a plastered ceiling in the room below. Take that extravagant Americanism, the porcelain tub. In its maximum splendor its architecture resembles most the marble sarcophaguses of the Pagans, and are greatly admired by archaeologists, but purely as tombs.

Here and there a shower-bath has crept rather wistfully into a private home, but usually as a minor accessory to the sarcophagus. A bath in this tall white-clothed thing rising from the porcelain tub gives one the cheery and sticky sensation of having taken a shower in a shroud. It presents a possibility, but not a pleasure.

No, the home of the true shower-bath is the country club; for as someone has said, "A country club is a golf course, a tennis court, a bar, and a shower." After the first items, cleanness and coolness are needed and we find them in the tubulous personality of the shower.

We who have made the rounds of the country clubs have learned to distinguish the different models,—the kind that droppeth as a gentle rain from heaven, the kind that pelts you at various angles from the front, and the kind that attacks with vehemence from all sides. But to get the best results one must know the idiosyncracies of one's particular machine. To know by instinct the hot water throttle is an accomplishment which requires a lifetime of study. We have never been able to sense it ourselves when it is not marked, and sometimes even if it is marked. Once we would have been glad to know that "calda" did not mean cold, as we decided it should. We have often wondered, in this connection, notwithstanding the expense, if a shower chauffeur would not prove a proper installment at country clubs, for not once in a lifetime can one experience a well-spaced gamut from cleansing hot to invigorating cold that leaves nothing to be desired.

Besides the individual influence, there is a broader sociological importance to a shower bath. It develops many things in the average man. First of all, self-confidence. It takes much personal reliance to step nonchalantly into a shower with your one day-a-week tennis devel-

(Continued on page seven)

COWS

(Continued from page three)

complished without the loss of Spanish blood. Of course, there is the possibility that the Indians might not have mistaken the poor cow for a god in the first place.

What country landscape is more charming than a meadow with cows? The poet who wrote these five lines has been acquainted with the wistful magic of old pastures:

*"No more cows in the pasture,
No more sheep on the hill,
Only winds in the grass and bay,
And a field lark calling shrill
And sweet through the hot blue hours of
June."*

And who would pause to hear lightly-tinkling sheep-bells when from the next field there come the deep notes of a Swiss cowbell?

The Lauterbrunnen Valley in Switzerland is a land of green pastures and tame yellow cows, each with a bell at her velvet throat. While there one summer, I bought one of the mellow-toned bells to take back to a country friend in Virginia. When I visited him a year later I was so enchanted with hearing its sweet music in his pastures that I accepted his invitation to stay on the farm all summer. Making hay and hoeing corn was hot work in July, but the silver notes of the bell, softly shaken from the throat of an old Jersey herd-leader, never failed to bring to me those cool slopes of grass and fern which climb from Interlaken to the snows of Jungfrau.

The Israelites worshipped their golden calf, the Egyptians their Apis bulls, but as for me, I shall write an idyll to the gentle cow and be content. Perhaps what I have said about her is too idyllic. I am sure that the farmer boy will say it is. I have seen cows from his standpoint: I have risen by cold lamplight for the milking. I long ago learned that to drive a cow in a direction she does not wish to take is a Sisyphean task. I know she crawls through fences into forbidden pastures; that if she gets a chance she will gorge on spoiled grain, swell up, and die with a most doleful sound. And I have seen the buzzards come for her.

Yet there is nothing I would rather do than go down to the late August pastures and drive the cows home through the clover and Queen Anne's lace—especially if one of them wears a bell.

Unperceiving

By ELEANOR KINCAID

*A bit of color here and there,
A breath of sweetness on the air,
The waters tremble—slightly stirred;
And yet they say they have not heard
The voice of nature!*

*A tender love song softly sung,
The beauty of a day begun,
The growing and the death—again the
birth,*

*The happenings of life upon the earth,
And still they say they have no word
Or sign of Heaven's work!*

A Question

By CARLTON WILDER

I DON'T know whether I ever saw Clyde Warren during that first year of mine at college, or not. I have no memory of him. If I did see him it was merely as another face to forget.

When I heard his name mentioned in chapel service one morning during the late Spring, it was unfamiliar to me. The president spoke of him as a young man of brilliant record and promise. At the president's request the students and faculty rose in a body to honor him so that I knew that he was dead. I gathered from the president's remarks that his death came as a great shock. But I was listening only in the casual fashion of a student attending compulsory chapel, and I did not hear how he died. Later in the day I heard that he had committed suicide. No one knew why.

In the next few days I heard a great deal about the young fellow. Some of the boys in my rooming house had known him. They were all busy conjecturing about his death, those who'd known him and those who hadn't. The things they said I forgot very soon.

I read in a newspaper article that he had been found about six in the morning, in a car parked on one of the residential streets of the village. He had a twenty-two caliber bullet hole in his head. They took him to the hospital, where he lived till about nine. He didn't regain consciousness. Those were lovely Spring mornings. Strangely enough, when I read about his death I thought mainly of that. In the morning the grass glittered with dew, and the large trees along the streets were covered already with heavy leafage.

Talk died away after a week or two. That is the way things go. In a college community there are plenty of happenings to occupy one's attention all the time, and no one happening gets more than its due. I forgot about Warren till next fall.

The second year at college brought me a good deal of discontent. For some reason I did not feel the impetus to work any more. But I was carrying a heavier schedule, and so I worried about my grades. Still I was helpless to remedy the situation. A strange inertia held me. I sat in at late bull sessions, I stuffed myself with midnight lunches of ice cream and pie, I frequented dance halls, I attended burlesque shows, I did other things.

My room-mate and I were caught in the same mood. He had acute spells of pessimism, during which one couldn't reason with him. We went everywhere together trying to escape from something we did not understand. Both of us were a little inclined to morbidity. We sat up till two or three in the morning talking about metaphysics, religion, or sex. On one thing we agreed—the meaninglessness of life. In our conversations a certain expression recurred: what is it all about? What *was* it all about? Sometimes my room-mate shouting the question at me from beneath his covers late at night

(Continued on page eight)



THE BOOK WORLD



The South

AN AMERICAN EPOCH, by Howard W. Odum. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 379 pp. \$3.50. 1930.

An American Epoch, by Howard Odum, has been designated by the *New York Times* reviewer as an encyclopedia. With reference to content the characterization is apt, for into this one book Odum has poured the reserach of a dozen years and the reading of a lifetime. But the hook is something more. A slight change of style would make it an epic, rivaling that of Aeneas himself, and the mere shifting of viewpoint would make it the best novel since the War Between the States. But the author was interested in the sociologic, rather than the romantic, aspects of the resurgent South and held steadily to his purpose, regardless of what label might be placed on his hook when it should reach the library catalogue.

The union of aristocracy and yeomanry would have furnished a satisfactory foundation for the New South, had it not been for hurtful influences that early made themselves felt. Beset, however, by ambitious white tenants (most of whom had been impotent under the old regime), by scalawags and carpet-baggers hent on achieving fortune without work and heedless of consequences, by the freed Negroes who did not know what to do with their unhought freedom, and by new arrivals from other sections who were unfamiliar with local traditions and aspirations, neither the Uncle Johns nor the Old Majors, singly or combined, could cope with the perplexing problems that arose. The political demagogue, the church higtot, and the charlatan of every description sensed the opportunity for the sowing of wicked seed. The intelligence of the South had either been swallowed up in the recent conflict or outlawed because of participation therein. Ignorance was widespread, the economic fabric had broken down, such schools as had existed before were now all but obliterated, the population was widely scattered and without leadership, and communication existed in name only. One-crop agriculture still existed, industry had not yet come into a position of influence, much of the population was in a state of flux, and a thousand sinister forces were sapping such strength as the South had left. And then the North, triumphant and comfortable, began to criticize the South for not forcing immediate order out of chaos.

The pre-war leadership might have been able to withstand the heavy pressure from within and the reviling from without, but the new rulers, uncertain of themselves, could not bear for others to suspect their capacity. Hence, to cover up their shortcomings, they resorted to the "tu quoque" argument. Epithets such as "rebel," "traitor," "dam-yankee," were hurled back and forth with reckless abandon, and the two sections which had formed part of a united country kept drifting further and further apart.

The government under Grant went on a debauch, and the old culture of the South became the plaything of new vandals.

The turn of the century, however, brought a change. The South had contributed her quota of troops for the Spanish-American War, and had shown that, though maligned, she had not lost her soul. Native industry, which had been struggling to get on its feet, now began to draw recruits from other sections, a diversified industry rapidly replaced the old order, schools and universities took on new life, good roads laid open resources that had hitherto been bottled up, and the whole section known as Dixie blossomed as the rose.

These sentences, however, can show only the skeleton of the living story. Intelligent people will want to read the book for themselves.

—C. E. McIntosh.

A Bisland Contribution

THREE WISE MEN OF THE EAST, by Elizabeth Bisland, Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 275 pages. \$3.00.

A literary man of sorts once weakly excused Lord Bulwer-Lytton with the phrase that "historical fiction is much more trustworthy, and vastly more respectable than fictitious history." Miss Bisland felt that each of those literary fields was to be avoided, and her book falls into that what-has-come-to-be large class of writings which are neither historical fiction nor fictitious history.

The book is excellently put up, in a handsome binding, fine end-boards and general design in typography and lay-out. Yet it is difficult not to advise followers and friends to avoid the author's dithyrambs. The jacket is attractive and alluring, but the unwary prospective reader must be on guard, for Miss Bisland commits horrible crimes in the name of history, with the annoying self-assurance that the fair Clio is urging her on, and applauding her efforts. The University Press performed a meritable service with the publication of *The Life of Miranda* and the *Virginia Plutarch*, but this final product of Miss Bisland's only serves as a fine lesson to those who want to know how not to write history.

Her preface, which seems to have been an "In Defense of the New History," opens with a quotation from Walt Whitman—"As soon as history is properly told, there will be no more need of romances"—does not insure her from the inevitable criticism upon what she presumptuously called her "historical studies." Throughout the volume, there are many bitter and caustic comments upon what Miss Bisland called the "old-fashioned historian." It seems strange and incomprehensible that scholars of the Oriental civilizations should have been "indifferent" to Shah Jahan, whom she calls The Great Lover.

(Continued on page eight)

Short Stories

ON FORSYTE 'CHANGE, by John Galsworthy. Scribners. 1930. 285 pp. \$2.50.

This is a collection of nineteen short stories based on incidents in the lives of the Forsytes, whose characters and whose fortunes are very brilliantly delineated in the *Saga*. Some of the stories may be characterized as brief sequels; some, as close-up snapshots of persons, incidents, and events in the Forsyte cycle; still others, as social and psychological etchings of the conflicts resulting from the changes that rang down the curtain on the Mid-Victorians and ushered in the age of bobbed-hair, short skirts, and the emancipation of women. In each there is a Forsyte, of course, as the central figure and always *in character*. The incidents portrayed range in time from the middle of the nineteenth century to the World War, and Forsytes of three generations appear before the footlights, and some of them reappear for *encores*. There is biting satire, scintillating comedy, and stark tragedy, as in the *Saga*. The volume should be classed, in fact, as an additional *Saga* volume, although the author himself regards the book as made up of "Apocryphal Forsyte tales." While an acquaintance with the *Saga* is necessary for a complete understanding of the stories, it is not necessary for the enjoyment of them. Each one is a complete story wrought out with the infinite pains and the superb artistry so characteristic of Galsworthy in all his work. They are of sufficient interest and intrinsic worth to rest on their own merits independently of the *Saga*.

The author's "Foreword" is quoted, because it gives the author's reasons for putting out the tales, most of which have previously appeared in the magazines, and because it shows their relation to both the *Saga* and the *Comedy*: "Before a long suffering public and still more long suffering critics, I lay this volume of apocryphal Forsyte Tales, pleading two excuses: That it is hard to part so suddenly and finally from those with whom one has lived so long; and, that these footnotes do really, I think, help to fill in and round out the chronicles of the Forsyte family.

"They have all been written since the 'Swan Song' was finished, but in place they come between the *Saga* and the *Comedy*, for without the *Saga* they would not be understood, and they are over before the *Comedy* begins.

"In the hope of forgiveness I send them forth."

Aside from their own distinctive literary merit, if the apocryphal tales or footnotes only prove instrumental in introducing Galsworthy to a wider circle of American readers, they will have rendered American art and culture a distinct service.

—N. W. Walker.

Follow The Painted Arrow

By JAMES JACQUES

"Have you ever been around to The Elfinwood? Well, it's an interesting place even if you haven't. Everything about it catches your eye (and your money, too, would be a good addition to the advertisement.) Drive out of town about five miles North, follow the painted arrow, and you can't miss it."

Alex Morgan finished reading the passage, casually cast his paper aside, lit a cigarette, reached for his hat, and went outside to 'follow the painted arrow.' It was nine o'clock and a beautiful night, and Alex was feeling as if he would enjoy a sharp controversy with most anyone. The hum of his Chrysler motor partially quelled his disturbed nerves and brought on a meditative mood of pensive silence. Funny thing, he thought, this following the painted arrow. Why not follow a bootlegger, or a moonbeam, or anything? Damn so much following anyway. Why not be original? And there he had an idea, and it came while he journeyed to a place to feel good and get drunk and raise hell. Very appropriate, he thought, for a moron, but as one of Hell's Angels one said—better be a leader, etc., etc., than a servant, etc., etc. And so he mused and plotted and feasted on expectancy. He had usually avoided such places and such situations as he now devised but, oh well, ah dammit, why moralize at such a time and such a place? Wasn't he out to have a big time? Wasn't he going to have it, too? Ah! it was going to be interesting, he thought, visualizing his three goddesses—wine, women, music—in a setting made for queens. How romantic—rationalizing, as it were, to that effect.

All this took place in a comparatively short time, and the reverie was broken by the appearance of his destination. The Elfinwood, in person, stood before him. He parked his car mechanically in a place affording easy exit. He might want to leave *toute de suite*, and such forethought would be well worth the time and trouble. Standing beside his car for a few minutes he caressed his flask very affectionately—in the way flasks are usually caressed, except this was for a longer period of time. He slipped the flask into his pocket and with a quick step, a sharp eye, and *esprit de cocur*, as it were, he coasted through the open door.

Alex took a seat at the first table, glanced around to get his bearings, and then settled back to enjoy the moment. The room was flooded with white lights but dimmed by tons of curling smoke. A smell of good drink permeated the stale but sweet-scented air. The center of the room was void of tables—cabaret affair, you know—and at that moment was occupied by a pie-faced announcer who sang out the next number, retired, and the show was on. And what a show! Alex's eyes were dancing; his mind feasting on anticipation of better things to be. He had forgotten resolutions, promises, efforts of abstinence from pleasurable excitement. He was tasting the good wine. And then came the show—"fifty million women, so to speak. Bodies of ivory whiteness with skin soft

Song of a Rose

By STANLEY STEVENS

*A rose I tossed you yester'een,
Poor best of Winter in my soul,
Its fragile beauty all too slight
To bear my timid kiss unseen,
In its swift flight.*

*For one white flutter of your hand
Within your casement overhead,
I hoped. I waited, watching long,
So sure you'd somehow understand
My flower's song.*

*You gave no sign. Night fell, my way
Was dark . . . but now my heart
leaps full*

*With laughter as the dawn wind
blows.*

*You see, my dear . . . I learned today,
You kept the rose!*

and velvety. Scintillating dress—or undress, as you will! Hair—oh hell, what difference does it make whether they were blondes or brunettes? Few ever notice that, anyway. Alex moved uneasily in his chair as the troupe moved 'round and 'round. The Lady of Leisure at the head of the line caught his eye (gifted along that line). Ah, but she was a vehicle with a million dollar chassis; gayly bedecked in a flaming, transparent, pajama robe with interwoven arrows of different colors; arrows of screaming suggestion starting from nowhere and meeting in general confusion at the center of that molded form. And as she danced past Alex's table with a swirl and an enticing shift of that quarterback form, she dauntingly whispered "follow the painted arrow and you can't miss it!" Another shift and a turn; a side step and a stiff arm; she was out of the room.

Alex was rising!

It was one of those places with rooms upstairs—that is, rooms with bath. You know! This following idea was not so bad after all. In fact, it was not bad at all. In fact, Alex liked it very much and being able to resist everything but temptation, he edged his way slowly toward the exit that leads to the land of desires come true. He reached the door and passed through. A stairway led up to the next floor, and he took the elevator step by step. In the hall he looked about himself; advanced several doors south and came upon one standing ajar. He went in.

A soft light from a shaded globe gave the interior an uncanny effect, an inviting effect, an atmosphere of unreality. In a moment his eyes became adjusted to the change of light intensity, and he swept the room with one complete glance. There she was amid luxurious cushions of brilliant tint, reclining in her semi-nude condition. What a picture of forbidden pleasure! And what an Eve! Her head supported by several pillows; her breasts rising and falling passively beneath the flimsy lingerie covering them; her molded body extended almost full length; her lips puffing a cigarette—ten-to-one it's a Murad, for her nonchalance could not have been surpassed!

"I knew you'd come," she said smilingly.

"Little bird tell you?" humorously.

"No. They always come. Men are like that. Have a cigarette?"

"Thanks," he said, lighting one automatically. "Wonderful intuition you have. You ought to be with the police force. Why don't you apply for a plain clothes detective job?"

"I don't need a job. I've got one. Why don't you sit down?" quizzically.

I know what she needs, he thought. I know damn well what she needs.

She flicked the ashes from her cigarette. "Good evening, isn't it?"

By God, I could warm her up! I could . . . oh, I hate the . . .

"Come on over; sit down; and be sociable," she invited. "What makes you look at me like that? Don't you like my looks?"

"Oh, you're not hard to look at—that is, most of you isn't"—he replied, "but I just don't like your damned conceited nonchalance."

"Boys are always nervous at first," she chided, lightly. "But you're safe with me."

"How safe?" he asked, meaningly. "I like that word 'safety' on nights like this, if you know what I mean."

"Oh, I know what you mean, all right. It's safe enough here. That is, for men. Very dangerous for minors and boys of—uh—immature age. I fear you had better run along. Don't let me keep you. The night air will injure your delicate health."

She rested her head in her hands; stretched herself full length, lightly; emitted a muffled yawn; and breathed passively.

"I've not started anywhere," he said, seating by her on the couch. "But I shall go places presently."

"No hurry," she said with that damned assumed nonchalance. "The night is young yet." And then she laughed savagely. An inarticulate laugh, low and appropriate, floating through the confines of the chamber; cogent and derisory; indicative of triumph. She shifted her body.

"Damn you. If I had . . . I ought . . ." He reached to a stand and, grasping a nut cracker firmly in his big right hand, he applied it with no little force in the cause for which it was invented. The blow landed just above the ear. She was out. He was on his way!

Next day at 10:00 found Alex in the court room. The Brass Buttons had got him the night before ere he reached the doorway. The Delcarration charged him with a "felonious assault and battery." He was cleared on a plea of SELF-DEFENSE!

CAROLINA PLAYMAKERS

(Continued from page one)

The Carolina Playmakers are quite conscious of this challenge. Every effort is being made to justify the faith that has been shown in the support of the movement. The true friends of the Playmakers may rest assured that the organization will dedicate its efforts to the ultimate freedom of the American theatre, regardless of the adjustments that such a policy may entail.

An Embarrassing Situation

By A. GURGANUS

Not long ago I left my room and proceeded up town to buy a package of Wrigley's gum from my favorite drug store. As I entered, the entire crowd burst out in spontaneous laughter. Seeing no source for their mirth, but nevertheless stirred to join them because of the very contagiousness of the atmosphere, I laughed, intending to discover after I had made my purchase what it was all about. However, though I had been as mirthful as the occasion demanded of me personally and saw no reason why the mob should keep whooping, the mirth did not one whit subside, but rather increased. Pushing the gum into my pocket I decided to investigate the matter. Stepping up to one young fellow near me I demanded as politely as I could that he let me in on the secret; whereupon he looked me squarely in the face and cackled the louder. I felt that he was extremely impolite not to answer my civil question.

Leaving him, I edged in and out among the crowd looking inquiringly for the source of so much hilarity. Others followed in my tread seeming to wish to discover what I was seeking; but after a little they appeared to me to be entirely too joyous for the occasion of mere blind search. Suddenly I had the uncomfortable feeling that I was the cause of their humor, the goat of the situation, and that they were not really searching but were following me, *me*, the discovered object.

Dumfounded, I paused to consider what it could be about me that so attracted them. Many a time before had I passed there without so much as being casually noticed. Someone in my audience of admirers yelled: "Look at him blush," and though I had never known myself to do such a thing, though I did not really know just how a blush felt, I thought that he must be right because my face felt as if someone had thrown a pan of warm water into it. It would be cowardly to run, I told myself. I laughed again with them—a piteous, half-hearted laugh it was, too.

Feeling up and down my back I discovered that there was no sign upon me telling in glaring letters about the skeleton in my private closet. I thanked goodness for that at least. My shirt tail was in its place; my tie was where it belonged; my shoes were not on wrong; I was not sporting a huge bouquet in my coat lapel nor a silk handkerchief in my coat pocket; in fact, I seemed perfectly all right to myself. I couldn't find anything wrong with me. With each new effort on my part to ascertain what absurdity I was advertising by my presence the crowd yelled more delightedly. Things had come to such a state of affairs that I personally found no pleasure in the situation at all. Almost insulted, I pushed my way out and hastened on up the street, hoping to be rid of such ill-mannered folk.

But, alas! I only found myself leader of a jubilant procession which increased with every moment. With handkerchiefs for banners they rushed joyously behind me. It was like a game

The Summer Storm

By VERNON A. WARD, JR.

*The sun was blazing,
Ripening the yield.
The sheep were grazing
O'er the dusty field.
I was perspiring
In the hot sun.
I was staggering, tiring,
While wishing to run.
Flowers were wilting;
They couldn't stand,
As I was jolting, jilting
Over the sand.
I doctored a sickling
Beside a stream
Which was barely trickling —
'Twas all a heated dream.*

*What would keep these thousand blazing beams
From spreading over the valleys, the hills, and
the streams?*

*Ah! across the horizon I see a cloud,
The thunder is rumbling, grumbling,
Distant, nearer, nearer, soft, then loud.
The sheep are scattering, tumbling—
All are headed toward the fold,
Where sometime before a stream has rolled.
Then crystal prisms of the rain
Drive me to the house from whence I came.*

*Pitter, patter goes the rain,
Beating on my window-pane.
Spitter, spatter as it goes
To refreshen the fragrant rose.
My hair is touched by a gentle breeze
That somehow steals from out the trees.
This prayed-for rain rolls by in a sheet
And noisily overcomes the waves of heat
Each xower lifts up her dainty head
After the drought has rendered her so near
dead.*

*The rain dashes, scatters on the road,
And splashes, spatters on my abode.*

*In torrents pours the gushing rain.
Again we pray—it seems in vain.
The streams are roaring, rushing;
Pedestrians are wading, slushing.
Are we to have a destructive flood?
An ocean of water, sticks, and mud?
Will this rain ever stop?
Or are the heavens going to drop?
Every street is a torrent rushing.
The smallest stream is a torrent, gushing,
Expelling rumbles, exceeding grumbles,
As over each cataract it tumbles.
The sheep are knee-deep in the fold,
Dying in numbers hitherto untold.*

*Through the clouds bursts the sun,
Gilding the earth with its golden rays.
Each person thanks the responsible one—
It is to God that the prays...*

of "Back-out-leader." Everything that I did was re-enacted; every step that I took was dutifully followed. I thought of generals marching to war with ever swelling armies, and never did a general dislike his march as I did mine. Frantically I rushed into the front doors of

stores and out the back ones while clerks stood aghast at that surging tide of humanity that overturned everything in its path.

After circling an entire block I got into my second wind. Part of the army was not thus fortunate and was lagging somewhat in the rear. Leaving the street, I cut across the campus lawn. Summoning all my energy I leaped over an imposing fence, and while the pursuers paused to clamber over I rushed into my dormitory, up the stairs to my room, and locked the door. Sitting upon the edge of my bed I chewed a stick of gum ruminating upon the likeness of the whole affair to the reality of man's struggle in life. My going after the chewing gum was very like a man's quest to satiate his ambition in attaining some desired goal. The laughter I occasioned was truly similar to that which follows men who attempt to do something new and worthy, the ridicule which ever delights in faults and recognizes no success. The crowd which followed me was comparable to public opinion which ever pursues men in their doings. The wall which I leaped over was like the last obstacle to the man approaching his goal, beyond which he leaves those enemies which have hounded him always. Finally, the refuge behind the locked door of my room was comparable to the peace which comes after death.

ON SHOWER BATHS

(Continued from page four)

opment, just as last year's football player emerges in muscular radiance from it. And what restraint and verbal repression it fosters as you yourself come out and find that the same young athlete has ensnared the last towel.

But of all things, voice culture is what it assuredly stimulates best. He sings in a shower who never sang before. Some are more melodious in warm water than in cold, but all are universally vocal. In this way we often arrive at the true inner man. The professor of Greek in the high school ecstatically sings the latest popular jazz; the golf champion of last year warbles, from memory, a few lines from "Tristan and Isolde." Repertoires are endless as the water splashes—and as diverse as the men themselves.

And thus we have the shower-bath. In it sparkles the light of the century, efficiency, the maximum of results, the minimum of effort. It approaches the acme of speed and effect. The day will come when the porcelain tub will be relegated to companionship with the other archeological curiosities, including its archetype, the pagan sarcophagus. "A cleanly race," will comment the historian-to-come in considering this phase of our life, "but considered in our light of universal showers, we wonder at the unnecessary work they made of it."

It is a sore thing to have labored along and scaled the arduous hilltops, and when all is done, to find humanity indifferent to your achievement.—R. L. Stevenson.

No good work whatsoever can be perfect, and the demand for perfection is always a sign of misunderstanding of the ends of art.

—John Ruskin.

A BISLAND CONTRIBUTION

(Continued from page five)

It seems inconceivable to her that purely scientific students have made so little of Chien Lung, whom she would rather have known as the Magnificent Emperor. And the injustice that has been done to Hideyoshi, The Delightful Parvenu, by those "industrious gatherers of fragments, who have conventionalized the past into a siccated mummy, wound tightly in the stiff bandages of formal phrases" undoubtedly prompted this former editor of the *Cosmopolitan* to show the academic historians what they have missed in the way of true history.

Her too rhetorical and over-luxuriant style were employed to give the writing of history a "real" and "alive" feeling which the author complained it had always lacked. But the result only serves to accentuate the fact that in lieu of material, Miss Bisland has written many pages of fervent description of beautiful trees and scenes, of vivid prose imagery. The publishers' assertion on the flap that "she has a profound love of beauty" finds its truth in the book, but there is very little history.

For the first of the three wise men, the biographer chose Shah Jahan, The Great Lover, of India. And after reading her treatment of the man, it is evident that any good historian must be "indifferent" to the amorous one, for there is obviously no material. It is, like the other two sketches, a bit of classic over-writing, with little historical foundation, and with few facts and materials. The story of Chien Lung, The Magnificent Emperor, seems to be the best of the lot, but the general fault of wordiness lies heavily upon each page.

This book-reviewer read the whole tome through, as he was duty bound to do, but the reaction after the first one hundred pages or so had been read was "Is there any excuse for writing such a book?" Reading on, the only possible reason apparent was that the subjects presented good material about which the former magazine-editor could "self-express" for about a hundred thousand words or so. In her determined attempt to put the scientific historian in his place as a specimen in the museum shelves, Miss Bisland did away with such triflings as a bibliography, or footnotes, much less any other kind of references to the vague and mystical sources. Passages are quoted whose origins are not clear. Where, when, or how, he procured whatever information she has in the book is left to the reader to determine. Her knowledge of the Orient is only intimated by the publishers, whose blurb relates that she "traveled widely, and studied extensively." But as one of those who perceive rightly "the new conception of the task of the historian which has been evolved of late" the author has very carefully included twenty-one quotations of poetry, in order to describe better such historical facts as what the Taj Mahal looks like to an English traveler.

Although there is absolutely no direct profit in reading this book, the person who in an idle hour glances through the volume may have his interest aroused in that tremendous source of

fascinating material, the Orient and the Oriental mind. If so, a few volumes of an "old-fashioned historian" (cf. Miss Bisland) would be the best place to find an authentic interpretation and record of the East—certainly not in this feminine bit of graceful recording. —F. J. M.

A QUESTION

(Continued from page four)

seemed to me like a soul in torment. I was affected, for he expressed my own thought. For both of us there was no answer.

That Fall I would get into a conversation on any pretext. Once I got to talking with a senior in the school of music about Clyde Warren. Warren had been in the school of music. He died just before his senior recital was to be given.

The fellow I got to talking with that time was an Italian named Carpana, a loquacious fellow. He hadn't known Warren well. Warren had few friends. His death had made an impression on Carpana, though, because of certain things that had happened just before.

"... this was two weeks before Warren's death. Those Spring nights, you know, I used to stay up pretty late. One night, about twelve, I was standing in front of the Collegiate Lunch Room. I'd just gotten off work. The cop, Bowles, came over to me from the campus and said, 'Carp, I've been watching a man over here. He's just gone into the chapel. Want to come over with me and see—?'

"Well, I did finally. We slipped in the big front door with his pass key. It was a hot night, unseasonable for April. It was stuffy in the big vestibule. Pitch black, of course. The door closed behind us. Bowles flashed his search light all about. The place was empty. Then we heard a creaking overhead. Bowles looked at me. I said, 'Let's go up.' No reason to be scared that I could see.

"When we got up to the second floor we heard a man's steps coming down the narrow stairs leading from the tower. Step by step we heard them till they got to the bottom. Then the knob of the door turned, but the door did not open. When it did open after what seemed a long while, Bowles flashed the light full in the face of a man standing there. A tall fellow, pale, with striking dark eyes. . . Warren, yes. I knew him, though he did not seem natural.

"Don't you know you ain't got no damn business up there?' Bowles blustered. The fellow just stared at us, then went on by without a word. I could have reached out and touched him. There was a coil of rope over his shoulder. He went downstairs and out the building by the front. We heard him walking off outside. There was nothing we could do. The guy had a pass key. He came up there at night sometimes and practiced on the organ. . . "

Then my room-mate started talking. I didn't know he knew Warren.

"I spoke with him the day before it happened. It was in the shower at the gym. He was like a new man that day. He splashed water over me. I couldn't understand it. Usually he walked

around with a very sober, ministerial expression on his face and hardly ever said a word. Very dignified fellow, not easy to approach, you had to make all the advances. But that day he was joking and splashing water on me. I was practically a stranger to him. He seemed tremendously excited, as if he had some mysterious and delightful knowledge within. He went out of the room, laughing, with a towel over his shoulder."

After this I thought about Warren a lot, off and on. He'd taken an A.B. in psychology, and was just finishing his degree in music. He'd made honor grades all the way through. What had made life intolerable to him? Did he know too much?

Perhaps the assurance of death was the delightful knowledge he'd possessed that last time my room-mate saw him.

Later that Fall I spent a few days in the hospital. One night as I was walking up the hall the young blonde nurse with whom I'd become slightly acquainted came along beside me. We talked. She said she was afraid to sleep in certain rooms in the building.

"... where people died, you know. Oh, that ward down there in the corner. I'd be frightened cold to stay there alone. That's where that student died last Spring—the one who shot himself."

"Warren?"

"Warren?" Yes, I guess that was his name. He was brought in here in the early morning. A good-looking boy, dark-eyed. His eyes were closed, and he breathed very hard. . . " She gripped my arm.

I laughed at her. But alone in my room with the light out and the cold winter breeze blowing in the window, I wasn't laughing any more. I felt a queer mood of wonder. Death had a certain dignity about it. When he was alive no one was physically afraid of Warren, the shy book-worm.

I felt a great curiosity about him. What had he thought wandering about on those spring nights? What had he thought going out on that spring morning? Perhaps he'd walked through the glittering wet grass of some vacant lot and wet his feet. The air must have smelled unusually fresh, and he must have heard birds.

Well, what *was* it all about?

Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.

—Alexander Pope.

Music resembles poetry, in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.

—Alexander Pope.

"America demands a poetry that is bold,
modern, and all-surrounding and kosmical, as
she is herself."

—Walt Whitman.

"To put down 'love those that revile you' is
nothing more than a vain display of ink."

—Joseph Hergesheimer.

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Evoo!

By MARY CARR NEWBY

ANYONE could have seen that they were interested in each other. For a long time they had exchanged glances across the width of a pullman aisle without saying a word. The young man seemed genuinely shy. The girl herself possessed a conventional modesty; she was determined that the boy would have to speak first, even though his timidity might equal his good looks. So these two, one hushed with pride, one constrained with bashfulness, allowed the miles and hours to slip profitlessly away.

When the train paused at the mountain hamlet of Millwood, each surprised the other by alighting there. Without ever having spoken a word to one another, each was greeted by a separate person, got into a separate car, and was taken by separate roads into the woods.

It would seem that their romance, like that of a widely-sung Japanese couple, was destined to end in its very beginning. But he was more than a man on a box of tea, and she was more than a maid on a fan. In fact, he was a vigorous young student off to be a councillor at a boys' summer camp, and she was a pretty college girl off to be a councillor at a girls' camp. Both of them were said by their acquaintances to have a great deal of character, whatever that dauntless word might imply.

It happened that their respective camps were situated less than two miles apart on the banks of the same stream, so that not many days of the summer had passed before the modest young woman had opportunity to fall into the hands of the shy young man. They first met on the path that followed the stream's margin, coming suddenly face-to-face where the trail bent sharply to dodge an alder thicket.

At first they were overcome by the abrupt meeting and the instant recognition. Then they smiled. "Oh, it's you!" she said. "Y-es," he blurted, grinning from crimson ear to crimson ear. After that they were friends. They sat close together on a log, and laughed about gazing across the aisle at each other. They talked about their colleges. They told each other where they expected to be the next summer, and the next. With delight they discovered that they liked the same books, the same music. They were good companions. They were happy.

When he was gone, the girl thought: "He's good-looking, all right. And he's sweet, too. Gosh, but I'm glad we're going to see each other again! Look's like a big summer in these old Smokies, after all."

The boy didn't know what to think. He felt as if he had fallen in love for the first time.

(Continued on page six)

Darkness

By STANLEY STEVENS

*When these tired eyes forget their endless duty,
And this gray curtain bids me look my last
On birches, bending over mirrored pools
In proud amaze at their own beauty,
I need not fear the blackness—after—
Nor weep too much for darkness falling,
For I shall have the benison of children's
Voices, and a woman's happy laughter.*

Close Communion

By JESS SLAUGHTER

FINDING myself alone in an unfamiliar southern town one Sunday evening last summer, I became aware of the difficulty of providing amusement for that particular evening. That morning I had acted the regular tourist—motored for hours in the "land of the sky," visited hill people, and climbed to the "highest point east of the Rockies."

From the tower on Mt. Mitchell I looked down through the clouds into infinite space. The hillsides were a mass of trees of every description and interspersed with the loveliest flowers—like an enchanted land ablaze with color. The sun was doing things with shadows that tantalized one into sheer madness. Indeed, "the trees were yellow where the sun was out, and black where the clouds dragged their shadows."

Alone, looking down from the top of the world, I thought of a letter I had read en route and torn into bits; but still reluctant to part with it I had placed the shaggy bits back in the envelope for final destruction. There was some connection between the spirit of the letter and the scene. I took the torn bits out and let a soft breeze take them from my hand and waft them twirling into the other non-tangibles making up the complete landscape before me. Then an awful loneliness overtook me, and I descended.

If you've ever longed until you hurt all over to see someone you love, to talk to that one, to feel that one's body close up—then you know how I felt as I sat alone in a stuffy hotel room.

A Negro Baptist revival was advertised. I found the church, asked permission to attend, and took a back seat. I was a sensation. The parson asked me by way of a messenger to sit in the front pew. I hesitated; but since it was causing such a commotion, I took the front seat.

The ceremony, a combination of beauty, terror and awe, began. There was an hour of spirituals, real spirituals, burning right out of those black bodies. Someone knelt to pray.

(Continued on page four)

Chloe

By GEORGE MARTIN FIELDMAN

I AM venturing to record an experience. Very well, then, for that Chloe, dear girl, was an experience is beyond question of a doubt. There ensues the tale of a brief adolescent romance, one of those which constitutes a decidedly romantic past.

I rather think that the advent of Chloe into my youth took place on the occasion of a fraternity dance somewhere in the wilds of Carolina. I don't remember how we met, but meet we did. She was tall, and dark, and slim, with the essence of femininity in her walk, and in her musical speech. Something about her attracted my cocktail-laden senses. Perhaps it was the dazzling gleam of her gem-like teeth, or the bluish-black lustre of her hair that so overpowered me by force of magnetism. Perhaps, but I can't say that I know.

Of one thing, however, I am sure, and that is that we spent a large portion of the evening and some of the morning sitting upon somebody's veranda.

If, at this point, the reader is inclined to question the morals and character of the writer, he has every right to do so. Reflect, however, that I had heard a great deal about the incorrigibility of "our younger generation." I became obsessed with the desire to peer into the truth of these rumors, concerning me as they did. I am afraid that I concentrated my gaze upon too narrow and insufficient a phase of the flaming youth's existence. I saw only what I had predetermined to see—nothing more. I did what I had been told was the thing most popularly done—I drank, and in doing so became one of a decided minority in the society of the evening. Every one but me seemed to be drunk, and that to seem to be drunk, I am told, is certain indication of their soberness.

However, on with the tale. . . . Only two or three images can be salvaged from the hazy recollections of that night of reeling, blatant drunkenness. One of them is of Chloe; another is of a pale, ivory moon set in an inky vault that was the sky; the other, I think, is of Chloe's father.

I remember that she was deliciously close. We began to talk of the moon—we had to talk of something. We quarreled. She thought the moon was silvery white; I insisted, as I now insist, that it was ivory in color. After an interval of heated, broken argumentation she commenced to sob resignedly upon my shoulder, whimpering that the moon was indeed a most mellow, beautiful shade of ivory. And that was my first conquest over woman.

It is fairly certain that in the course of time we rode home in somebody's roadster. Miles

(Continued on page three)

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Aubrey Gurganus, Carlton Wilder, Frank
Huskins, Frank Manheim

Sunday, November 16, 1930

Anthology Deadline

The issue of October 19 carried an editorial announcing the fact that Harper & Brothers will publish a new anthology of American college verse in May, 1931, under the editorship of Miss Rehder, who is located at Columbia University. Attention was also called to the ruling which demands that poems not be longer than thirty lines, and that the writers must be students at the institutions from which the poems are submitted.

We wish to remind the students of the University that all contributions, in order to be considered in the selection of the two poems to be sent from this student body, must be sent to Professor George McKie immediately. Professor McKie's office is located in 210 Murphy Hall, and his office hour comes at the regular daily chapel period.

Shortly after the deadline date, the Anthology Committee will meet to select the two poetic works which will appear in this university's section of the anthology. Announcements of the committee's decision will be made in the *Daily Tar Heel*.

This Bumming Question

To the Editor:

I am inclined to think that any legislation against the gentle art of bumming is utterly ridiculous. During my four

STAFF NOTICE

Members of the staff of this publication who have not submitted any material for publication in the two issues preceding this one are herewith dropped from their heretofore positions on the staff. In the future, persons who slight their duties for a period covering two successive issues will be stricken from the masthead.

This regulation is designed in justice to the active members of the staff, and in the interests of efficiency.

—J. C. W.

years at Carolina I have traveled rather "extensively" over this grand old state of ours. Traveling, not in a way that might become a student of a profession which purports to administer justice, but by the so-called "college special" or "bumming route."

Of all the experiences that I have had, probably the most unusual was when a driver, upon stopping to admit me into his car, asked if I had any "artillery" on my person. Not grasping at first the exact meaning which he meant to convey by such a question, I asked him what he had said. "I mean any guns or pistols," was the reply. He had been driving all the way from Florida alone in a little Ford roadster. Noticing that he appeared very tired and nervous, I declined the ride (although I hated to do so).

"I don't see why anyone couldn't buy 'em a sticker and a yaller raincoat, and pass for a college boy; then after gittin' down the road a fir piece, knock the driver in the head. It's dangerous, I tell you. I jes' don't pick up people these days 'lessen I know purty blamed well they ain't no robber or nothin' on that order." Over and over again I have been addressed in this or similar language, and would be tempted, in fact forced, to agree with the authors of such statements but for one contrary statement made by as many drivers. "I can always tell a college man," they say. "How can you tell or what makes you think I am a college man?", I always ask. "There is just something about you all that makes you different. I don't know exactly what it is, or how to tell you, but I can surely distinguish a college man."

Just so, a large number of motorists can tell a college man "somehow." I venture to say that one-half of the stu-

dents of the University of North Carolina are dependent upon "bumming a ride" to get to and from home. Seventy per cent of the student body is made up of self-help students, so-called; three-fourths of these fall into the "dependent" class. The self-help students are the real backbone of the University of North Carolina . . . the leading southern state university, the training-ground of a president of the United States, several governors of this and other states, as well as of any number of senators and representatives. But right now the University faces a crisis which is probably the greatest in its history, with many of its faculty members emigrating to other regions in answer to the lure of higher salaries, and with the legislature continually cutting down on appropriations. If the University relies solely upon her past record, I am afraid that she will have to take a back seat.

The state, as well as the nation, is in the throes of depression. With many people being forced out of a job every day, the number who are lucky enough to have the opportunity to go to college is deplorably small. People at present are willing to do anything which will enable them to get a little money. The result is that we all are suffering from the evil effects of unskilled labor.

As if this were not enough, the legislature is prompted to pass a bill at its next session to declare "bumming" in this state a misdemeanor. Gentlemen of the legislature, men of your intelligence ought to be able to see that such action would do the state more harm than good. What will become of the University, if two-thirds of its enrollment is kept away from its portals because of a ban on "bumming"? If you don't believe what I have said, just question the self-help students of this institution . . . the backbone of the University.

Fellow students, the challenge has been thrown in our faces. Rise from you slumber! This is not the time to hesitate! Let us organize every available opinion and present a united front to the attacks of the legislators; let us save our school and the state from its otherwise doom.

P. S.—If a man owns a car, I think he should be allowed to pick up someone if he wishes to. Don't you, Mr. Editor?

—Beatty Rector.

Mind Over Matter

By PHILIP LISKIN

THE controversy of Mind over Matter has occupied the attention of man from Aristotle to Shaw, and has also, subconsciously, occupied mine every morning for about fifteen minutes after the alarm clock has ceased its quarrelsome demand that I arise and go to class. For, in the period that elapses from the moment I open my eyes to the instant my unwilling feet touch the cold floor, my mind finds itself engaged in a fierce struggle with the matter that composes my body.

The issue in question is always the same: shall said body continue to remain comfortable in bed, or shall it not; but curiously enough, Mind always triumphs in the end.

Each morning the same thing invariably occurs. The moment the first note of the alarm clock shatters the blissful silence of my room, Mind sprightly springs to his feet, and advancing towards Body, taps him lightly on the shoulder.

"Come," he says gayly, "let's go."

Body sighs deeply, and by a supreme effort manages to mumble: "Whad'ya want?"

He knows perfectly well what Mind wants, but his question, though it costs him tremendous effort, will give him a few more precious seconds of sleep. Before Mind can answer, he falls asleep again. He is shaken more roughly this time.

As though from a great distance comes the weary reply: "Go away."

Mind is now thoroughly exasperated. He grasps Body by the shoulders and shakes him continually, all the while crying:

"Get up! Get up!! Get up!!!"

He finally succeeds in awakening him. But his troubles are not over, for Body, thoroughly angered by this uncouth treatment, surlily growls:

"Say, what do you mean by waking me up?"

"I mean that it's time you were out of bed, that's what I mean."

"I wish you would let me take care of myself."

"It appears to me," Mind answers rather caustically, "that you can't be trusted to take care of yourself."

"It that so? Well——."

By this time my roommate, whose body is less resisting than mine, has jumped out of bed and puts an end to the quarrel by shouting at the top of his voice:

Come on! Let's go! It's late!"

"There's plenty of time," I reply; secure in the realization that last night I set the clock ahead ten minutes. At the same time, I sit up and make a motion as though to throw off the covers. My persecutor, appeased, dashes from the room to wash. No sooner, however, does the rear edge of his dressing gown vanish around the corner of the door, then I sigh happily, and sink back into a tranquil doze.

But I have not reckoned on Mind, who approaches Body and in a belligerent voice, snarls:

"I thought I told you to get up."

"Well, suppose you did."

"Then get up!"

Let Me Forget

By HAMP MAXWELL

*Let me forget the anguished pain
And the mournful sad refrain
Of a prayer that was in vain
Unheard of God—unanswered yet.
Unheard, unanswered, yea, and I
Am reconciled—yet with a sigh
My saddened heart sends forth a cry
Let me forget! Let me forget!*

*Let me forget the throbbing night
When all the world was lost to light
And, hard, my soul strove with its might
To free itself from vain regret.
All the past, the bitter tears
All the foolish hopes and fears
All the sins of other years
Let me forget! Let me forget!*

*Let me forget my heart is breaking
And feel no more the dull deep aching
Give me the sleep that knows no waking
Where no troubled dreams beset.
Those who rest beneath the sod
Forget the anguish of the rod
And the shame—O God
Let me forget! Let me forget!*

I give up. How can one sleep and listen to an argument at the same time. Obviously, one can't. And so Mind once more emerges victor over Matter. I get up, firmly resolved that tomorrow morning shall find Mind the loser. But tomorrow morning inevitably finds Mind the winner, and me on my way to class.

CHLOE

(Continued from page one)

upon miles of sweet nothings and warm proximity in the crisp night air brought us to Chloe's residence. There followed an interim of mild, ineffectual, somewhat stupid proof of the accuracy of all statements regarding "our wild younger generation." Said period was terminated by the timely intervention of Chloe's father, righteous gentleman that he is. We dispersed, and, finally, so to bed, with the typical aftermath marring the following morning.

Now the significance of this tale lies in the fact that the modern cocktail is liquid dynamite, that Chloe was a charming and harmless sprite who drank said dynamite because she wanted to give her credulous elders something to preach and whisper about, and that I shall never touch another drop for the rest of a downright enjoyable existence. And, Chloe, would that you were near!

"Every great poet with a lively imagination is timid, he is afraid of men, that is to say, for the interruptions and troubles with which they can invade the delight of his dreams."

—de Stendhal.

"The only reason for the existence of a novel is that it does attempt to represent life."

—Henry James.

Screen Notes

A million letters from the pens of followers from Portland to Phoenix, from Tampa to Tacoma, were responsible for the filming of Amos 'n' Andy's first talking picture, "Check and Double Check." It marks the first time that a picture has been filmed directly in response to letters from the public.

"We've heard Amos 'n' Andy so much . . . we must see them!" was the substance of the vast flood of mail. "Why not put their radio story into a talking picture?"

OPENS HERE TOMORROW

"Check and Double Check," produced by Radio Pictures, is the result. Local audiences will have their first chance to see the radio favorites next week when the production comes to the Carolina Theatre.

The influx of those tons of fan letters to Amos 'n' Andy in care of the National Broadcasting company was the signal for spirited bidding on the part of practically every film producer. The famous king of the air finally accepted a contract with Radio Pictures.

TRUE TO CHARACTER

Guided by the fans' preponderant preference to see Amos 'n' Andy in the same characterizations and meeting the same problems that form the basis of their daily sketches, the producers have not altered the Amos 'n' Andy that millions have learned to love. Their associated characters also have been retained, with the Kingfish, Madame Queen, Ruby Taylor, and others playing important parts in the story. That remarkably ramshackle vehicle, the Fresh Air Taxicab, makes its first screen appearance and audiences are taken within the sacred lodge room of the Mystic Knights of the Sea.

A brilliant cast of players is seen in support of Amos 'n' Andy, including Irene Rich, Sue Carol, Charles Morton, Ralf Harolde and Rita LaRoy. Melville Brown directed the original story by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby.

Death Stalks Amid Happy Thoughts

(An experience)

By S. S. ROSENTHAL

LAKE TIORATI nestling amid the greed-wooded, sloping ridges of Bear Mountains presents and beckons with an alluring bewitchery to the outdoor man. It was there that Nature opened wide her heart and revealed her wonders to me. Sweet in the beauty of a mid-summer day, Nature's soft wooing call was heard. Several days, rare summer days which come and go too quickly, passed. On one such day, I stretched lazily out on the green grass to receive the sun's enriching rays. The day was glorified. A smiling sun shone down on a smiling earth. Life, happy and aglow, bloomed forth anew. The brook,

(Continued on page four)

DEATH STALKS

(Continued from page three)

singing its song, rolled merrily down into the soft, sun-lit waters of the lake. A blue sky above, a smiling earth, and the world sang a happy tune. The thrush in the brush gently warbled his love call. Green, living life; happy, sweet singing life; it all radiated good-will and happiness, and a tranquil peace descended to earth.

Suddenly in the midst of this serenity, a hoarse rolling cry of terror rang across the waters. Startled, I leaped to my feet. Again came that wailing cry of despair, and at the far end of the lake I noticed a bobbing head of black hair sinking beneath the waters. The cries roused the woods and startled others as well as I into action. Campers nearer than I plunged in to rescue him. In frantic haste, I rushed up to the path near the highway. There, too, the horrible cries had been heard. Cars had stopped. People were running towards the woods which soon filled with animated, rushing life. The swift put-put of a policeman's motorcycle sounded nearer. Reaching the spot, I stood near the water, while people rapidly plunged in. Swimmers splashed and churned wildly about on shore. . . It took thirty minutes to recover the body, for it was carried about by the lake's treacherous cross-currents. We rolled him, tried in many ways to revive him, but to no avail. Undaunted we continued, and finding that his tongue had rolled back and threatened to choke him, a camper slit it. Blood gushed forth smearing his pale face. The continued rolling caused his dinner, evidently the cause of his drowning, to be vomited up. It smeared over his body and mingling with his blood, made him an unsightly looking mess. Finally a doctor arrived. He looked at the body, plunged a needle into it, and announced him dead.

Our work was for nought. We had striven and striven, but Nature had held its sway. The noisy, clamoring crowd, which had gathered and bustled about doing nothing, dispersed as quickly as it had come. Soon the shadows began to creep across the landscape, slowly obliterating the events of the day. The sun, a flaming orange-red ball of fire, sank lowly into the blue waters of the lake, and the dark mists of night stole softly into its place. And that night, even Nature, as if sorry for the harm it had done, mourned the loss. Its sobbing could be heard in the slow lapping of the waves as they washed gently up on the shore. Quietly peace again descended, and it seemed strange that in the midst of this beauty and happiness, dark death should so grimly stalk. Was it a destined act, a preordained fate against which we puny mortals had striven so mightily, yet so blindly and in vain?

—Tis more to guide than spur the Muse's steed;
Restrain his fury than provoke his speed;
The winged courses, like a generous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course."
—Alexander Pope.

Trivia

By JAMES DAWSON

I

Lullaby for An Eighteen-Year-Old Baby Girl

*Go to sleep, my baby,
Soon you will be grown,
You'll have wisdom, maybe,
(More than I have shown.)*

*You'll find some simple laddie
To marry and reform,
Now go to sleep for daddy,
Or I'll get the chloroform.*

II

Epitaph

*He, in an age when pens were rated
Far above the simple sword,
Wrote verse that made him roundly hated,
And rots below this flowering sword.*

*His satires share not his Nirvana,
But bloom in first-edition lots,
As newly found Americana;
And here he lies and quietly rots.*

III

Preface

*O blame not me, O blame not me,
Let fly no slanderous hiss;
Concern my publisher, for he
Has bought and paid for this.*

IV

Psychopathia Sexualis

(LULLABY FOR A MAN-CHILD)

*May you be lucky, little son,
For lovers are not made,
They must be born, my tiny one, ;
To call a shovel "spade."*

*They must be born to know a woman's
Blind spots from her keen,
They must be wise beyond all humans'
Power, who know her spleen.*

*But Mother thinks that you will be
Blessed in such ways as those;
Even at your tender age, I see,
You have your father's nose.*

V

Last Mutterings

*This candle-flame will gutter in its grease,
Before the dawn has dimmed it, if you
please;
Hand me the gun, and hold my shaking
knees
'Til daybreak.*

*Mine a chaste pistol-bore,
Yours to forget;
Not having died before
I must regret
That I've not learned more
Of death's etiquette.*

CLOSE COMMUNION

(Continued from page one)

At first the petitioner was hesitant and crude, but burning with zeal. That prayer precipitated a chant which evolved into a spiritual. The worship was savage and genuine. All about suffering and judgment day appeals for mercy to a God whom they addressed as one talks to a mortal. Their songs were chanted and swelled into beautiful, primitive harmony that only savage people can create. All the agony of the Negro race was reflected in those songs—emancipation spirituals.

The local pastor opened the service proper with various announcements, including the presence of a distinguished white gentleman from—. Then "Billy Sunday" of the evening came forth—a great handsome negro clad in dapper semi-evening attire. He was decorated with a varied assortment of valuables including four rings, two watch chains, a gold fountain pen, and a sparkling scarf-pin. His patent leather shoes shone like a mirror.

The Reverend was eloquent to the Nth degree, fundamentalist to the core, stupid, and cunning. He promised hell fire to sinners and a golden crown to all those who were willing to repent and be saved.

Again the chanting commenced. The preacher ripped the sinners up their backs and soon had them all sobbing and flocking up the aisles to be saved. This sort of thing went on for hours.

Then came the collection. Like the money raising episode in "Porgy," the spirituals threatened the familiar hell fire again and again until every cent had been sucked out of the wretched, weeping Negroes.

After everybody had been pronounced saved, the parson again held forth in his accustomed fashion. He asked me to speak, and I accepted. I talked about the black man's contributions to art and literature, especially to American music; about Abbie Mitchell who had taught me to know and appreciate her art. She was a singer, an artist, and a Negro who was proud of the fact. I discussed "In Abraham's Bosom," in which I had previously appeared, and "Porgy."

Then the parson explained the spirituals very intelligently, and others were sung for my special benefit. One could scarcely keep back the tears. They sang all about slavery, white persecution, and about the heaven in which they hoped to find peace and rest.

The performance was magnificent in the extreme. I saw souls burning with an almost blue fire. God, how uncanny! As I ambled back to my hotel room, I thought how strange it was for people to be waiting for a heavenly escape from bondage, subjugation, and ignorance. There in the background, between them, freeing them, a part of them, binding them—God.

*The coroner will clear his throat and find
"... by self-inflicted wounds . . . of
unsound mind."
And God knows where my soul will be
confined
at daybreak.*



THE BOOK WORLD



A Dashing Cavalier

JEB STUART. By Captain John W. Thomason, Jr. Charles Scribners' Sons. New York. 1930. 444pp. \$5.00.

Giving a correct and romantic insight into the Civil War as it actually happened is the accomplished task of Thomason in *Jeb Stuart*. The book portrays and glorifies the life and brilliant career of one of the Old South's greatest generals. General Stuart is a typical example of the pride, courage, and honesty that characterized the sons of Old Virginia stock.

Jeb Stuart was a symbol, a gonfalon that went before the swift lean columns of the Southern Confederacy . . . that gone but not forgotten institution. Always seeming to take the serious business of war lightly, General Stuart furnished a laugh wherever he went. He enjoyed life and transmitted his jovial mood to those with whom he was thrown. His attitude is portrayed in the following excerpt from a letter which he wrote to his brother during the thickest moments of the war: "I realize that if we oppose force, we cannot win; their resources are greater than those of the Confederacy. We must make up in quality what we lack in numbers. Therefore, I strive to drill into my men the spirit of the chase."

Stuart liked to live, and he lived to fight. On one occasion when he was besieged by a hive of hornets he is said to have knocked down their nest with a stick in preference to immediate flight. In his life at West Point, his early days in the United States Army, and later in the Army of Northern Virginia he was ever intent upon outstripping his companions. General Lee said of Stuart, "General Stuart was my ideal of a soldier. He was always cheerful under adverse circumstances, always ready for any work, and always reliable."

Throughout the stirring events of the first days of secession and his long days of conquest in the Civil War until that fatal day in May, 1864, when he kissed his wife good-by in the dawn and rode off to his death at Yellow Tavern, Jeb Stuart remained the chivalric and most daringly romantic commander that the Confederate cavalry ever had.

The author, himself a soldier, has done a good job. As a military biography, *Jeb Stuart* ranks high.

—Beatty Rector.

Our Yesterdays

END OF ROAMING, by Alexander Laing. Farrar & Rinehart, 1930. \$2.50.

It is with distressing infrequency that a good book comes along. It is still more distressing when one does appear, to have it greeted with such a review as that accorded to *End of Roaming* by the gentleman of the *New York Herald-Tribune* staff. With one eye open for pornography, and the other for mistakes, he misses

phase after phase of good writing and dawdles about on the superior heights of "understanding Age" vacuously yawping about the "rather loosely written collection of episodes, opinions and judgments of a very young man."

Alexander Laing, the author of *End of Roaming*, states in his foreword that if the book should ever be reissued, its title is to be, *All Our Yesterdays*. Anyone who has read the book will agree that the latter title is much more descriptive of the contents of the novel. If the present reviewer were a trifle younger, he would probably write that the *End of Roaming* recounted the Odyssey of a Soul; if he were a bit older, he might adjust his pince-nez carefully and talk about "this remarkable biography of a post-war Rousseauist;" being merely himself, he just wants to pass on the word how much enjoyment he found in following the career of Dick Melville from the time when he met him killing imaginary Boers on the rocky heights of Westchester, New York, until the final words left him, twenty years later, in a laboratory gazing on a plate covered with spiculate scarlet crystals.

There is something in the *End of Roaming* which is bound to appeal to every college man. There is adventure, and love, and heartbreak, and college days at Dartmouth (thinly veiled beneath the name of Cavendish), and the difficulty of deciding on a life work, and—well, all the things which you experience, and I experience.

After the ultra-sophistication of some of our present ranking writers, and the desperately witty works of others, it is a real pleasure to lounge comfortably back in the culture of *End of Roaming* and know that your intellect will be satisfied, but not constantly challenged to sit up and admire some Huxleyan *tour-de-force*, or Stracheyan *riposte brillante*.

The book does have faults. It is episodic, if that can be termed a fault in a novel. The fore-castle scenes are labored and unseaworthy, although the other sea descriptions are true enough to life. At times, after such a sentence as, "Wind from the Northwest, courier of Autumn, tore a first levy of leaves from the ancient beeches," one is tempted to throw up his hands and shout, "Enough!" But considering that this is the man's first novel, he is guilty of such sentences far less often than one might expect.

Even with these defects, the book rises to a level of verbal expression and sustained interest seldom reached in books-of-the-month. *End of Roaming* is very human and very entertaining. If I were you, I would get acquainted with Alexander Laing. He has possibilities.

—R. W.

"We shall never lack vanity, even in the completest absence of any reason for having it."

—de Stendhal.

"To put down 'love those that revile you' is nothing more than a vain display of ink."

—Joseph Hergesheimer.

A Mystery Story

THE SPLENDID CRIME, by George Goodchild. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 312 pp. \$2.00. 1930.

The Splendid Crime is in no wise an ordinary tale of a dull criminal who pursues an unimaginative and unprofitable career of villainy. A terrible masked figure flits through the pages, leaving his mask behind him—scales in red ink. The murdered men have all played their part in vexing and dumfounding the public. Each of them was enriched by the failure of the People's Bank, and the death of Sir Henry Lush, who first finds the seal of his fate written on the white band of one of his cigars. This incident causes Inspector Malcolm Brent of Scotland Yard to redouble his efforts to unmask The Reckoner. The far-famed underworld of London and Paris furnishes the background for the plot of the tale. Anton the Tiger shares interest with The Reckoner. Ann Blackham, an innocent figure in dangerous surroundings, holds her own and proves to be almost a match for Inspector Brent. A young and disillusioned artist named Harry Reynolds, who emerged from the war cynical about his fellowmen, received the death threat along with the others. This is a sound choice for those who expect a minimum of probability but plenty of excitement in their detective fare.

—Nathan Shadebrush.

Desert Adventure

HAWK OF THE DESERT, by Albert Treynor. Dodd, Mead & Co. New York. 299 pp. \$2.00. 1930.

The writer who can weave an absorbing yarn into desert fiction is indeed a rarity. Lovers of desert life who have been moved to express their sentiments on the printed page would do well to imitate the style which Treynor employs in spinning the yarn which makes *Hawk of the Desert* good reading. The contents of the tale are interesting and entirely conventional. Yet the usual quota of sheiks and slaves, of camels and caravans, are provided. There can be no reasonable doubt in the reader's mind that the sunburned hero and the untamed heroine live up to all that could be expected of them. Moreover, the end of the tale is determined by the very nature of the beginning.

While reading the early part of the book, one is prone to feel that there is nothing unusual about *Hawk of the Desert*. But further reading cannot fail to convince one that there is a unique twist to the plot, a clever style of writing, which raise it above the level of the ordinary desert novel. The white brigand of the desert, in quest of his brother who has been sold into slavery, is withal a pleasing chap. As the reader follows his adventurous trail, a feeling of excited sympathy tingles in his veins. The suspense created by the clever pen of the author is satisfying, and the end is justifiable.

—Japheth Album.

An Old Man In The Sun

(An observation)

By S. S. ROSENBIUM

IN NEW YORK, in the heart of its bustling business section where tall buildings loom skyward like craggy cliffs, steep and impregnable, and through which the streets cut like many canyons and gorges, lies a little park, a green, living spot of natural beauty almost hidden by cold, gray, and stony walls. Each day as the sun's rays filter through the dark, narrow, and dingy streets to alight softly in the park's treetops, an awakening occurs.

Small street sparrows merrily chirp, the shining sunlight reflects itself in the dewy and glistening green of the park, and an old man stretches himself and resumes his reclining position on the bench. Old, weathered by the storms of many years, he is one who quickly attracts the eyes; a person looking once at him will look again. His tattered suit, once gray, has long since passed the shabby wearing stage. He appears like a tall, thin scarecrow, his thinness accentuated by old, torn, and worn-out rags which hang from his person. A hat, an old dust-covered black derby, is tilted back upon his head permitting an unruly and uncombed thatch of gray hair to show. His brown, mud-caked shoes seem much too large. But what immediately attracts one is his face. Browed, seamed, and wrinkled like Methuselah's, with a little thoughtful pucker between his dark, gray, bushy eyebrows, with many tiny crowfeet encircling the corners of his eyes, with lips thin and compressed by worldly strife, with a large, forward-thrusting chin apparently ready to receive more knocks, his face shows him to be one who has fought, and who has been buffeted about by fate and the winds of chance. A scar stretching from the bridge of his nose to his left cheekbone adds to his hardened appearance. Pride is expressed by his thin, high-bridged, regal-looking nose, and from gaunt, sunken feature his eyes shine forth. Pale agate-blue they are, seeming at times as hard looking as that blue agate rock they so resemble. No bleary sign, the evidence of old age, appears in them; instead a keen, penetrating look, surprisingly youthful, shines forth.

And now as he sits, the crowd which pours forth from these gigantic commercial fortresses seeking refuge, seclusion, or happiness in this little Eden pass him by. Silently he surveys them, his gaze lingering on all. He looks at the crowd; the crowd, that great, surging mass of humanity—cynics, idlers, dreamers, and thinkers look at him, and pass him by. Some think him a beggar, but he does not beg; others think him a tramp, and he smiles; many pass him by, and he continues to smile; a few gaze at him, stop, look again, nod, and pass on. To them he remains what he is—an enigma of mankind. Thus he sits day after day, with shoulders unbowed, a smile on his lips, thinking those thoughts of yesterday, today, tomorrow—who knows?

"Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well."

Life

By EVELYN TERRY

*Above the tree-line stands an oak all grim
And gnarled with age. It grows not like
the trees*

*Below, for they are firm and straight.
To please*

*Its Maker, seemingly, upright one limb
Does grow. Winds sweeping downward
from the rim*

*Of craggy mountain heights blow cold and
freeze*

*The sap inside the veins. Long winter
seize*

It, making chances of recovery slim.

*Frail mortals buffeted by winds of life
Can profit little if they bow before
The mercenary gale that blows across
This world of ours. There is no gain in
strife*

*Except the joy in him who holds the top
score.*

*Strive not; seek peace in life and know
no loss.*

EVOE!

(Continued from page one)

He was really quite upset. During vespers that night the little fellows in cabin three were surprised to hear their gallant councillor fumble for his words.

By the end of July the girl from Camp Shenasentha was commending herself on the marvelous progress she had made. She had gotten the boy to the point where he believed with the poet that there's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream. Once, when he was off with his youngsters on a three-day hike, he mailed her a note:

"I find a great deal of wistfulness in thinking over the summer which is going by us on fleet, silent wings. Why must our days of happiness carry a thread of poignancy in their bright pattern? Is it because of the beautiful things we have done together, or because of the things we have only dreamed of doing? Or is it because all lovely things must end?"

"I do not know; I only know that I am missing you tonight, that there is nothing I want more than to slip my arms about you and brush my lips across your cheek. It is an old, old story, a threadbare line for me to be handing out to you; but it is nevertheless true, nevertheless real . . . stirring me.

"I cannot name this wistful, empty feeling the memory of our nights together brings to me . . . the thwarted longings, the unfulfilled desires. Dear, sweet girl, I wonder if you can ever guess how happy you could make me. Frail, fleeting dream, which some day must come true!"

By the middle of August both of them were beginning to feel that most anything was likely to happen.

(Continued on page eight)

Satan Smiles

By BOB BARNETT

CHARACTERS

MAN: He is middle aged, handsome, with a high forehead and deep intelligent eyes. His clothing consists of black overalls, black shoes, and a grey shirt.

YOUTH: He is apparently about twenty-five. His every movement reflects keenness and virility. His eyes are bright and changeable. He is clothed in black overalls, black shoes and a grey shirt.

SPECTRE: He is hollow cheeked, with a high, wrinkleless forehead and deep evil eyes. He is clothed in a dark grey gown covered by a brilliant crimson veil. The veil is thin and is moved by the slightest breath of air.

TIME: Some day's tomorrow.

PLACE: Where there are machines.

SCENE: The curtain rises on a dark stage blotched by indistinguishable shadows. One senses mass there. Then from a small cross-shaped window in the upper left corner a small gleam of light filters through. Slowly this light becomes brighter, but across it are strung innumerable wires and pipes; it is with difficulty that the light tries to illuminate the room. The footlights then help the window, and in the center of the stage at the very back may be seen a huge, black steel machine. In the center of this machine there is one smooth whirling wheel. To the right and to the left below it are two smaller wheels that move ever so slowly. At the left is a black, oily, semi-egg-shaped transformer and on it are dozens of dimly lighted ameters, volt-meters, and indicators of every sort. They seem to be arranged vaguely as though this transformer were a head with yellow eyes and teeth and nose. From the center of the ceiling drops a pipe twisting like a bed spring to within about three feet of the floor. Under this pipe is a bucket that catches the oil which drips from this pipe. A pipe from this bucket reaches along the floor across the room. There is a huge electric lamp at the right in the ceiling. To the right of the machine is a door. It is a steel door with a heavy lock and strong bars like a prison door. Beside the door is a telephone. In the center of the stage is a heavy table which is apparently wooden. On the table are two small plates, and in the middle a pile of screws and nuts. Everything is black, oily iron with shiny blue steel here and there to relieve the monotony of the place. The wheels turn silently. Wires and pipes are everywhere making a bewildering network seemingly too complex to unravel. The oil drips from the pipe steadily, steadily.

MAN: (The set is at first dark but finally grows clearer, and one may see two men working. They are dressed in black and are bending over the table in the middle of the room, working on the screws. The man examines the screws. The youth looks critically through the nuts. They do this carefully and efficiently. They count them. Conversation throughout is spasmodic, contemplative.) Check?

YOUTH: Check!

(They do the same for about ten seconds more.)

MAN: Check?

YOUTH: Check!! (Rising voice.)

(A Spectre drifts in languidly, effortlessly, smiling broadly and walks across the room unseen. He climbs up upon the black meter-covered transformer and perches himself comfortably there. He looks on. His red veil blows around him with mysterious, hidden grace. He laughs loudly as he looks on, but they do not hear.)

MAN: Check?

YOUTH: Check.

(As the youth works he seems to shudder and puts his hand to his eyes. He drives his eyes through the little nut.)

MAN: Check? (After same length of time.)

YOUTH: Check!!! But how can you! I'm going mad. (Hysterically.) Check. Check. Check. Forever check. How can you say it? (Wildly.)

(Man works on unmoved and spectre laughs.)

MAN: Check?

YOUTH: Check. (Somewhat relieved.)

(Continued on page seven)

SATAN SMILES

(Continued from page six)

(The work must be done with machine-like, relentless regularity.)

MAN: Check?

YOUTH: Check. (To himself, intensely.) I see myself. There I am, crawling, stifled, blindly through this twisting rut. (Madly.) Round, round. Forever. It mashes me—

MAN: (Interrupting.) Check?

YOUTH: Check.—Yes, it crushes me, twists me. I can see nothing else.

MAN: Check?

YOUTH: Check.

(The oil drips steadily with inexorable regularity into the bucket.)

MAN: Check?

YOUTH: Check.—Listen! Will it never stop? Drip, drip, drip,—

MAN: (He never looks up.) Check?

YOUTH: Check! !—Will it never stop! (Fervorously.) It is dripping on my raw soul, on an uncovered nerve of my brain. Forever!

(The man works feelinglessly on. The youth works madly, then sweeps his hair back from his forehead, clenches his fist for an instant and works on. The spectre looks on with ominous interest.)

MAN: Check?

YOUTH: (Shouting.) Check!—But tell me, must it drip?

MAN: Of course. (Tonelessly, and then works on.) Check?

YOUTH: Check.—I'm going blind. I can't see. Everything is so miserably dark.

MAN: Dark? (Walks quickly over to the wall and switches on the large ceiling lamp. There is a brilliant green luminousness that spreads over the room. It is horrible.)

YOUTH: No. (Gulping.) No not that. That is worse, unnatural. (Man walks back and works on.)

MAN: Check?

YOUTH: Check.—But why the green light? What a ghastly color!

MAN: That light is pure. (Humorously.) Harmful rays are washed out by that lens. (Uninterested, deadened tone.)

MAN: Check?

YOUTH: Check.—But why can't they leave it—just plain light?

MAN: We have progressed. We are civilized. We must be modern.

YOUTH: (Naively.) Oh?

(The spectre laughs raucously.)

YOUTH: I have seen those chains for weeks. (Pointing at remains of chains hanging from the table.)

MAN: Check?

YOUTH: Check.—(Continuing.) There, right there—what are they for?

MAN: (Heartlessly.) They were for me.

(Youth visibly thinking. Spectre looks on.)

MAN: Check?

YOUTH: Check.—For you? Those chains?—Why?

MAN: They had to have me then. See that door, those bars. They were to keep me at it. These machines needed me.—Check?

YOUTH: Check. And now?

MAN: (Looking up.) And now they (he points) use us as a courtesy. They don't need us. They can measure the twisting ridge of a screw—Check?

YOUTH: Check.

MAN: They can do it incomparably better than you or I. To reply to their courtesy we must be grateful (laughs a loud laugh) and stay here or—die! (Gutturally.)

MAN: Check?

YOUTH: Check.—Listen! God, I hear a fly. (Pointing) There it is!

MAN: (Nodding significantly.) Check?

YOUTH: Check! !—There it flies off and on, back to and from that wheel. That grinding wheel, forever it grinds.

YOUTH: Check.

MAN: Check?

YOUTH: Check. (Seeming to remember something.) Look. It's free. It moves when it wants to. It buzzes—uncontrolled, leisurely.

MAN: Check?

YOUTH: (Irritated.) Check!—If I were free too, I would buzz here and there like that miserable insect. Lucky fool!

(Spectre laughs.)

MAN: Check? (Always toneless, the same, monotonous.)

YOUTH: Check.—Hell! What a word.—(Looks away.) That fly? (Remembering.)

MAN: Check?

YOUTH: Check!—It is killing me, deadening my soul. God! For a pure, fresh sea breeze, now.

MAN: Check?

YOUTH: (Flinging away wildly and despairingly a screw nut, but quickly picking up another.) Check. (Dreaming.) A sea breeze, pounding surf, warm sand—

MAN: Check?

YOUTH: Check. (Preoccupied.) Warm sand, a moon, stars that hang low and near—Arcturus, Lyra, and—

MAN: Check?

YOUTH: Check! (Fiercely.) And the Dipper crawling through this nut. This dark, dizzy,—Hell!

MAN: Check?

YOUTH: Check.—Have you no feeling? Are you dead? Doesn't this all crush, smother, madden you? (To man.)

MAN: Why sure, son. Your feet feel numb now, don't they?—Check?

YOUTH: Check.—Yes.

MAN: As relentlessly as Socrates' hemlock froze his living body into chilled lifelessness—so will this. Slowly, inexorably, it creeps up on you—check?

YOUTH: Check.—

MAN: It numbs you, chills you, and then hopelessly deadens you, and with feelingless purpose it molds you into a—machine! You are lucky—why even today I heard you speak a thought—check?

YOUTH: Check?

MAN: I have long forgotten how to think. And to dream a dream.—(Pause.) How naive you are! How hopeful!

YOUTH: But why did you stay, why did you let me come?

MAN: Check?

YOUTH: Check.

MAN: Let you come! Son, you had to come or die. That (points at the machines) That is your master—remember that, whether or no! Check?

YOUTH: (Despairingly.) Check.

(Spectre laughs and looks on—attentive and amused.)

YOUTH: (Yells as though his whole spirit was relieved of something.) Look! The oil has stopped dripping. (Laughs exuberantly.)

MAN: The oil?

YOUTH: Yes, look! (Running over and looking into the bucket.)

MAN: (He turns and looks. He blanches, trembles, and looks half dazed.) And you laugh!

YOUTH: Of course! That dinning, ceaseless drip was driving me insane. Now it is silenced. How quiet it is—how quiet! Lord!

MAN: (Turns and casts a disgusted glance over his shoulder. He walks to the telephone.) Headquarters, please!

YOUTH: It doesn't seem to make any difference to you?

MAN: Difference? My God! It's everything.

YOUTH: Everything?

MAN: Hello?—Headquarters!—Man speaking. . . out of oil, feed is clogged, you'd better send someone up to turn off the current before it is too late. You know what will happen if you don't!—Better ship some oil too—What! No oil?! (Man sinks into a chair and looks wildly about.) How long have you known it? Why haven't you turned off the—You can't? My God man, you know what will happen! This plant can't last ten minutes without oil. For God's sake, we must turn it off!! The power.

(Youth listens dumbly and spectre laughs and points, deriding them mercilessly.)

MAN: Hello. Hello. It is the finish then?—

YOUTH: What is it? Don't shout check. (Smiling) It would drive me out of my mind to hear it.

MAN: (Quietly, resigned.) Check. . . (Laughs.) How harmless. . . this is it. It's the end.

YOUTH: The end? Great! That means we can lay off for awhile, I guess. Come on. You can come with me. Mother will be waiting for us at the shore. Think of that seething foam, those roaring breakers. They are free! And we will be too. (Exuberantly grabbing hat and pulling at man.) Won't you come too? You said it was the end.

MAN: (Smiling.) Yes, the end (pause) of everything! It won't be bad. This was (waves his hand around the room) hell! It can't be worse.

YOUTH: Yes, this was hell! That dripping oil. I shudder to think of it.

MAN: (Intensely.) Son, I must tell you. You can't go home! You'll never get out of this factory. Feel the floor.

YOUTH: It's warm.

MAN: In five minutes it will be red hot—in two more it will be no more. (Calmly.)

(Continued on page eight)

SATAN SMILES

(Continued from page seven)

YOUTH: (*Laughs.*) Oh come on, quit your kidding. Let's go.

MAN: (*A little impatiently.*) I tell you son, it's the end—eternally. Forever, really forever!—(*Reminiscently.*) I knew it had to come. The oil couldn't last forever, even in Texas. Those poor devils didn't know. Or maybe they didn't care or think of us today—without oil! They wasted it! (*Laughs.*)

(*Spectre laughs loudly, waving his veil about him. Ghastly!*) And they couldn't turn it off!

YOUTH: (*Dazed, looking wildly about.*) Why?

MAN: Oh, it was long ago that anyone knew what all those were for. (*Points at the wires that weave in front of the crosslike window at the left.*) They were there. They had been put there. But no one understood them all. They worked for us uncontrolled. It was too complex to be understood. Too complicated. Too tenuous. Work for us? (*Laughs.*) They are working on us now—but not for long!! (*There is a roaring sound. It is the whirring of a thousand planes. The spectre pounds his feet with glee and laughs uproariously.*)

YOUTH: What is that? (*White and afraid. It is a blind and ignorant fear.*) Is it a fire?

MAN: (*Listening intently.*) A coincidence! Strange, son.—Those are ten thousand buzzing airplanes. Every plane has a ton of cacodly isocyanide. It is a frightful gas. People do not believe themselves capable of using it. But they do!—And radium atomite, far more powerful than dynamite!! Tonight America will be but a mass of inanimate flesh, or crumbled structure!!—Aha! (*Mock pride.*) We conceived those. (*Points out the little crosslike window.*) Look! We made them to do this. (*He pretends to fling a bomb down on the floor.*) To extinguish ourselves. Brace up, son! It had to come. (*Pause.*) Those screws had to be sold. There were too many of them. We tried to make them buy. Too bad, for now they make us stop, forever!

(*Spectre laughs.*)

YOUTH: Did this have to be?

MAN: Have to be? Why no! But now it is too late. Listen! (*Boom goes a bomb in the distance.*) There go a thousand lives. (*Snaps his fingers.*)

(*There is a sputtering in the transformer, and blue flames spit out of the meter glasses.*)

MAN: We made that too. (*Points at transformer.*) Made it, being blind ourselves, to do that; to crush us and then fry us limb by limb. Ha! (*Laughs cynically.*)

YOUTH: Look at those planes! The sky is black with them.

MAN: Look at the window, son!

YOUTH: (*Surprised.*) It looks like a cross!

MAN: Yes, it might if there weren't those wires, those pipes to cut off the light and blur and make dim the lines of it. Too many wires!—

YOUTH: A cross.—What irony to notice that now. It is too late.

(*Smoke fills the room slightly and the spectre laughs diabolically, happy, satisfied.*)

MAN: There it comes!—And we go too!!!

Jeremiah and Jehovah

By VERNON B. CROOK

Behold, Jehovah, I am Jeremiah.

*Give heed to me, O Lord, the Jews contend
With me and to my truths will not aspire.
Revenge, revenge, they've digged a pit for
me!*

*O Lord, remember I have preached them
Thee.*

*I've been Thy servant, done Thy bidding
always.*

*Revenge me now; o let Thy wrath defend
My dignity with Heaven's wilting fire.*

*With snares they've hid the paths I daily
tread!*

*O Lord, let Thou their children starve for
this,*

*Scatter death with the sword that for
those who are dead*

*There may be widowed wives, bereaved
mothers.*

*Let there be war and victory for others
That lamentations may arise. Forgive
Them not, nor mercy show, but let all hiss
Astonished at the plagues which Thou
shalt shed!*

*The Lord: Arise Jeremiah, thou art heard.
Right faithfully hast thou served Me, so I
Respond to thy request. Take thou this
word*

*To them and speak: Thus sayeth the Lord
of Hosts.*

*This place shall be destroyed; from coast
to coast*

*Be known as the Valley of Slaughter and
the City of Plagues.*

*And the flesh of those who in battle fall
to die*

*Shall be fed to the beasts, to the worms of
the earth, and the birds.*

*And the flesh of the sons and daughters of
ye who are*

*Besieged shall ye eat, so straitened shall
ye be.*

*I shall make this city desolate, shall char
Its existence with the withering fire of
wrath!*

... My God it is the end. This end here will blow to mangled destruction those tiny planes above!! All at once—the end! (*Blanching, holds his temples with his fists.*)

YOUTH: The end when it might have been but the beginning. Next time... but there is no next time! (*Trails off meaninglessly. He stands defiant.*)

(*Spectre claps his hands and disappears as a loud crashing explosion spells the end. Smoke comes out over the audience.*)

CURTAIN

EVOE!

(Continued from page six)

It was on one of those nights in late summer when the moon rains down her glamour in a way that makes lonely young men want to cast aside their garments and race heedlessly

through the meadows; to beat upon their chests, to bay the sky like a wolf. That is just what the lonely young man in cabin three did.

Unable to sleep, he put on a pair of leather moccasins, and took the path which led down to the stream. By the pool he stood a moment as if to dive. But instead of diving, the youth lowered his arms, passed his hands once across his tanned body, and stood motionless.

Anyone watching from the laurel bushes would have been struck with the perfection of the boys, body; legs slimly thewed, his slender waist, chest deep with muscles that overlapped and reached up into the broad shoulders. Around the loins and across the nether part of the stomach was that plated sheathing of muscle prominent in the make-up of the old Grecian athlete, but rarely noticeable today. Save for the shoulders, there was no heaviness, the torso and limbs were lithe. The figure possessed the lissome beauty of Giovanni's bronze Hermes.

Suddenly the boy sprang forward to disappear along the upstream trail. About a mile up the wooded cove he emerged into the moonlight on top of a high, smooth ledge of rock. Directly below this outcropping lay a miniature clearing, in which was a tiny spring carpeted about with moss and grasses. Onto the rock and down into the dell the moon poured her silver mist.

For a long time the boy stood immovable, as though he were listening for something. Then slowly he lifted up his arms and turned his face to the sky. His lips moved; words came, in whispers at first, then audibly. Out of a passionate undertone they took on shape and meaning.

"You," they ran, "youth! Nothing else matters! Nothing! And tonight I have youth! But I am alone, alone . . ." The last word was lost in a sob, the arms came down, the head drooped.

Presently there was a sound as of faint music. The boy raised his head to listen. The sound came from somewhere in the woods, and it was drawing closer. It became distinct. It was the music of a flute. Something was drawing near piping upon a flute. The boy quivered. Into the open space it came, a blurred figure in the moonlight, pirouetting across the grass. The music climbed, became ecstatic, broke upon itself, and ebbed away.

The figure was still. It was that of the modest young girl, lovely and slender and naked. She sang, she laughed, she danced. There was a madness upon her.

The boy took the pipes from her hand and began to play upon the the old, old flute-dance of nymph and faunus. Softly and very low the notes came at first. The girl moved with the music, gently, slowly. The music quickened; the motions of the girl quickened. And now the flute-notes came furiously, passionate in their liquid tremolo, and the girl danced the maddest dance of all. Her little moonlit breasts shook with rapture. "Evoe!" she cried.

And the boy cried answer, "Evoe! . . . Evoe!"

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"THEY KILL US FOR THEIR SPORT"

Being an account of the strange and unfortunate career of a well-meaning man, whose entire family labored under the constant handicap of a permeating streak of insanity. Man is made to appear but the mere tool of the omnipotent gods, who fashion his life to suit their own sportive lusts.

By SPEC MCCLURE

AND if you want to go to St. Louis, we'll go." Jim's grey bloodshot eyes gleamed curiously as he said this to me. He was intensely interested in the proposed trip, but I wasn't. If I went to St. Louis with Jim, I knew the way I would go. And that was on the jarring floor of some freight car that a huge black engine was pulling westward. Perhaps we would sleep on a dirty pile of straw at one end of the car all night long, and the next morning we would eat breakfast at the back door of the house of some kind lady who didn't mind giving tramps a bite to eat. At least that was the way Jim was accustomed to living at forty-five years of age.

Jim had not always been a hobo. In fact, he never wanted to become such a creature. He didn't intend to fail in life. Nor at twenty years of age did he think that an insignificant boy like me would be addressing James Evans Snow in a contemptuous, pitying tone as plain "Jim." But James Evans Snow was created to fail in life. From the time that his blond baby head had tumbled on the grassy yard of his childhood home he was doomed to be a tramp at forty-five. He was born to be called Jim all his life. It is true that at one time he was called Mr. Snow, but fate had loaned him that title for only two short years.

As Jim sat talking to me that spring evening, he seemed in strange harmony with the surroundings of his home. It was the place where he was reared, and he always returned there to rest when he grew tired of his tramping. Unkempt was the word that described his home. Unkempt was Jim as he sat there wearing a faded blue pair of overalls and a dirty shirt that fitted on his drooping shoulders. His sallow face wore a beard of a week's growth, and a greasy broken-bill cap sat squarely on his blond, uncombed hair. But a strange, fascinating light seemed to haunt the shallow depths of his gray eyes. It seemed to be just the lingering flickering of the fiery brightness of his eyes at eighteen. Jim's general appearance struck me as being a personification of neglect. Likewise, did the appearance of his home. That's why I say the two harmonized.

His was a home of the Old South. The large, roomy house stood on the crest of a small knoll surrounded by decaying tulip-poplar trees. The

house had been painted at one time, but decades of hot sunshine and rain had destroyed most of the paint or broken it up into thin gray scales. Near by was a garden in which gooseberry bushes grew with branches thick and twisted from need of pruning. Scuppernong vines climbed in lax recklessness over a clump of white-oak trees at one corner of the yard. A footpath ran in a white streak through the long grass and ragweeds, from the house to a weather-beaten barn. The shingles on the North side of the barn's roof were covered with a green tinge of moss. At the edge of a forest near a clear spring that bubbled from under a stone wall was a blacksmith shop whose usefulness had long ceased. A rusty anvil still rested on a wooden block near a neglected workbench. I struck the anvil once with a hammer, and a dull, dead sound came from the iron. Did I say dead? Indeed, the sound was dull and flat, but not completely dead. One was able to abstract just the faintest tinkle from the noise that the stroke brought forth—a tinkle that must have issued loud and musical when Jim's father had beaten red-hot iron on the anvil years before. The anvil was just like the whole place. It was just like Jim. It was nothing but a bit of wreckage, but it still contained a slight tinkle of something that refused to depart—a reluctant spirit clutching desperately to its worldly habitation to keep from being hurled into an unknown chaos called death.

Jim's family reflected in its home. In fact, the family had made the home into exactly what it was the day I was talking to Jim. His folks might have been called aristocrats. Indeed their lineage dated back through old southern aristocratic families to a General Snow, that had fought in the Revolutionary War. Portraits showed members of the Snow family in the gray uniforms of Confederate officers. Even yet from the mouths of old men come tales of the indomitable will and reckless courage of these Snows of the Confederate army. Strangely fused with the rough, fighting spirit of this family was the appreciative sense for beauty of the artist. Perhaps, it was due to this artistic sense of the Snows that the rock walls on their farm were built straight and even, and that the fences of the garden were red with climbing roses in the summer. On the walls of the big hallway of their house I once saw several large butterflies and moths behind a glass frame. One was a huge Luna moth whose splendant green wings were faded into a sickly yellow color from age. But it wasn't because they were aristocrats, soldiers, and artists that the Snows were famous. It was because they were pathetic. Tragedy grim and stark brooded over this strange family. A streak of inheritable insanity on the father's

side ran far back in the lineage of the Snows. The children were normal or even superior in intelligence to the average child up to twenty or twenty-five years of age. Then, more pronounced in some than in the others, insanity appeared. Some of the children developed only queer ways. Others of them went completely mad. A long family record proved the inevitability of the coming of this insanity.

On the second floor of the Snow house one saw from a dark hallway a room whose walls were lined with books on shelves. Beside a large window of the room sat a chair across whose back a faded bathrobe was carelessly slung. The big window faced the South woods, where still first flower the dogwoods; and the azalia put forth their delicate pink blossoms. That was Jack's room. At eighteen years of age he had given great promises of becoming a writer. At twenty-two he had gone crazy. At twenty-four he was killed accidentally. That was a typical ending to a Snow life. Nor was Jack alone in meeting a violent death. In a quiet cemetery at the edge of a small town stand four monuments on which the name Snow appears. Each of the tombstones marks a grave in which a member of the present line of Snows who met a violent death is buried.

In this strange family Jim grew up in quite an ordinary manner until he was eighteen years old. In school he made a better record in athletics than in his studies. His tastes were unusual and varied. Next to playing football, he liked best catching, identifying, and mounting butterflies and moths. He must have had a scientific mind, for at school he made the best grades in biology and chemistry. At one time he had talked of studying medicine. But it happened that he never finished high school. In his junior year he became restless and queer. For some reason he had developed a fiery and almost ungovernable temper. His once steady-gazing eyes faltered before the eyes of other people. For no evident reason he was developing an inferiority complex. Jim's chance of ever being called "Mr. Snow" diminished with the developing of this complex. Finally some trouble arose between him and members of the school faculty. Jim left school of his own accord, and he wasn't encouraged to come back. As Jim walked home from school that last day, the old family skeleton of the Snow family appeared dim—and hideous to one who knew—in his restless, glaring eyes.

After leaving high school, Jim decided he wanted to join the army. He persuaded his mother to give her permission for his joining, and one day he came home wearing a khaki uniform. And a fine looking soldier did Jim

(Continued on page eight)

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Oldest College Publication in the United States

(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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Sunday, December 7, 1930

"For non-conformity the world whips you with its displeasure."—Emerson.

"Wisdom is the principal thing."—Solomon.

The editor urges that all contributions be typed. Material in any other style is not acceptable.

In Transition

The CAROLINA MAGAZINE, which is the oldest college publication in the United States (having been founded in 1844), was, up until last year, published in book form. The magazine throughout the entirety of last collegiate year appeared as a supplement to the *Daily Tar Heel*, appearing on alternate Sunday mornings enclosed within the confines of the *Daily*. The action of the Publications Union Board in letting the contract for the 1930-'31 magazine to the Christian Printing Company, of Durham, has made inexpedient the system of last year. Consequently, the campus literary organ has lost its identification with the *Daily Tar Heel*. Although a supplement in form and content, the CAROLINA MAGAZINE has discarded the mechanical features of the supplement and, in response to the wishes of the editor, is gradually being entirely shorn of the lamentable features of the supplement idea.

Realizing that this is the sixtieth volume of this publication, we are moved to say that upholding the dignity and

prestige which results from the efforts of former days is a difficult task. As an infant, we have cried lustily at times; in fact, more lustily than coherently. But are we not assured by the poet that the infant utters "no language but a cry?"

Education is nothing more than a phase of civilization. Behind every civilization there is a vision. Culture embraces of its own nature a common conception of the realities of experience. In the transition from its old form to its present mechanical features, the magazine has lost and gained, pleased some and displeased others. The present CAROLINA MAGAZINE is less canonical and, therefore, more attentive to every type of campus creative writing. The old book form was handsomer, but less of a popular medium.

Literary Judgment

Nearly every day someone is heard to remark, "I don't like this piece of writing, but I'm no literary judge." This timidity in the expression of an opinion regarding the work of some writer who is supposed to be good is very widespread and very perplexing. If one feels that a certain one of Shakespeare's plays is inferior writing, then why should he not say so? Perhaps, after all, the opinion is right.

We are inclined to lean to the persuasion that the writer who writes after such a fashion that people of ordinary intelligence can't get the idea meant to be conveyed is himself in doubt as to the exact meaning. The easiest kind of writing to do is that which neither the writer nor anybody else can understand. Popular understanding of a given play, short story, essay, *et cetera*, is a good index to the author's thoroughness and understanding of what he has chosen to write about.

Don't be afraid to express an honest opinion about the so-called literary works of any author, whether he be renowned or not. You may be right in your criticism.

End of Worthless Books

Each year witnesses the publication and circulation of an increasing number of books. Some are valuable; others are not worth the paper they are written on. The annual output of books is indeed almost as large an industry as

the manufacture of automotive vehicles. We can't read them all, and we couldn't remember half of the contents if we did. What shall we say of the wholesale manufacture of books?

The old proverb-maker had no idea of the lasting application of his words when he said, "Of the making of books there is no end." Since the day when Caxton set up his printing press in England, even the number of novels produced annually has reached the eight-thousand mark. The chief consolation arising out of this situation is that the paper is better and that the type is larger. There seems to be little improvement in other particulars. Of the annual output of novels, at least ninety per cent aren't worth enough powder to blow them up. But there is a place even for worthless books, just as there is a place for worthless people and worthless implements.

Some publishers find the publication of worthless books a paying business. Such firms print large editions, advertise them, and "rag" book review editors for not printing reviews of their products.

Were it not for the historical value which it contained, none of us would be grieved by the fact of the fire which destroyed the world's largest library at Alexandria a long time ago. Scholars lament the loss of so great an amount of source material; most people don't care. But mention of this mishap gives us an idea as to the best way to get rid of worthless books which are at present taking up space on library shelves, and which are filling the world's population with erroneous conceptions.

Other Magazines

The CAROLINA MAGAZINE exchanges with the literary publications of twenty colleges and universities scattered throughout the United States. Aside from the fact that the work of other college journalists is interesting, the editorial staff of this publication finds scrutiny of other college magazines helpful and informative.

The issue of October 19 carried an article clipped from the *Columns*, literary publication of the student body of Cornell University. Our plan for the future is to occasionally print an article, poem, essay, etc., from other college magazines.

Paris

By PHILIP MILHOUS

Day after day the sheep like careful gardeners moved up and down over the grassy slopes and around the intruding rocks. That was why it was always so fresh and green up there, and that was why the Ionian hills looked so pleasant and soft and cool to the pages sweating in Priam's golden palace. They thought the hills must be the loveliest place in the kingdom. And they were, but the next thing they thought was that the people who lived there must be the happiest in the world. And they were not.

There were literally millions of sheep up there and Paris tended nearly all of them. But it really was glorious in the hills, except when it rained and the sheep wore the grass off until everything was all muddy and unpleasant. It was cold at night too, a piercing cold that made one put off going to see about the lambs which were always in trouble until it was imperative.

Paris was a poet and composed wonderful lyrics and panegyrics with the blueness of the highland midday in them and croon of the sea winds as they ceased their hurry and swirl and shifted easily over the coals of the fire late at night, putting them safely to sleep under flaky white ashes where they would be welcome to the waking shepherd in the early morning chill. And sometimes he would blow steadily upon the deep reeds of his mountain pipe and that would be the sound of the heavy Russian winds as they rushed down with their message of coming winter and falling snow and sleet that meant beauty to the eye, but trouble to the shepherds and death to the lambs that were born before their time. And again he would blow upon the high reeds in little puffs that rose and fell, and that would be the wailing of the lambs that cried for the warm breezes and the breasts of the mothers they had lost in the night time. But most of all he blew sadly upon the reeds as he came to them, and that would be the thinking of the other shepherds who slipped into the campfire at dark and sighed to hear the boy who all day long had looked far out over the outlands where the sun rose, but mostly over the tinted sea where it set. Now the shepherds were troubled because the things he was thinking had been their own, and they were afraid for they knew that he was not like themselves. But then one day they seemed to have had their fears set at nought, for the silver fingered Aenone whose voice was sweeter than the little bells that laughed as they played with the lambs in the morning sun had come to drive away the thoughts of this lonely piper in the hills. And her eyes were blue.

So for a time they were happy there together, and there were songs of love that the pipe had not known before. There were poems about Aenone that he chipped upon the rock cliff, where a spring ran out to water the sheep when they were thirsty. But time came when he began to weary of their sport even when she accompanied him upon her tiny lyre; and the poet turned once again to the sea and forgot the nearer blue that was in her upturned eyes. He

(Continued on page four)

Ask Me Not Why

By VERNON CROOK

*"And where have you been so long gone,
my dear friend?*

*Ah where have you been so long gone,
dear young man?"*

*"I've been away to college—but ask me
not why;*

For living to learn is but learning to die."

*"Pray what do you there for so long, my
dear friend?*

*Ah what do you there for so long, dear
young man?"*

*"I seek a degree, sir—but ask me not why;
For living to learn is but learning to die."*

*"Pray what do they teach you up there,
my dear friend?*

*Ah what do they teach you up there, dear
young man?"*

*"That nothing is known, sir—but ask me
not why;*

For living to learn is but learning to die."

*"Then why tarry longer to learn that, my
dear friend?*

*Ah why tarry longer to learn that, dear
young man?"*

*"I must have my degree, sir—but ask me
not why;*

For living to learn is but learning to die."

*"And what will you do when you get it,
dear friend?*

*Ah what will you do when you get it,
young man?"*

*"I'll have learned how to die—not to live
like a slave—*

*So I'll haste to the churchyard to dig my
own grave."*

Apology For New Yorkers

Christopher Morley has written that New York is a jungle—a magnificent, thrilling, inexplicable jungle. New York is that to some people. They wander fearfully about its streets peopled with characters undoubtedly hiding secrets which they may never know; they stare up at looming buildings seeming to them gargantuan monsters ready to swoop down and swallow them; they listen to the throb and pound of life, of hurrying throngs, and they do not understand—yet they are held by the unexplainableness, the thrill of it all.

New York is so many things: a merciless beast; a city of mystery; a splendid adventure—or just simply home. It has been hated, and scorned, and admired. People "like" to visit it, to shop and go a-pleasuring. But there are not many who sincerely and deeply love it. It is too cruel, too swiftly and relentlessly indifferent.

Many who say, in a certain thrilled voice, that they love New York, mean they love it for its excitement, its theatres, its blaze of white lights. They "know" Park Avenue and Fifth; River-

(Continued on page four)

The American Spirit of Bumming

By DAVID CRAIG

The boy who stands at the side of the road with a yellow slicker thrown over his shoulder, a suitcase plastered with college stickers at his side, and the thumb of his right hand pointed eternally down the road in an effort to solicit rides from passing automobiles is often called a beggar. The misunderstanding editorialist classifies him as a rascal, vagabond, or "pest who infests our street corners." He may be all of these to some people, but to me he is the very spirit of America, personified in her youth.

In the first place, his motto is forward! Let's do something; let's go somewhere—restless, moving America. Could the dead ancestors of this collegiate bummer, this "pest who infests our street corners," look down at him, they would cast a benevolent smile on his bare head. Those pioneer people would understand the restless nature of this youth. They, too, have felt the irresistible impulse to get up and go somewhere. If Daniel Boone himself were a boy today, I'm sure you could find him on the highway with a yellow slicker over his shoulder, a sticker plastered suitcase by his side, and his thumb signalling the cars going down the road that led straight West. Of course, Boone walked in his day; but then things were different. Each turn of the road offered new scenery, new people, and new adventure. Now that civilization has rendered the different sections of the country as much alike as man can make them, the open road holds no surprises and thrills for the foot-traveller. He sees only an endless stretch of concrete road before him and a string of cars going by his side. To see varied lands and to meet different people the modern pioneer must travel far. And the travelling can't be done on foot; he must ride. Bumming is but one of the means of transportation for the pioneer of today.

No, the pioneer spirit of which America boasts has not been quenched by civilization. It still lives in her youth. But it is displayed in a different manner today. Years ago the frontiersman threw an axe across his shoulder and his few belongings in a covered wagon and set out in quest of new lands. Now the college bummer throws his slicker across his shoulder and his shirts in a suitcase, and then he, too, answers the call to travel. The actions of both the pioneer and the bummer are motivated by the same restless impulse to keep moving.

America is proud of her democracy. Everlastingly she brags about the comradeship that exists among her people. I know of no other place in the country that this spirit of comradeship is more admirably demonstrated or better developed than on the highway. It is there only that the rich business man may offer the bummer a cigar and both as man to man, not business man to bummer, swap tales and opinions with the freedom and confidence of comrades. No thought is taken of social distinctions. The man who rides and the man who lets ride are but

(Continued on page six)

APOLOGY FOR NEW YORKERS

(Continued from page three)

side Drive and Broadway, where the Times Building lifts its stately head and marks the meeting place for out-of-town relatives and ecstatic young lovers, to where the theatre district ends abruptly, and the elevated train goes tumbling by. New York to those people is a continual staying-in-bed all day, and playing all night; of walking into a theatre as the curtain drifts upward for the second act, after a meticulously perfect dinner at Sherry's; of driving past lumbering, over-stuffed busses in a limousine, without seeing anything but the chauffeur's stolid back.

Those who love New York are they who understand and know its loveliness and mystery, and the little, precious memories which are associated with it. They can find a real joy in walking through the mobbed streets and watching the faces of the people of New York; of simply feeling that spirit that is New York. I have heard a girl whose life is one long, tiring day after another say that she loved New York. She rides on the subway every morning and night with a million like her; types in a close, musty office, and goes home at night to wash dishes and find what joy she can without spending anything for it.

New York has been described by some vaguely poetical person thus:

"—The magic loveliness of mist upon the Hudson,
Along the Drive the wetly-drowsy skid of cars.
Enchantment of a city twilight, softly-mauve,
And sudden glory of a city Autumn—"

But it is more than that. It is riding on the top of a bus on rainy nights, with the silver points of the rain streaming down the windows, the muffled, fearsome horn of a ferry-boat blurring through the fog. It is exploring little, forgotten book-shops in the quieter, quainter streets, and staring enchanted into windows gleaming with tapestries, an dantiques, and jewels. It is getting deliberately lost in the Ghetto and the river lying silent and dark—with only—that strange, fascinating bit of "Ye olde cuntry" plumped down with a sad thud in the midst of the city. Narrow, twisting streets, shadowed heavily with buildings made friendly by a cheery bit of washing flung out of a window; by a scarlet plant, somewhat bedraggled, but still gay; by uncountable heads thrust out of windows, chatting to one another; calling, in a dozen different languages, for their sons to come in to lunch.

The venders' carts make the streets so narrow. There, one is pilled high with a shining mass of oranges, and, next to it, straying over the cart at their own sweet wills, are emerald green, and scarlet, and purple, neckties. Gayety, for these people who must live in stern grey houses!

I have seen Spring slip in, in many different places—but never with such a shock as in New

York. It is so sudden and breath-takingly lovely. The park is silent and cold and bare one day; the streets unfriendly and discouraged. Suddenly—miraculously—the park is transformed with amazing tiny leaves, and shifting sunlight. It is a dancing, singing place, with a million children shouting, and running, and—it seems—a million small, joyous dogs, all of the same color, yelping and running too. And one walks along the streets and sees the flecks of sunlight on the faces of the people one meets—and surprises a smile with one's own look of wonder.

One loves New York for its bigness, its friendliness, its unexpectedness. It is a splendid adventure, because it is always new, and there is always something finer to be found in it. But one must be a searcher after beauty. The trouble with those who find only the bad and the ugly is that they search for—they expect—nothing else.

—DePauw Magazine.

PARIS

(Continued from page three)

hated to admit it, but Aenone wasn't the right mate for him. He had loved her madly at first because he made her all that he could have wished her to be, but in reality she was quite shallow. He even came to be afraid to sound her at all, lest he should find her depth to be smaller than he expected.

At last he could not longer bear the songs he sang her, and gently he turned back to the old inspiration of the hills, but that too had failed him. It wasn't there. Aenone was still a great help to him and a good companion, but she couldn't understand. She was not sufficient.

Once again the shepherds came to hear the singer of their fair Ionian hills, but they were mostly poets themselves and they detected the change almost at once. They never quite comprehended, but the difference was that Paris was really playing the old tunes in a different way, and his eyes as he played were no longer upon the hills; they were gazing far away, over the little hamlets and the single glimpse of the sea out beyond Tenedos that was visible between two granite cliffs. The shepherds didn't like it. They thought it looked bad for Aenone.

After An Autumn Shower

What need have I for jewels,
When off of every tree
Diamonds by the millions
Shatter down for me?

Why should I long for riches,
Or wish for wealth untold,
When I have worlds of maple trees,
And all of them pure gold?

The whole wide world with loveliness
Is thrilling through and through,
And I hate everything I need,
Everything—but you!

—DePauw Magazine.

Symposium on Spittoons

By JARGO, ZERO, AND IGO

(The spitting ceremony in the black areas is a fragment of esteemed friendship and favor. The following incident is related of Petherick, the famous English trader.)

A Nuehr chieftain entered the cabin of his steamer, knelt, and grasped the trader's right hand, spat in it, then full in the white man's face. Astounded, but seeing only benignity in the black face before him, the trader restrained the impulse to knock him down and returned the compliment with great fervor, much to the delight of the old chief, who was thereby assured that Petherick himself was a man of the highest rank.)

PART ONE

By ZERO

The cuspidor is slowly passing into antiquity. The ruthless crushing of this humble receptacle under the heels of progress appalls me. With growing indignation I see the modern machine age steadily divesting us of those humble joys which made life so pleasant in the days before diluted gin, squawking talkies, and glorified whoopee. In particular, does my ire grow mountainous before the rapid dwindling of that ancient landmark, the spittoon.

One of man's greatest joys throughout the ages has been hitting the target. What joy is there that approaches the sublime bliss and contentment which settles upon one's soul when he sends a missile that hits the mark at which he has aimed? When a knight of Ye Olden Days smote heavily and succeeded in breaking the pate of his plated opponent, his knightly chest expanded with *ego* and exultation until the armor creaked. When William Tell sliced the apple reposing on his trustful son's head, a blanket of happiness and exotic warmth enveloped him. The Indian, who bagged an unfortunate colonist with one of his speedy arrows, returned to his wigwam with emotions akin to those of a broker who has sunk a forty foot putt.

But the rustic who, before the advent of the Modern Age, found his greatest joy in mingling politics with expectoration, is now plunged into deep gloom as the spittoon rapidly fades into the past. No longer can he experience the thrill of hitting the cuspidor at five paces. No more can he discuss prosperity and dry farming, and at the same time bombard the now erstwhile spittoon. The passing of his cuspidor has meant the destruction of one of the things that served to ease his struggle for existence.

Some day we will walk into the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, and see there, ensconced in shiny glass, a glittering brass cuspidor safely protected by the directors of the museum from the watering mouth of any old timer who might happen to spy it. And reclining against the glass will be a card bearing the following inscription:

Receptacle frequently used for the receipt of expectoration up to the early part of the twentieth century. This now rare model was unearthed in 1952 by workmen while demolishing an old hotel in Tuckahoe, N. Y. It is in an excellent state of preservation.

(Continued on page eight)



THE BOOK WORLD



Tragedy of Blood

THE BLACK BARON, by Tennille Dix. Bobbs-Merrill Company. 340 pp. \$3.50. 1930.

Those of us who, in our childhood, read with fright of the horrible deeds of Bluebeard will find ourselves attracted by Tennille Dix's *The Black Baron*, an imaginative biography of Gilles de Rais, whose exploits of terror were the seeds that later grew into the Bluebeard legend. Gilles de Rais is painted by Dix with the brush of reality, making the picture far more incredible and fascinating than the fable, which appears quite saintly beside the true account of de Rais' life.

Although the reader watches with tense interest the unfolding of crime after crime of revolting cruelty and perversion, he cannot fail to be captivated as well by the colorful background against which de Rais plays his fearful part. He sees the bizarre pageant of fifteenth-century France—a pageant in which beauty, cruelty, boisterous comedy, and fantastic superstition are woven into one delightfully picturesque tapestry.

Gilles enters the stage at the youthful age of sixteen, after having won glory for himself during a war against the bated English. Rising thus from obscurity to fame, young Gilles looks over his rather extensive estates and decides to increase them. Not far from his castle lies a huge piece of territory owned by Catherine of Tboours and her ill mother. Gilles acquires this tempting tract of land by the simple expedient of kidnapping and marrying the surprised damsel, who, under the circumstances, could hardly object.

Flushed with this easy victory, Gilles de Rais seeks newer fields of conquest, and joins forces with Charles VII against the English. He meets Joan of Arc and becomes her devoted comrade-in-arms throughout all her campaigns. Her capture and burning by the English drives him frantic with grief. To seek relief, he retires from active service to his secluded fortress in Anjou.

It is here that he plunges madly into a life of debauchery and carnality. He stages extravagant spectacles and lavish bacchanalian revelries. Gold runs from his finger tips in a steady stream, and he is soon reduced to approaching poverty. Desperate, he turns to alchemy to get more of the precious yellow metal. He hires distinguished alchemists from Italy. They inform him that human blood is necessary for their experiments.

He kills a young boy. He tortures and slaughters another. Suddenly he finds himself possessed of an insatiable and unappeasable lust for blood which draws him into a vortex of fiendish murders. He cannot stop himself. Insanity of mind draws him on and on. The blood of his victims rises higher and higher about him, and the tide is only curtailed abruptly at his arrest by the king's command. He is brought to trial and declared guilty of one hundred and forty fiendish murders, although it is thought

that the number of his victims totaled many times the discovered deeds. He ends his iniquitous life at the end of a rope over a roaring fire—to burn even his black soul into ashes.

—Philip Liskin.

A Study in Thought

AMERICAN CRITICAL ESSAYS, edited with an introduction by Norman Foerster. Oxford University Press: London. 520 pp. \$.80. 1930.

Norman Foerster is back with us in the dwarfed 6-inch by 4-inch edition of the World's Classics, offering a unit of philosophy which is perhaps the finest bit of justice rendered to "poor folk" scholars. A collection of essays of Poe, Emerson, Lowell, Whitman, Howells, James, Babbitt, More, Sherman, included within 520 pages of critical survey for \$.80 makes us enjoy "hard times." Think of snugly filling a pocket with one of these diminutive books! We can wriggle about comfortably without the slightest consciousness of bulk. Tinier than the Modern Library series they are equally as selective, and we can rejoice endlessly when the religion of the *Critique* accompanies us even in our spare moments when fingers are so often twitched in vain.

Here is Poe's famous poetic principle—the theory which gave birth to "The Raven" and the voice we still hear "tapping, tapping at my chamber door." Poe heads the list and his work is noteworthy because it marks the beginning of the hundred years of American criticism—because it astounded France before America learned to appreciate its taste—because Edgar Allen Poe is ours, the old reprobate, and we are fascinated by his horror and his tone. Pause! We can dash into our pockets and discover why he wrote so.

In 1825 a noble addressed the House of Lords sardonically—Where was American culture? American art? What had they but slaves and states and wastelands! Who were they but Indians, tribesmen, and nonconformists! Thank God for Bacon! Thank God for Spenser! Thank God for the *Critique* of England!

When we walk upon the dusty trails leading into the woodlands we can pause under the shadow of the elms—and read the preface of *Leaves of Grass*, and bring back to our lips the memory of "The Song of the Road." And we then realize that amongst the thousand thorats of nature is the beautiful kingdom that Whitman saw. Then we rise and walk further. More, Babbitt, are now ringing in our ears. Dream a little! Live a little! Forget a little!

When burdened with thought and pensive, Lowell speaks—the Lowell who whispered:

"For a cap and bells our lives we pay;
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's
tasking."

Then to Hamlet and his world of speculation. Criticism has lived for one hundred years—Since Poe's laying of a cornerstone, and it has

(Continued on page seven)

Audacious Romance

LAFITTE THE PIRATE. By Lyle Saxon. New York. The Century Co. \$5. 1930.

Under this romantic title, Lyle Saxon brings to life again the fascinating story of that picturesque gentleman of old New Orleans, Jean Lafitte, privateer, schemer, patriot (in a sense), and idol of the ladies. Wherein lies the charm of this book it is difficult to say, for one might attribute it either to the adventuresome existence of the person under study or to the art of the editor of the documents which, when linked together, form the body of this narrative. Certainly in the latter case it must be recognized that Mr. Saxon has done a splendid job. He has delved into old manuscripts, letters, and files for materials, and he has gathered the Lafitte legends and linked them into a composite whole which is, to say the least, amazing. He seems to know this man Lafitte—his character, his thoughts, his emotions—as if he himself had lived in the early nineteenth century as a close observer of the movements of the Baratarians under their quite infamous captain, the well-known Jean Lafitte. Yet, with all the author's sentiments in his subject's favor, he does not attempt to impart a false coloring to the story. His tale—and indeed one might well call this alluring story a tale—is based upon fact. Wherever material which is purely legendary plays a part, the author in every instance makes the reader well aware of the fact that the substance is not factual. Mr. Saxon must be praised for his objectivity in the study of his principal.

Jean Lafitte has been treated in the past, in both history and fiction, as a figure to whom a keen romantic interest attaches. He was a sort of combination of Lindbergh and Al Capone, resembling the former in his appeal to the hero-worshipping public; the latter in that he, like Capone, being outside the law, was kept constantly in the public mind as an example of one who dared to go to any extreme, no matter how base, to defy authority. Lafitte lived in a stirring period: Louisiana was purchased by the United States, and new laws and new people, representative of the new regime, were in the early stages of the process of supplanting the ways of a peculiar people, the Creoles; the conflict of 1812 between America and Britain took place. In all important happenings in his locality Jean Lafitte played a noticeable role. Smuggling, when Lafitte started on his career, was perfectly legitimate socially; but when it was tabooed by the government's strict enforcement of the anti-smuggling laws, Lafitte refused to abandon his practice and gradually degraded to the status of buccaneer (and buccaneers have always appealed to the imagination). In the War of 1812, Lafitte threw aside the role of outlaw—his motives are left to the speculation of the reader—and became a patriot. His action brought amnesty to him—

(Continued on page seven)

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT OF BUMMING

(Continued from page three)

honest-to-God Americans in the original, unrestrained by the conventions of modern society, that makes them business man and bummer respectively. It is remarkable how much men will confide to each other their secret ideas and hopes. I have ridden hundreds of miles with men whose names I never knew, but who told me their family histories, their ideals, and their vocations. In the conversation that takes place between the bummer and the man with whom he is riding no mention is made of social standing. During the ride their talk is strictly as man to man, as American to American.

The thumb of the college bummer as it points down the road is but the lingering ghost of that pioneer hand that pointed to the distant mountains as its owner uttered, "Thar's gold in them hills." The man perhaps knew there was no gold there, and the outstretched hand was but an expression of his spirit that wanted to go farther. The thumb of the college boy pointed down the road is another sign of a spirit that wants to go on. The outstretched hand of the bummer is but the hand of a beggar to many people. To me it is something noble and beautiful. It is an expression of hatred and defiance to the bonds and handicap of limited finances that keeps one from travelling. It is the hand of a comrade outstretched to a friend. It is a characteristic symbol of America as she goes forward.

Perhaps, the pioneer did find gold embedded in the rugged hills. The gold that the college bummer collects is in an intangible form. His gold is a knowledge of men secured by his associating with all types under all sorts of conditions on the road. More of this abstract gold is found in the bummer's endurance of hardships on the road, his love for roadside trees and flowers, and his democratic spirit of freedom and comradeship. He has been befriended by all types of men in his travels, and thus he has a friendly and tolerant attitude toward all men. "The pest that infests our street corners" is an ideal American in the making."

Gant

By DAVID CRAIG

A FAINT virginal blush had tinted Gant's angelic face to a light rose hue from sheer modesty when the secretary of the college Y. M. C. A., introducing him to a traveling missionary, had said, "And this, Sir, is Gant, one of our most loyal members."

Besides being a member of the Y. M. C. A., Gant was also a student at Midville College. But to have described Gant by merely saying that he was a student would have been as incompetent as describing America as a desert, because a certain section of this country is characterized by vast areas of sand in which large cactus plants grow. Gant was a junior at Midville, but that wasn't the half of it. He was, also, secretary of the junior class, star reporter and editorialist of the college weekly, business manager of the *Okay Magazine*, half-owner of

Celestial Place

By ARTHUR D. LITTLE, JR.

*There is a place I've never seen,
Eternal joy's den;
A place of Celestial calm serene,
Where gods are made of men.
Sweet echoes come from o'er the dales,
Not mixed with clamorous din,
And linger there where Love prevails
Untouched by worldly sin.
It's not the love that mortals pursue
With base and sensous zeal,
But the Love that the Saints themselves
once knew
And only the Angels feel.
And where do we find this hallowed
ground
So free from worldly woe?
Whence sprang the Love that we have
found,
When once this place we know?
Was it born in a spot where peace
abounds,
And Life itself gives breath?
It chose for a site dead soldiers' mounds,
And sprang from blackest death.
It's close by the spot where the marshes
blow
Over the Spaniard's grave;
It out of the Spaniard's blood doth grow
The Spaniard's soul to save.
Out of the flesh of a slaughtered crew,
Out of the muddy sod,
Out of the Bloody marsh it grew,
And became the temple of God.*

a campus store, vice-president of the Pow Wow Club, and a strong member of the Gamma Gamma fraternity.

And Gant was strictly moral. He lectured earnestly to the freshmen class on subjects of morality in a crusade against campus vices. His cherubic face seemed to reflect a faint halo from the middle seats of the college church, where he attended services once or twice almost every month. Back home Gant had been an usher in the First Baptist Church. Now he strove to keep the innocent members of the freshman class from going the way of the wicked. Yet unexpected visitors to his room were often puzzled by things they saw there. One wondered what certain pictures of ladies posing in brazen nudity were doing in his bureau drawer. And bottles that looked as if they might have contained liquor at one time were sometimes seen in his closet. Undoubtedly these things belonged to a sinful roommate, but—one couldn't help wondering.

And Gant was a business man. Ah, yes! Not for naught was he business manager of the *Okay Magazine*, half-owner of a campus store, chief usher at the football games, and head of the program venders at athletic contests. That was merely the way he made his money. His usually serene face was sometimes frowned into a perplexed mask of worry that responsibility puts on business men. The Y. M. C. A. had helped him to get several jobs, and it was often said in low tones by some of the other self-help

students less fortunate in securing work that Gant belonged to the "Y" for economic reasons. Of course, this was not the case. Gant devotedly supported the Y. M. C. A., and incidentally, when the Y. M. C. A. was asked to recommend a man for a job, it naturally thought of Gant. That was all.

He was self-centered. Looked strictly after his own welfare did this fellow Gant. Once he was accused of double-crossing the Pow Wow Club by secretly supporting a member of The Knights of the Nocturnal Breezes for editorship of the *Okay Magazine* in a campus election. It was even whispered among the faithful members of the Pow Wow Club that Gant was to have the position of business manager of the magazine, if the Knight of Nocturnal Breezes was elected editor. But Gant had cleared himself easily of this charge to his own glory and the humiliation of his accusers. The accusation had wilted reverently before the attack of his brilliant mind and wonderful line of "bull." But his companions were becoming suspicious. They analyzed every suggestion that Gant made toward political moves and business deals to see exactly where this fellow was going to derive some personal benefit from what he proposed that they do, for when Gant made a suggestion it was for the ultimate selfish advancement of his own interests.

A spirit of friendliness seemed to hover eternally around Gant. Never did he pass a student on the campus without directing a beaming nod and a cheery "hello" toward him. The campus wise-crackers flashed forth with a knowing wink and the harsh accusation—"a politician." Absurd! It was true that Gant had run for vice-president of the sophomore class, secretary of the Y. M. C. A. cabinet, freshman representative of the student council, and secretary of the junior class in the various campus elections. But politician? Why he detested the very word. It was after he had cast his hat in the ring of squabbling campus politics for the fourth time that the eternal "bullers" in Anson dormitory stroked their chins bristling with a three-day beard, puffed solemnly on their long-stemmed pipes, and asserted deliberately across an empty soap box improvised into a card table that Gant belonged to the "Y" for political reasons. But Gant, living sublimely unaware of this accusation, rejoiced in the knowledge that the Y. M. C. A. was well represented in campus politics because the best boys and natural leaders of men were found among the members of this good institution.

Transition

By CARLTON WILDER

When Harlan was a freshman in high school he took part in a declamation contest at a small college. This was the first glimpse he'd ever had of college life. It was to him an entirely new world. He had to sit for several hours in front of a building, waiting for a certain decision of judges. There were some other boys near him, waiting there also, but he did not talk to them. Probably he was too shy. There was plenty of

(Continued on page seven)

TRANSITION

(Continued from page six)

time to watch the college boys and co-eds as they walked about on the campus.

Their actions were extraordinarily interesting to him. At the hours for changing classes they came along the paths in large numbers, but at almost any time there was a single figure or maybe a couple or two. The men looked immensely tall. They walked with powerful strides. Their voluminous trousers flopped about as they walked.

For a long time a bunch of them stood by a parked car talking with some girls. The girls wore bright sweaters and hats. Harlan could not catch their words, but from the gestures and laughter he thought interesting things must be under discussion.

Later in the evening he walked with some boys down by the dormitories. It was the beginning of a soft, spring night, and sounds carried far. Banjos were playing here and there, deep voices humming. Groups of young men lounged on the steps or in open windows. The boys Harlan was with stopped to chat with one of the groups. Words went back and forth, but Harlan listened only to the voices, fascinated. He did not care that no one spoke to him.

About four years later he visited the state university on a Spring evening. He was quite a bit older, but he felt very much the same as at that earlier time. The same incomprehensible emotion returned. What glamor there was in the campus with its moving figures of young men in baggy trousers, in the village street at night with crowds of young men in front of drug stores and cafes talking and smoking!

The sight of these young men gave him the sense of something restless, youthful, indomitable in them and in himself. It was a thing hard to put in words.

After a while Harlan himself went off to college in the North. Up there it did not seem the same. He had to struggle to get adjusted, and for a long time there wasn't any glamor in it.

One night, though, something happened to him. He had gone to a city near the school with a bunch of boys to see a show. On the way back they stopped at an eating joint to get some sandwiches. The place was crowded. Harlan felt he had no inhibitions that night. People were looking at the boys. Harlan couldn't analyze those looks, but there seemed to be something like admiration in them. His mind went back to his own earliest impressions of college life, a long time to him. It must be the same glamor talking to these people that had first spoken to him on that spring day, as he sat in the sun watching the figures of young men come and go.

A STUDY IN THOUGHT

(Continued from page five)

climbed with the world—has climbed when the world fell into ruinous quarrels. How now it is looked upon as an art, as worthy and creative as literature itself! This diminutive volume has an inward lustre which is as graceful as it is enlightening—for America's greatest minds have set forth their views of what things really are. It is truly a "world classic."

—Kes.

Immortality

By VERNON B. CROOK

*Even as the Phoenix, man immortal is,
Encumbered not by shallow death, whose
garb*

*He casts aside as mere impertinence.
Eternal, he! the past, his burning pyre
Wherefrom he springs renewed from day
to day.*

*Ashes to ashes and dust to dust, 'tis true.
Thus man commingles with the earth; and
from*

*His flesh, full-nurtured, springs the bread
of life.*

*And growing there, God's plant from
God's own soil,*

It Stands, the Seed of man's Infinity.

*Then gathered is the bread of life. Man
eats*

*Of it. And as he eats he little thinks
Whose body 'tis, or guesses that the blood
Which surges through his veins is but
The fire of Phoenix-man aroused. A dead
Man's blood alive within his veins and he
A living man immortal with its flow.*

Anatomy and Suicide

By W. M. HAYES

There is no use in my trying to kid myself, or you either, for that matter; it was a rotten day. Even though the birds were singing in the trees, they were catbirds and crows, and the trees were pines. Of course there was a breeze, but it was a sickly thing that had no life in it, and also it was blowing through those infernal pines. It was one of those hopelessly cold days—just cold enough to make one feel uncomfortable and not enough to put pep into one. One might say that the Indian summer was going out with a grouch. For some reason or other the sun was hidden behind a nasty blanket of those clouds that one sometimes sees in early autumn, and which reminds one of nothing more than of settlings in the gutter. Autumn is the best time of year until it chooses to be dirty and then it is filthy. But hell, that's not the worst of it! I had worked all the afternoon before just like a "nigger" and had gone to my room dog tired. . . . To be sure, I knew that I had no business going to class unprepared, but that didn't give him a right to call me a jackass. (Math. is a nuisance anyhow.) And when I told him that I hadn't had time to do the stuff he laughed! "Yes, darnit! that's what everybody does. Laugh, laugh, laugh! go to picture shows, drink poison licker, ride in cars, and in the case of students, brass it out with the prof. when he tries to set on them." (Life seemed to be just one big comedy where everybody laughs, and I seemed to be the clown with the sad part.) "Why not contribute to the show in such a way that they will sit up and take notice? I can turn things into tragedy for once. I will make the front page and they will stop their infernal laughing for a while when they see me." (I'll admit that the weather had a lot to do with my mood.)

I began to plan the terrible thing that had

entered my mind. How was I to go about it? What method should I use? I couldn't use poison; that was too classical, I decided. And besides I didn't have enough money to buy poison. I couldn't use a pistol. That was too common, and I had less for buying pistols than I had for poison. Why not hang myself from a tree? "Ugh! that's where horse thieves are killed." Why not jump from some cliff to the jagged rocks beneath? I knew of just such a place. However, that was too romantic. I wasn't in love. Ah, at last I had an idea! I had a pocket knife in my pocket. That ought to turn the trick. I took it out and felt the edge and shook my head. I had intended to take a mighty slash and cut my jugular vein. I had heard of people dying from a severed jugular. However, my knife was too dull for that. I was becoming disgusted with the whole matter when I accidentally pricked my hand with the point of the knife. At last I had found a way! I would stab the vein; one way was as good as another. Surely the point was sharp enough for that. I closed my eyes and raised my hand in the air; I paused a moment—the moment lengthened—grew longer and longer—finally—"Oh hell, where is the jugular vein located!"

I opened my eyes and looked around. The sun had slid through an opening in the clouds; a mocking bird had perched above me and was singing fit to crack a vocal cord; a grasshopper was cutting somersaults a few steps in front of me; a cricket was making music while a big red ant was dancing on a leaf near by. *They were making fun of me.* It would have been a comedy even if I had known the exact location of the jugular vein. I grabbed old Giant Despair by the coat-tails and set him flat in the Slough of Despond, and I am now in my room preparing to study math.

AUDACIOUS ROMANCE

(Continued from page five)

self and followers and caused him, momentarily, to be regarded as a national hero. His connection with important people, such as General Andrew Jackson, caused even greater brilliance. But after he reached the peak of his fame, he sank again into the depths of his nefarious occupation, and people, from that time on, looked on him as a second Captain Kidd. Since he disappeared from Galveston "early in 1821," he has lived on in legend as mysteriously as he vanished from sight. Surely Lafitte was a strange, fascinating, and romantic figure, and there is little wonder that he has assumed so prominent a place among our most interesting early Americans. The word-pictures which Saxon in this volume paints will no doubt go far in immortalizing Jean Lafitte as one of the most singularly romantic figures in all our history.

The illustrations by E. H. Suydam are by no means the most unattractive feature of the book. Mr. Suydam seems to have caught, in his drawings, the atmosphere of old New Orleans and particularly of Barataria, the stronghold of Lafitte's gang of pirates. These illustrations are numerous and add much to the reader's enjoyment.

—Beverly Moore.

SYMPOSIUM ON SPITTOONS

(Continued from page four)

PART TWO

By JARGO

There used to be a set of spittoons in the corners of every house. Although rarely in use when company came, it was a vessel for receiving spittle. It grew more and more ornamental, the resplendent brass glittering from every angle. Now they tell me it is a sign of backwardness, of an earlier civilization, and that in this advanced age there is no need for such an ancient conveyance.

In the showroom this past summer, my morning broom was carried about amidst irregular blotches, interwoven strands dried and immovable, gum yarns soft and tenacious, flattened cigarettes peeved at the surity of puffed cigar stubs, match sticks and nondescripts in the lined crevices of the floor, each permeating with its own hollow odor the tight atmosphere between the four walls.

When the windows were opened, a wave of wind swept in—wind which mingled with the frayed masses and toyed with the lingering smells. The gust of air strolled about and began to blow swirling little masses into corners until they petered out.

Then there came a leisurely inodorous pressure rubbing the nostrils gently. All at once I realized that those shrivelled, shunted masses were dragging mocking germs deep into the lungs. A sight like this offends our frailties and humbles our love of nicety. This is not alone my grievance—for anyone who views these projections realizes how they may conjure up the spirits and expand into a catastrophe. Much more satisfactory would it be were it to don the brass garb of a spittoon.

Now all the world is a spittoon and widely serves the purpose. Every walk is a final resting place, every floor is a splashboard of all the evacuated improprieties of the mouth.

PART THREE

By Ioo

Our Old Testament, quite accessible, and conveniently serving as a bounteous source of precepts, makes mention of the remark that an unclean person cannot spit upon a clean one without rendering him unclean. With like dignity and earnestness do our multifarious boards of health, women's clubs, and the like, instill into us a conviction that spitting, mannerly and ethically, is an odious practice to be condemned and necessarily abolished. After much rambling and twaddling, their most constructive suggestion is the placing of cuspidors (frequently and appropriately called spittoons) in commodious, yet obscure, locations. After a time, either through appearance or odor, these vessels are no longer cause for admiration. Even the most sodden recluse of provincial Carolina is aware of the utter failure and hopelessness of this one-of-many American institutions.

Carried away by the profound righteousness of their declamations and secure in the feeling that their's is a cause of the Gods, these organizations, the blunt manifestations of the people, quite overlook the fact that this American spitting habit is an inevitable result of an immemorial past, perhaps better fitted for eulogy and

veneration than the cackle and prattled censure which the populace expectedly and profusely hurls upon it.

In the Semitic world, perhaps the most efficacious of methods for blessing was the communication of the saliva from the holy man to the solicitous mouth of the patient. Thus, the purifying powers of spittle could be apparent since invariably the accused recipient regained divine approbation and composure.

Paradoxically enough, spittle, nature's most misunderstood gift, which, with due certainty is ejected into the murky depths of stained spittoons—exemplification of civilization's falability—has healing powers. Mohammed in his healing habitually used clay made with spittle. Even in Palestine today, wounds, be it a serpent's bite or diseased feet, are healed by the application of spittle from the munificent mouths of dervishes. The baboon, low creature of the order, by the mere spitting upon his wounds, cures them. Decidedly effectual (as asserted by African natives) their mode of cure is surely more pleasant and infinitely less expensive than ours.

Spitting, as practiced by some tribes in Africa, forms the basic manifestation of any ethical and social philosophy that there might be. To them, probably more effective than our reverential swearing and spasmodic supplications, the spitting rite is an expression of fidelity, reverence or attachment, evincive of good will and sincere benevolence, perhaps the last custom of any race, white or black, striving to infuse and preserve a vigorous susceptibility of moral principles.

So when the American boy spits on his bait for piscatorial success, or our American mother "kisses it to make it well," they are merely protracting a venerable usage, and availing themselves of Nature's gift, universally criticized and doomed to death in a spittoon.

"THEY KILL US FOR THEIR SPORT"

(Continued from page one)

make. His neat uniform fitted his stout body admirably. His eyes had become steady again and burned brightly under the brim of his khaki hat. During the first few months after entering the army, Jim made good. Two months after he had first put on his uniform, the right sleeve of his coat was decorated by two stripes. He was a corporal. To the officers he was known as Corporal Snow, but the soldiers always called him "Corporal Jim." One day, after he had been in the army a year, Jim's eyes again became unsteady and glaring. He suddenly decided that he wanted to come home, and he left Fort Motor without bothering himself to get permission to leave. Six months later he was at home to stay. He had a dishonorable discharge from the army.

Under the rustling leaves of the great tulipopolars in the yard of the old Snow home, Jim's eyes ceased to rove and glare. He became ambitious again and started to work. One day he married and built a small home of his own near a thick grove of maple trees that grew on his father's farm. A year after Jim's marriage a child was born in this home that sat against a scarlet background of maple flowers in the

springtime. By this time Jim was becoming a successful farmer. It was at this period of his life that Jim was called "Mr. Snow" by all respectable people. But late one July, when the summer winds had just begun to blow the pink blooms of his maturing cotton plants over the field, Jim's eyes began to glare. One morning he disappeared. He had gone off on a freight train that rumbled through the Kentucky mountains toward Detroit. He came back later to his farm. But he was no longer "Mr. Snow." People now feared him. Some pitied him. None respected him. Then one day his house caught afire and burned to the ground. His wife went home to her father to stay until another house was built. The house was never built. The wife never came back. I heard once that she had secured a divorce from Jim and married again. Jim went back to the old Snow home, but he didn't stay. Except for occasional visits to his mother, his life was spent in creaking freight cars or on the highway, tramping to God-knows-where.

Jim was a victim of inherited insanity. He couldn't help his failing in life, for at eighteen years of age he found all the roads of life closed to him except one. And that one led straight to failure and a vagabond's existence.

And as I sat there looking into Jim's gray, bloodshot eyes, and watching a lock of his unkempt blond hair that a soft Spring breeze was blowing from under his greasy cap, a quotation from one of Shakespeare's plays came ironically to my mind:

"As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods. They kill us for their sport."

"America demands a poetry that is bold, modern, and all-surrounding and kosmical, as she is herself."
—Walt Whitman.

Shadows

By ELEANOR KINCAID

*The day is warm and peaceful,
The sky is sunny blue,
The wind a soft caress,
Reminding me of you.*

*The birds are all quite happy,
And sing a lovely song,
But I—I sit alone,
And think of you—and long.*

*The sighing of the wind
Brings tears into my eyes,
That song of bird cannot dispel
Nor sun, nor azure skies,*

*Within my heart there is no sun
But clouds—all windy gray,
And sadness like a rushing rain
That drives the light away.*

*You told me that you'd come again
You told me 'twould be soon
But I have waked and sat and watched
Through each succeeding moon.*

*And now I know you lied to me
To save us storm and stress,
Instead of love you gave to me
This pain and loneliness.*

The CAROLINA MAGAZINE

In This Number



THE WILL TO WORLD PEACE
THE CONSTANT MALE
WOMEN IN EDUCATIONAL PRISON
CHRISTMAS MIDNIGHT
OH, YE DELICIOUS FABLES
OLD CLOTHES SENSATIONS
SHAMUS McKEEVER
THIS CONFUSION · POEMS · EDITORIALS

EDITED BY J. C. WILLIAMS

CHRISTMAS 1930

The Carolina Magazine

Official Literary Organ of the Student Body of the University of North Carolina

VOLUME LX

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NUMBER 6

THE WILL TO WORLD PEACE

(Editor's note: This is the first of a series of articles by prominent members of the University faculty, which will be published in the magazine during the remainder of the present collegiate year. Dr. Henderson, in addition to holding the Chair of Mathematics in the University, is a writer of national and international repute.)

By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON, PH.D.

TODAY, I deliberately close my eyes to the lurid pictures of present and future wars, painted upon our daily horizon by the yellow journalists of ill-omen and the dancing dervishes of dismay. I would penetrate beneath mere surface indications, overlook mere local disturbances, and endeavor to discern the true spirit of our time.

I like to believe, and I do believe, that viewed in this larger way, a new spirit is abroad in the world in our time. The eyes of mankind are for the first time in history focused deliberately upon a goal which, in spite of temporary obstacles, seems less remote than ever before: the goal of world peace. In the United States, the world's greatest democracy and the home of the most pacific people, the repellent and ghastly spectacle of a World War was not needed to incline the hearts of Americans toward World Peace. On May 8, 1828—more than a century ago—was founded by William Ladd a society which has exerted a very great influence for peace among nations, the American Peace Society. The history, indeed the very existence of such a society throughout the past century, affords an inspiring example to all pacifically minded people, and should give fresh courage to all men and women of great faith and humanitarian ideals who are laboring unselfishly that nations abolish war. Armistice Day should remind us of the centenary of the American Peace Society. For now, for the first time in recorded history, the nations of the world are beginning to strive earnestly to see the light—the light that shall not only shine in darkness, but may in time, God willing, dispel forever the heavy shadows that in 1914-1918 fell upon a stricken world.

Another notable celebration held several years ago was the unveiling of the memorial, projected in the midst of the World War, commemorating a century of peace between the United States and Great Britain. It should be matter for proud recognition by all Americans that since July 4, 1776, the world has been afforded a magnificent object lesson of a true League of Nations: the federation of the United States. The very fact that this federation was

first wrought out with steel and iron, and later sealed and cemented with the blood and tears of millions, gives added significance to the fundamentally pacific character of the American people. The memorial unveiled on the American-Canadian boundary line proclaimed to the world that here is a great frontier, four thousand miles long, unguarded by a single fortress, battleship, guard or gun, and unviolated for considerably more than a century. I cannot but feel that, were the meaning of this century-and-more of peace between the United States and Great Britain completely elucidated and brought fully home to the people of this country, it would prove the strongest argument, in the form of an object-lesson, that could be advanced, in favor of the entry of the United States into the League of Nations. It has been by continual and persistent resort to the very principles which sustain the League of Nations—negotiation, arbitration, regard for the sanctity of treaties, and recognition of the obligatory force of international law—that the United States and Great Britain, since December 24, 1814, have avoided the exciting temptations of war and have secured the inestimable blessings of peace.

During the era since the signing of the Treaty of Ghent, many and difficult have been the problems which vexed the rulers and statesmen of the two great English-speaking peoples. The peace itself was largely brought about through the pacific counsels of two great men: Wellington, Napoleon's conqueror, who discounted further prosecution of a war, in which he was designated to head an expedition against the United States; and Albert Gallatin, brilliant financier, a former Secretary of the Treasury, who proved the most tenacious supporter of peace at the conference. The years have brought vexing questions not a few; and at times, warfare seemed imminent and scarcely to be averted. A deliberate will to peace, a mutual if tacit agreement to resort to diplomatic negotiations rather than to arms: these are the influences which have operated, quietly but irresistibly, against the meaningless arbitrament of war.

The marking out of the long Canadian-American frontier, which was accomplished only very gradually and by piecemeal, has been a triumph of friendly methods: of treaty-making, of arbitration, of diplomatic agreement.

From time to time, perturbing issues have arisen between the United States and Great Britain, notably the matters of the Alaskan boundary, the seal fisheries of the Behring sea, and the fishing off the Newfoundland banks. All yielded to solution by resort to the principle

of arbitration and reliance upon the mutual desire for friendly adjustment. During President Wilson's administration, an exciting question arose in connection with the recently constructed Panama Canal. President Taft, together with a large proportion of the American people, believed that no violation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty would be committed in exempting American coastwise shipping from paying tolls. President Wilson was deeply affected by the vehement protest of the British people, who interpreted the treaty differently; and on June 15, 1914, he signed a bill repealing the special privilege of freedom from tolls granted to American coastwise ships. This was not merely a gracious and noble gesture on the part of Woodrow Wilson: it was the outward, visible sign of the inner, spiritual conviction that friendship with Great Britain, especially on a doubtful point of treaty interpretation, was worth incalculably more to the United States than obstinate insistence upon so-called "rights" which perhaps had no authentic validity.

The greatest crusader for world-peace this globe has ever known was the late Woodrow Wilson. This knight of good-will fought the good fight for something vastly greater than an *entente cordiale* of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. He battled, even unto death, for an inviolable *entente cordiale* of all peoples. With tear-stained face and grim indomitable jaw, he fought valiantly to the bitter end for the League of Nations, which by his iron will and moral force he had founded. But all in vain, he pleaded for America to seize the opportunity for moral leadership of the world which the League of Nations so clearly afforded. More than any other one man or group of men, Wilson was the architect and founder of the League of Nations; but his own nation, his own people, condemned that structure as hazardous and insecure. Yet it is an undoubted fact, as Elihu Root recently said, that during the years since the World War, the League of Nations in the political field and the World Court in the judicial field have been rendering incomparably the best service in the cause of world peace known to the history of civilization.

Today the League of Nations, with its legal adjunct in the Permanent Court of International Justice, is the central fact in the international life of the present time. It is made up of some fifty-odd nations, imparting to it a character of permanence and stability which cannot be easily overthrown. It has been happily described as "an attempt to recognize the interdependence of modern nations by substituting

(Continued on page six)

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Oldest College Publication in the United States

(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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Tuesday, December 16, 1930

"It is a sore thing to have labored along and scaled the arduous hilltops, and when all is done, to find humanity indifferent to your achievement."
—R. L. Stevenson.

"No good work whatsoever can be perfect, and the demand for perfection is always a sign of misunderstanding of the ends of art."
—John Ruskin

"Music resembles poetry, in each Are nameless graces which no methods teach, And which a master-hand alone can reach."
—Alexander Pope.

A Distinct Loss

The interval between the last and the present number of this publication has witnessed a great loss to the University. Reference is made to the death of Major William Cain, who was for a half-century one of the foremost citizens and scholars of the State. His was a life filled to the brim with accomplishment; indeed, a life whose beaded bubbles actually winked over at the brim ere he answered the call to the final muster.

Major Cain, who was entering his eighty-fourth year when the death angel placed his dreaded stamp upon him, was among the most beloved residents of Chapel Hill. It was said of him that

his mere presence for an occasion guaranteed an atmosphere of dignity. Although he leaves no children to perpetrate his name and his undertakings, his influence will be felt for generations to come. Many an ambitious scholar will spend his life in the honorable profession of teaching before one like unto the late Major Cain arises.

The University, the citizenry of Chapel Hill, and the people of the State rightly mourn the loss of a distinguished educator, whose contributions to the "little world of man" mark a significant milestone in the written record of human progress.

It Seems to Us

THERE is considerable room for marvelling at the vast extent of culture one can inhale during four years at a university. What do students do? What are they interested in? Out of a student body numbering more than two-and-one-half-thousand, at least fifty are interested in those pursuits for which college life is designed. Perhaps even sixty will attend musical concerts when no basketball game is scheduled in the Tin Can or a hot show at the Carolina Theatre. 'Tis really remarkable how noticeably the arts are appreciated at this center of culture.

One desiring further insight into the high cultural pursuits and interests of our dear students can appease his hunger by "easing" around to fraternity row any time after seven o'clock. You may wait all night without hearing anything that could by any chance be classified as cultural. The air will be literally permeated with jazz music, ranging all the way from sweet papa to hot mama.

Ten or fifteen dollars a quarter for the Carolina Theatre, three dollars thirty-three and one-third cents a quarter for athletic fee, one dollar sixty-six and two-thirds cents for publications fee, sixteen and two-thirds cents for student debating and public speaking, nothing a quarter for music: so rank the cultural interests of the student body.

Journalistic Trend

Since the CAROLINA MAGAZINE exchanges with the literary publications of some twenty colleges and universities scattered throughout the United States, we are in a position to see college jour-

nalism from somewhat of a consolidated standpoint. Although it is still in the infant stage, college journalism is obviously tending to take on the mantle of the professional.

More than ever before, college newspapers and magazines are becoming work-shops for prospective professional newspaper men. We are personally inclined to think that this is a good thing. In this age of specialization, professional journalists need actual practice while they are in college. The participation of such persons in the work of issuing the four publications of the student body of the University of North Carolina is responsible for the professional garb which the *Daily Tar Heel*, in particular, and the CAROLINA MAGAZINE, to a smaller extent, have assumed. Although the editor of this publication is bent upon entering the practice of legal literature, most of the members of the staff intend to enter the journalistic profession. The training of such persons is the most valuable contribution that a college publication can render.

A survey of the publications of other colleges and universities reveals the professional trend to a lesser extent, in most cases. This, we feel, is lamentable.

This Issue

This, the Christmas Number of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE, represents an attempt on the part of the editor and his staff to give the students of the University a collection of the best creative writing that the campus has to offer. Perhaps, we have succeeded; perhaps, we have failed. Judgment in this matter we leave entirely to our readers.

In addition to having a cover, this number is twice the usual size. Owing to the cost involved in the issuance of a sixteen-page magazine, we have found expediency to lie in a consolidation of two issues. Such action having been taken and having resulted in the present sixteen-page Christmas Number, this publication will not be issued on Sunday, January 3. The first issue after Christmas will appear Sunday, January 17.

We plan only one other special of the Magazine, that to appear just before the close of the incumbent editorial administration and to be called the Farewell Number.

Oh, Ye Delicious Fables!

By JOE JONES

IT IS generally assumed that there is nothing man desires more than to be happy, and that both his search for and concept of happiness are infinitely variform. Diogenes flourished in his tub as an adherent to that Cynic group which pretended to find happiness by cutting off the desires; while at the same time Aristippus, the worldly man, in the luxurious African city of Cyrene waxed voluptuous in the midst of a philosophic school whose dogma recognized happiness only as a satisfying of the desires. From the common tenet that happiness is the perfect proportion of desire and satisfaction, the two elaborate doctrines developed by these two schools branched out, like the forks of Banbury road, into an everlasting divergence.

To say, however, that the Cynics and Cyreneans and their ideas are little more than a transient flurry of spindrift in this world's vast spate of happiness-ideas and happiness-seekers, is to be platitudinous. For man, whether he lived in the lost, unwritten centuries, or whether he died but yesterday, has always pointed his every faculty in the direction of a supposed happiness. Failing to realize this end in his terrestrial life, he desperately gives himself a chance in another world: a flawless existence in the abode of the very gods.

Hector, bleeding on the Trojan sands, breathes already the sweet air of Olympus; the Norse warrior, stricken on the battlefield, hears the thunder of Valkyries' wings; the dying Indian lifts his arms toward the dim portals of a happy hunting ground; today's soldier falls with a rosary or testament under his jacket. Through the ages man has thus lived and died in a quest for happiness, the pathetic wine of his enchantment.

In the wake of this search he has left innumerable creeds and formulas for happiness. The Christians alone toss out a generous handful: "Happy is the man whom God correcteth." "We count them happy that endure." "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom." "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord." "He that hath mercy on the poor, he is happy." "Happy is the man that feareth alway." "Happy is he that condemneth not." There is no end; we have as many from the Eastern philosophers, from the Greeks, and from the wise men of today.

Into this shoreless sea of happiness-formulas many of us are fain to thrust our hands, pluck forth a few sentences, saying, here is my formula for happiness, and attempt to live accordingly. But too often the philosophy of our choice turns to dust and ashes in our grasp. Canded against the white fire of practical existence its flaws often show like the sullen bowels of a stale egg. Yet each of us, continuing to foster his little personal philosophy, dauntlessly dreams of a happiness so perfect that it can never exist.

Personally, I have gulled myself into accepting a single line from Bovee as one of my keys to happiness. Should it be a delusion, all is

Socialistic Hereafter

By EVELYN TERRY

*A birth and a forgetting is our life.
We know not when we come nor how nor why.*

*This only do we know: that God on high
Allows us a brief moment here. The strife
Of earthly living cuts just as a knife
Would cleave a cord the robes brought
from the sky,*

*Those trailing clouds of glory that mere
dye
Could never make so brilliant. Then ends
life.*

*The end is but beginning all things new
Where time is limitless and peace abounds
And unto each is given his due share
Of that which all may jointly claim. A few
There are dissatisfied — so Hell resounds
With rasping cries commingled with hot
air.*

well; for the statement is, "No man is happy without a delusion of some kind." This means, of course, that every happy person, if there is one, is deluded, rather than the absurdity that every deluded person is happy. Certainly, life bears this out: as man treads that path which leads from cradle to winding sheet, his happiness, I believe, decreases in proportion to the diminution of his illusions. Happiness, therefore, may well be said to consist of a retention of illusions.

No laughter is freer than the child's, for his blessing is that of unsuspecting illusion. He believes that St. Nicholas comes down the chimney, that fairy-creatures lurk in the woods or under the tall grass, and that always, when he is tired, he will find peace in his mother's arms without even so much as having to ask for it. He dreams of a day when he shall inherit the blissful life of a grown-up, with money for ice cream and the movies always in his pocket, and with no one to make him go to bed or wash his ears when he doesn't want to.

It may not take him long to get over the heartbreak which comes with the shattering of his Santa Claus belief; he is wistful only for a little while when he decides there really aren't any fairies, but I wonder if he ever quite escapes the dull flatness of having money with no accompanying desire for ice cream and the movies. He is learning something of that proverb which says: "It is much better to want something and not be able to get it than to be able to get it and not want it."

There is an old, old story about this illusion business which somehow I seemed destined never to forget. Perhaps you know it already: It tells of a father and little son who, living near the sea, stood often upon the dark cliffs to watch that strange fire which runs along the waves' tips at night. They wondered what caused the sea to burn with so unreal a brightness. They were fascinated by this mass of

(Continued on page four)

Shamus McKeever

By PHILIP ARNOLD

SHAMUS McKEEVER, sometimes called "The Dipper" by New York's stalwart sons because of the ease with which he could relieve a man of his wallet, was sitting on his favorite bench at 137th Street and Riverside Drive. Far below him the murky Hudson flowed serenely towards the ocean, unnoticed, for Christmas was only one week away and Shamus was wondering if Santa Claus would send a victim with a fat wallet into his ken.

Last Christmas had not come up to expectations. Things had looked fine until the day before Christmas, when the vigilant eye of Timothy O'Sullivan, plain clothes man and his clinging enemy, had spied him in the act of dipping into the coat pocket of an unsuspecting strap hanger on the Lexington Avenue subway. This was the third time that Timothy had bagged him and sent him to the cooler, and Shamus was almost beginning to hate the sight of him.

But maybe this year things would turn out differently. Shamus was almost sure of it. True he hadn't a copper in his pockets and his threadbare clothes were far from sufficient to keep the wintry blasts from his shivering body. But then Shamus was an optimist. Something would surely turn up during the week. Yes, he was sure of it.

A prosperous looking individual out for a morning's stroll, passed by and deposited near Shamus' feet a full three inches of an expensive cigar. Shamus hastily grasped it and put it in his mouth. On the point of arising to stalk this new prey, his eyes fell on something that caused him to fall back on the bench with a hollow groan.

The cause of his distress was the massive form of Timothy O'Sullivan who had suddenly loomed up in view. Shamus watched the approach of his Nemesis with an arsenic glare that would have repulsed any man but O'Sullivan. But Timothy had been the recipient of this glare too many times to longer notice it. He now placed his huge bulk in front of Shamus. A beautiful smile radiated from his full-moon face as he said:

"Merry Christmas! Shamus."

Shamus did not even deign it necessary to answer. He merely puffed away at his cigar, and sat tight.

"I say, Shamus," continued Timothy painfully, "this looks like a good Christmas. See that you keep out of mischief. But then I'll be watching you, so I guess you'll be safe."

This was too much for Shamus.

"You big flat-foot, why can't you let a man go about his business in peace?"

"Shamus, the law's against you. Keep away from other people's pockets. I hate to pull you in all the time. Why don't you get an honest job and—"

Shamus McKeever angrily arose. His profession had been insulted. And by a common pavement pounder at that. By a fat one, too. He turned his back and headed uptown along the

(Continued on page seven)

OH, YE DELICIOUS FABLES!

(Continued from page three)

green, which moved with the breakers like swarms of drowned fireflies. Hand in hand they watched silently, or with low-spoken words.

At last the son, grown, went off to college. On the first night of his return he walked again with his father to the cliff's edge. "Look, son," said his father, "look at the sea! How strangely it burns tonight! It is a weird, beautiful fire." "Weird, beautiful fire indeed," sneered the youth, "that stuff is nothing but phosphorescence, a non-metallic element of the nitrogen group." Upon hearing his son speak these words, the old man cast himself from the precipice headlong into the sea.

I have always had a great deal of sympathy for that old fellow. I like to fancy myself one of that impractical company who say with Barry Cornwall, "Oh, ye delicious fables, why hath science grave scattered afar your sweet imaginings?" I still like to pretend that a sudden quiet in the wood means that Pan is taking his siesta somewhere near at hand; and how I should like to have back just one of those long-ago, stormy autumn nights when I lay awake in my bed earnestly listening to hear poor, murdered Hern the Hunter follow his ghostly hounds out of my father's scraggly fence-rows and into the copse of Grindstone Hill! Fortunate is that man who, watching hawk chase swallow, sees not merely two birds, but mad Terius in deadly pursuit of the maiden Philomela. How stolid must be that traveller who finds no thrill of pleasure in tossing a coin into the basin of Giacomo's fountain, for he who flings even so much as a half-centesimi into this pool shall some day return to Rome. And I am glad that so many American tourists cheerfully suffer the physical contortion one must perform in kissing the Blarney stone.

And just as our lives are rendered more interesting by these lesser conceits, so have the greater illusions forever lifted man up and borne him, happy and confident, toward a goal that is seldom won. Most of us, at least while we are young, dream of achievement: the young architect dreams of the towers he will build, the young artist of the acclaimed canvasses he will paint, the author of the epic he will write; and so on down to the scullion himself, whose aspirations may well touch the very chefdom of Bertolini's Palace.

Even the more shiftless among us live and strive by these glorified will-o'-the-wisps. In our midst are young men who have formulated no definite ideal or plan of post-college life, and who are yet carried on by distant illusions. They are not uneasy; until they have tried out these visions they will be deluded and happy.

I have in mind a lackadaisical student, a thorn in the registrar's side, who, calm and content, is nearing the flunk-out abyss. He says that on the day he gets his pink slip he will put his foot in the road to go wherever chance and whim might lead. He will bum and tramp to the far places of the continent; he will have adventures. How he is to keep up financially he doesn't exactly know. Perhaps he'll stop to

work awhile wherever he runs across a job. That will be fascinating, he says; stop in a little town, get work, come to know the people, make friends, then some fine morning shoulder his pack and tell them he must be on his way. Sounds romantic, doesn't it?

Poor fellow! His plans do not include being knocked off a moving box-car by a railroad policeman's club, nor hiding, cold and hungry, in the Mississippi hobo jungles. Such are the tales that genuine rovers tell. I tried the open road myself once, wearing hob-nails, a shirt, and a pair of old white ducks; and I spent the second night of my vagabondage seventy miles from home in a Washington police station. All the food I had next morning before being released was a cup of coffee and a handful of fried apples served in a pasteboard ice cream container. By late afternoon I was home again, crestfallen and footsore. So my friend the flunker is still happier than I by at least one illusion.

I believe, though, that I yet have one to match his. It concerns that geological mystery, Massanutten Mountain, which for fifty miles divides lengthwise the great valley of Virginia. Its southern end terminates in a mighty peak, from whose upper buttresses the crags fall away to the valley floor like the broken pieces of some gigantic unfinished causeway. Once in August I spent several days alone on this peak. I lay quiet on the topmost ledge until the hawks almost brushed me with their wings. In the evening I sat by a campfire, and at night I slept in a cave. By day I never tired of watching the sky's pageantry, or gazing on the valley which spread out below me like a strange, vast sea.

For three days I enjoyed solitude and grandeur. I cannot forget old Massanutten peak; some day I'm going back to it. I'll build a cabin in its crown of cliffs and blackjack oaks and clouds. I'll live there alone with my books and typewriter. Perhaps I'll have an old friend up once in a while. I'll be brown and lean and sinewy with treading mountain trails.

What if that idea is impractical? We need to slip away once in a while from our more practical illusions. There is a good in comforting ourselves with things that shall never be. The fabric of happiness may be strengthened and stabilized only by hard work, but certainly its underlying pattern is woven from the meshes of illusion.

Old-Clothes Sensations

By A. GURGANUS

PEOPLE whom penury has never compelled in infancy or adolescence to wear other people's clothes have missed a valuable lesson in social sympathy. In our journey from the period when we first strutted thoughtlessly in our Cousin Charlie's cast-off coat, on to the time when we resented its misfit, and thence to that latest and best day when we could bestow our own discarded jacket on Cousin Billy, we have successfully experienced all the gradations of soul between pauper and philanthropist. Most of us are fortunate enough to put away other people's clothes when we put

(Continued on page six)

THE WILL TO WORLD PEACE

(Continued from page one)

conciliation for conflict and by promoting co-operation in matters of common concern." Already it has accomplished wonders in the settlement of national disputes: the Aaland Island Controversy, the vexed question of Vilna, the Memel Dispute, the problem of Upper Silesia, the boundary between Albania and Yugoslavia, and the volcanic issue over Corfu, to mention only some of its principal achievements. Through its pacific and harmonizing influence was made possible the remarkable Locarno Conference, which gave to Germany a restoration to equality in international understanding, guaranteed France against aggression, and so did much to eliminate the most menacing obstacles to peace.

Woodrow Wilson has gone to join the immortals in the long sleep; but his soul is marching on. Although the United States has never joined the League of Nations, it is coming to realize that the League cannot be ignored. By sending representatives to important conferences of the League, such as the Opium Conference and the London Conference for the limitation of naval armament, this country is gradually becoming an informal associate member of the League of Nations for certain special purposes. This country took a mighty step forward in pointing the way to world peace in calling the Washington Conference for Limitation of Armaments, establishing the sensible 5-5-3 ratio for the United States, Great Britain, and Japan, and making the magnificent offer to scrap ships for the building of which \$335,000,000 had already been spent. The Bryan Peace Treaties, and the more fully elaborated and binding Kellogg Peace Treaties, are solemn pledges of this country's essentially pacific disposition towards the rest of the world.

Mr. Kellogg, former Secretary of State, is now a judge of the World Court; but the United States as a nation has not yet joined that court. She has not joined, because she insists upon the right to retain her freedom to submit cases to the Court or not, as she chooses. The late Lord Bryce once declared in the House of Lords that there was one thing dear to all true Americans: international law and practice. President McKinley made the original suggestion for the establishment of a court of international arbitration; and America exercised paramount influence in establishing and working out the details of The Hague Tribunal. It is inconceivable that the United States can much longer remain outside the World Court, a great and powerful tribunal engaged in organizing and interpreting international law.

War, by its very nature, can never be the true instrument of justice. Wars never settle anything justly or permanently. Wars are self-perpetuating. Wars breed wars. When statesmen naively say that future wars are unthinkable, they only mean that the thought of future wars cannot be eradicated from their minds!

And yet, however passionate the desire for peace, it is impossible for the pacifist, in the

(Continued on page six)



THE BOOK WORLD



On the Eve of Hostilities

PRE-WAR AMERICA. By Mark Sullivan.
pp. XVII, 586. Charles Scribner's Sons.
New York, 1930. \$5.00.

In *Pre-War America* Mark Sullivan continues his history of *Our Times*, the first two volumes of which have been received with general approbation by both the reading public and the reviewers. William Allen White said of *The Turn of the Century* that Sullivan had "written a delicious book. . . He has galvanized erudite accuracy with life, and sugar-coated scholarly details with a loving memory. Sullivan's reality in putting in his background is so genuine that it restores youth. The reader in his forties or fifties or sixties who goes into this book takes a joyous souse into the fountain of youth." And a reviewer in the *New York Times* said of *America Finding Herself* that "It is one glorious riot of reminiscences, recollections, events over which you will laugh until your sides ache. . . It is a scrap-book written by a well informed man who recognizes the significant in current events."

The third volume of the series is written in the same vein and manner as the first two. It is an intimate, firsthand, journalistic account of the reign of "Theodore the First." The volume, while not having a single theme, seems to be built around Theodore Roosevelt. The author writes of every-day events and happenings: the "vogues in fashions and manners, inventions, literature, diversions, popular songs, progress in science and industry, [and] sports," as well as politics, murders, the bookworm, big business, and in fact everything which happened and about which the average American read, thought and talked.

The volume begins with a frank and informal discussion of the friendship of Roosevelt and Taft; a friendship notable for its intimacy in spite of the wide chasm between the personalities of the two men. Roosevelt is pictured a seeker of publicity, the wielder of the big stick, and the most pugnacious of our presidents. Taft, on the other hand, is described as an easy-going, fun-loving peacemaker, who preferred a place on the Supreme Court to the post of chief executive.

The story of the Equitable Life Insurance Company is an absorbing one. Sullivan enables the reader to see and understand the methods of big business, and yet one feels that the author is not so sure of himself when writing of finance and industry as of social and political history. James H. Hyde is described as an egotistical, affected show-off who rode to his office with violets nodding not only from his button-hole but also from his horses' bridles. Such a man became easy prey for the sharpers. The fight which developed within the company for its control and mutualization involved the master financiers, Hill, Morgan, and Harriman, and paved the way for Charles Evans Hughes to

make a name for himself as he disclosed and exposed the disregard of the rights of the public by big business, and the evils of interlocking directorates.

Roosevelt looms large in the chapters dealing with the press, muckrakers, frenzied finance, the Storer episode, the Booker Washington affair, the nature fakers, simplified spelling, the railroad rate war, the Hepburn Bill, and the choice of his successor. Roosevelt is seen as an aggressive fighter for reform and as the one dominant figure of the period.

While the story of Dr. Charles W. Stiles and his conquest of the hookworm disease in the South may not be wholly pleasing to Southern readers, Sullivan recounts it in an incomparable manner. Against great odds the unknown doctor made his fight for science only to fail until a chance reporter gave him the publicity which enabled him to get the ear of that great North Carolinian, Walter Hines Page, and through him to reach Rockefeller and his millions. Then, with the funds supplied by the latter, Dr. Stiles proceeded to emancipate the South from the tenacious hold of the devitalizing hookworm.

The chapter on songs and their singers, drama and its players, while it makes interesting reading and may have worthwhile qualities is marred by the page after page roll call of musical hits and their singers. The author makes little attempt to analyze and interpret the significance of such development.

In the last three chapters of the book, Mr. Sullivan sinks to the level of the annalist. In the chapters 1906, 1906, and 1908 he sets down in chronological order varied happenings ranging from the advent of the sheath skirt to the San Francisco earthquake, and from the famous, or infamous, Harry K. Thaw trial to the currency panic of 1907.

Pre-War America is a most readable book. The style is free and easy, the story recounted an absorbing one. But there are some serious criticisms which may be raised. The author, journalist that he is, has a nose for news. Hence his choice of material seems to be determined by its news value, rather than by its general significance. The work, while heavily documented, is reminiscent, and the author lingers so long over some of his memories that he is forced to slight others of greater importance. Sullivan leaves his reader impressed with his impartiality, but dissatisfied in that he is given no definite conclusion as to disputed points, as for instance, in the Roosevelt-Washington dinner, and the Roosevelt-Tillman-Chandler dispute.

A lack of proper perspective is another defect of the work. For instance, why should Fred Merkle's failure to touch second base in a baseball game merit a two full page discussion while the Wright brothers get only twelve lines? And why should the spelling reform movement occupy nearly as much space in the work as

Dr. Charles W. Stiles and medical science? Finally, it should be noted that in the arrangement of materials there is slight or no relationship of the events and movements discussed. The volume as a whole has neither chronological nor subjective unity.

—F. M. Green, Ph.D.

Sons of Religion

PIONEERS OF CHRISTIAN THOUGHT.

By Frederick D. Kershner. Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. 1930. \$3.00.
348 pp.

If one becomes too critical with the utterings of religion he becomes too severe with the imagines created by minds which fondled hope and anxiety of a distant life. The critics who scorn most severely, cherish most in their own souls the faith that the setting sun is of God—that the roaring fire does not carry to earth a burning soul but lifts it with the flames to the wide expanse of heaven. For they are possessed of the same turmoil of doubt which tore in all scholarly breasts against the belief of the justness of God.

Controversies grew with every word of favor—controversies which spread into tortures, crusades, and inquisitions. Thinkers, struggling for expression, who believed profoundly in slaying all oppression, carried the words of Christ into theology—the art which Faustus dashed aside—the art which the Jews grasped and flung out into the world—the art which delved into, because of the mysticism and demands of great faith. Out of the haze of wars, thru plagues, thru inhuman tortures, Christendom has struggled to become the consoling guide. Legends have become mingled with true deeds; glory has risen from the love of battling for ideals; hatreds have been overcome, hatreds which inspired the creation of music and art.

Simple-minded people, before being converted into Christianity, thought the great Nazarene to be a misguiding imposter. But invariably one of the many unexplained moments of mystery left them trembling, drew them within the doors of solace and led them to believe in the littleness of man and the power of faith. As greater worlds were brought nearer, sects warred, and a tremendous battle was on. Trampling armies of the Renaissance loomed like an impending storm and burst upon the realm of monasticism. Of the shattered bits some remained musty, dwindled with the shadows as the iconoclastic glow turned into a fury of flame. Other flickered—then rose to the might institution which now rules the soul of the earth.

When scholasticism gripped religion and Aquinas, its great interpreter, undertook the writing of the entire speculation of the middle ages, culture and artistry became firmly entrenched in the Church. The scholar determined a plan for every biblical tale, for every morsel of dogma which clung to Christianity. Combat-

(Continued on page eight)

OLD CLOTHES SENSATIONS

(Continued from page four)

away the rest of childhood's indignities; but our early experiences should make us thoughtful of those who have no such luck, who seem ordained from birth to be all the world's poor relations. In gift-clothes there is something peculiarly heart-searching both for giver and recipient.

This delicacy inherent in the present of a cast-off suit or frock is due perhaps to the subtle clinging of the giver's self to the serge or silk. It is a strong man who feels that he is himself in another man's old coat. If an individuality is fine enough to be worth retaining, it is likely to be enough so to disappear utterly beneath the weight of another man's shoulders upon one's own. Most of us would rather have our creeds chosen for us than our clothes. Most of us would rather select our own tatters than have another's cast-off splendors thrust upon us. It is no light achievement, the living up to and into other people's clothes. Clothes acquire so much personality from their first wearer—adjust themselves to the swell of the chest, the quirk of the elbow, the hitch of the hip-joint—that the first wearer always wears them, no matter how many times they may be given away. He is always felt to be inside, so that the second wearer's *ego* is constantly bruised by the pressure resulting from two gentlemen occupying the same suit.

Middle children are to be pitied for being condemned to be made over out of the eldest's outgrown raiment. How can Tommy be sure he is Tommy, when he is walking around in Johnny's shoes? Or Polly, grown to girlhood, ever find her own heart, when all her life it has beaten under Anna's pinafore?

The evil is still worse when the garment comes from outside the family, for one may readily accept from blood-kin bounty that which, bestowed by a stranger, would arouse a corroding sentiment. This is because one can always revenge one's self on one's relatives for an absement of gratitude by means of self-respecting kicks and pinches. A growing soul may safely wear his big brother's trouser-ulster, but no one else's; for there are germs in other people's clothes—the big and yellow bacilli of covetousness. People give you their old clothes because they have new ones, and this fact is hard to forgive.

There may, of course, exist mitigating circumstances that often serve to solace or remove the basic resentment. To receive gowns or hats or boots direct from the donor is degrading, but in proportion as they come to us through a lengthening chain of transferring hands the indignity fades out, the previous wearer's personality is less insistent; until, when identification is an impossibility, we may even take pleasure in conjecturing who may have previously occupied our pockets, may even feel the pull of

Sonnet On Hands

By CARLTON WILDER

I fear your small, quick hands. I know their power

is ancient magic. They have mesmerised my brain and heart. Are you surprised I dread to yield them just a harmless hour? Beneath their touch my body is a flower that in the summer feels a moistening breeze

and, supple, bends its aching stem to ease the dull life pain in one long fertile shower.

Truly I fear your hands. They hold for me dreams doomed as sure as any errant spring that charms a moment with its mystery.

I know the old futility they'll bring, regret that's bitter as the dark, salt sea—I fear their ceaseless wandering.

real friendliness toward the unknown heart that beneath the warm woolen bosom presented to us.

Further, the potential bitterness of the recipient is dependent on the stage of his racial development and the color of his skin. The Ethiopian prefers old clothes to new. The black cook had rather have her mistress' cast-off frock than a new one, and the cook is therein canny. She trusts the correctness of the costume that the lady has chosen for herself, but mistrusts the selection the lady might make for her. On assuming the white woman's clothes, the black woman feels that she succeeds also to the white woman's dignity. The dusker race stands at the same point of evolution with the child who falls upon the box of cast-off finery and who straightway struts about therein without thought of his own discarded independence.

I may be preceived to write from the point of view of one clothed in childhood out of the missionary hox. Those first old clothes received were donned with gloating and glory; but later, in my teens—that period so strangely composed for us out of spiritual shabbiness and spiritual splendor—sensations toward the cast-off became uneasy, uncomfortable, at last unbearable. The sprouting personality resisted the impact of that other personality who had first worn my garments. I wanted raiment all my own, dully at first, then fiercely.

No one who has passed from a previous condition of servitude to the dignity of his own earnings will ever forget the pride of his first self-bought clothes. It is a period of expansion, of pride: when one's clothes are altogether one's own, one's pauper days are gone. But it is best for sympathy not to forget them, not only for the sake of the pauper, but for the sake of the plutocrat we are on the verge of becoming; for our sensations in regard to old clothes are about to enter a new phase; we are about to undergo the ordeal of being ourselves the donors of our old clothes.

It was not alone for the new coat's intrinsic

sake that we desired it; we coveted still more the experience of giving it away when we were done with it. There is no more soul-warming sensation than that of giving away something that you no longer want. The pain of a recipient's feelings on receiving a thing which you can afford to give away, but which he himself cannot afford to buy, is exactly balanced by your pride in presenting him with something that you can't use.

The best way to get rid of the pauper spirit is to pauperize some one else. This is cynical philanthropy, but veracious psychology. It follows that the best way to restore a pauper's self-respect is to present him with some old clothes to give to some one still poorer; for clothes are, above all gifts, a supreme test of character. It was the custom of epics to represent the king as bestowing upon his guest-friends gifts of clothes, but they were never old clothes. If you could picture some Homeric monarch in the act of giving away his worn-out raiment, in that moment you would see his kindness dwindle.

The man who can receive another man's old clothes without thereby losing his self-respect is fit to be a prince among paupers, but the man who can give another man his old clothes without wounding that man's self-respect is fit to be the king of all philanthropists.

THE WILL TO WORLD PEACE

(Continued from page four)

world as it is constituted today, to accomplish anything, immediately, which is at all worth while. The proposal to outlaw war is a futile gesture, doomed to failure whenever national patience is overborne by national passion. I believe in gradual disarmament by agreement, whether on the basis of military and naval reduction, or by straight budgetary limitation. I believe, with Aristide Briand, the world's most brilliant diplomatist, in striving for the creation of a spirit of international co-operation, establishing a sense of national security; leading by gradual steps to drastic limitation of armament; and ultimately, as international confidence and comity are established, to complete disarmament.

When ex-President Coolidge recently appeared at the American Legion meeting in Boston and a speech was demanded, he said quite simply that we had paid our debt to France, but that we still owed a debt to America.

And how shall we pay that debt, my friends? I should say by working steadily toward building up the sense of international security; by pressing for gradual reduction, and not mere limitation of armament; by joining the World Court; by entering the League of Nations; and by throwing the almost irresistible force of American public opinion in favor of world peace.

We appreciate your patronage and wish you all a happy holiday

University Shoe Shop

SHAMUS McKEEVER

(Continued from page three)

avenue. O'Sullivan would have followed him, but he had an appointment in a speakeasy on West 135th in half an hour.

Five blocks had passed beneath Shamus' feet, when he drew up alongside a pompous limousine. He gazed longingly at this example of all that he lacked. A man with a silk hat walked up to the car. "To the hotel"—and he jumped inside. But not before something brown had dropped out of one of his pockets. The car slowly got into motion, and Shamus sprang for the fallen object, which had a familiar appearance. He picked it up. Yes, it was a wallet. A fat one containing a roll of bills big enough to choke Timothy O'Sullivan!

And then something unprecedented happened to Shamus McKeever. Something that had never happened before. He suddenly wanted to return the money! Whether it was his conscience, the Christmas spirit, Timothy O'Sullivan's words, or God that put this notion into his head, he didn't know. But Shamus McKeever, pickpocket extraordinary, jumped into a taxicab and gave chase to the limousine.

The chase led down the Drive for a mile, turned left to Fifth Avenue, and continued to 125th Street. There the pursuit was brought to an end by a red traffic light that came on suddenly between the two cars. As Shamus watched the limousine disappear into the mass of cars ahead of him, a feeling of foolishness overwhelmed him. What a fool he had been to try to return the money! Didn't he need the dough more than that other guy? He would never miss it—and Christmas was only a week away. He was thankful for the red light.

"Drive back to 137th and Riverside," he told the cabby, and settled back in his seat. Visions of a happy Yuletide rose before him. As soon as he reached his destination, he would outfit himself with a new suit of clothes. He would buy a dozen Havana cigars and one exploding cigar as a Christmas present for Timothy O'Sullivan. The picture of a cigar exploding in his mouth would recompense him for all the misery he had caused him.

The wallet had turned out to be a bonanza. He now had 225 dollars in his pocket. What could he do with the money after buying some clothes? Shamus suddenly began to wonder what it must feel like to have an honest job. Maybe it was nice after all. If he had such a job he would never have to worry about the cops or Timothy any more. He could marry a sweet woman who would cook his meals for him, who would be his lifelong pal. Yes, it must be good to be honest.

No longer would he have to fear the sight of Timothy's shadow. No longer would he have to sneak into the subway during rush hours and pick pockets. No longer would he have to risk his years in the Tombs prison. And then he made the first great resolution of his life. Shamus McKeever decided to become an honest man!

All this time Timothy was in his favorite speakeasy with a half pint of Scotch before him.

Spirit of Christmas

By VERNON B. CROOK

THE hermit sat in his lonely hut
Telling his pieces of eight.
He shivered, though his door was shut
And a fire in his tiny grate.

To him as he sat there came the sound
Of a joyous Spirit without
As it galloped over his wretched ground
Raising its voice in a shout.

'Twas the Spirit of Christmas. The hermit arose
And rushed, spilling his gold,
After the Spirit over the snows.
Away his treasure rolled.

The wretched pauper tramped the street,
Cursing the slush and mire,
Or shivering, sat on a frozen seat
And cursed the richer man's fire.

But the Spirit of Christmas passed him there,
Whispered a word in his ear;
And the pauper rose and rent the air
With a joyous happy cheer.

The pessimist sat at his fire alone
Cynically mocking at all:
"All is naught; nothing is known;
Life at its best is but gall."

Pauper, he; hermit, he;
Poor in the currency of love,
Ever telling his misery,
Seldom looking above.

But he heard the Christmas Spirit's voice;
He followed half-ashamed.
So for one night did he rejoice,
And a taste of life regained.

Ever, Christmas Spirit, forward,
Lifting man from pelf,
Calling his attention starward,
Lessening love of self.

A half pint would not ordinarily have put him in good humor, but it had now given him a bit of the spirit of Christmas. One thing troubled him. He felt he had been negligent of Shamus. How much a good cigar and some cheer would enliven him! Yes, he would go to Shamus. Thrusting the flask into his pocket, he set out for Shamus' bench.

But the bench was empty. He was gone. A wave of suspicion swept over him. Where did he go? What a fool he had been to let him slip away as he did! No telling what he was up to now. A cab drew up before him. Timothy glanced at it indifferently. He had seen too many taxis in his varied career to be deeply moved at the sight of one now. Still, there was nothing else to do, so he continued to watch it.

And then his eyes all at once began to pop out of his head and his lower jaw fell several inches toward his feet. He began to take on the appearance of a huge fish out of the water. For his startled eyes had communicated to his brain the fact that he, Timothy O'Sullivan, was seeing Shamus McKeever emerging from a cab, taking out a roll of bills as big as his fist, and

peeling off a five spot which he handed to the driver. Moreover, he heard him say:

"Keep the change, buddy."

This added remark was altogether too much for Timothy. He strode forward.

As Shamus paid the driver, he was standing on air. Now for a suit of clothes, a shave, a bath, and then—. A heavy hand descended upon his shoulder. Shamus did not have to turn around to know who it was. His dream castles tumbled into the gutter as he heard Timothy say:

"Hello, Shamus. I've been looking for you."

Shamus tried to thrust the money into his pocket, but the heavy hand restrained him.

"Why, Shamus, have you met Santa Claus already?"

Shamus faced him angrily.

Now see here, Tim, I swear I didn't lift this dough. I found it, honest. And I tried to return it, but I couldn't catch the guy that dropped the roll. I've decided to go straight. Honest I have."

"Of course, Shamus, of course. Sure. But tell it to the judge. I'm sure he would like to hear about it."

Shamus stood in the night court and told it to the judge. The Christmas spirit was in the air, and the judge would surely let him off this time. Maybe if he touched his heart with a sad tale he would let him free. Surely the judge would believe him. So for fifteen minutes, Shamus told his tale. It was a sad tale, a tale of pathos that melted the heart of the courtroom.

After he was through with his story, the judge awoke and said: "Three months in the Tombs."

The Christmas Slave

By J. C. WILLIAMS

Now in the parlor meet the pair,
When the joyous day is done,
Two forms with but one easy chair,
Two hearts that beat as one.

Without, the winds in anger sweep—
Through the valley and o'er the hill.
Within, the lovers' hearts in fondless leap
Unmoved by winter's blast so shrill.

The room is decked with holly boughs,
The mantel wreathed in bamboo vine.
Words of love and sacred vows,
Scarce leave the lip 'fore arms entwine.

A little faster breathes the maid,
As heart to heart their lives are knit.
No words she spoke; no vows she said.
With tears her eyes are sparkling lit.

The lad is happy beyond degree,
His cheek is 'gainst her raven locks:
"There is none but thee, my Mary Lee,
Yours my heart, my soul, my 'rocks'."

Thus the demon love has won,
Another man so wondrous brave,
His course of peace has run—
Alas, to become a slave.

SONS OF RELIGION

(Continued from page five)

ing ideas, conflicting forces, doctrines which had been the very foundation of theology, were ground together into a single unit of conception. A universal pyramid was constructed of Mind, and the summit held the throne of God; near to him was the realm of divine mysticism which was barred in sacredness and beyond mere human reason. And remaining for speculation was flat earthly thought.

Greater faith was stirred when the tale of the pope who was an atheist was whispered, when total depravity was hinted, when predestination was graced into a truth. Theology breathes of strange tales and it is as though the fascinating story of Hell were regaled.

—Kes.

Christmas Midnight

By WILBUR DORSETT

(A Christmas Play in One Short Act)

CHARACTERS: NANCY: Young and beautiful.

SANTA CLAUS: The gentleman from the North Pole.

TIME: Christmas Eve.

SCENE: The front room of a poor workingman's home. The walls are of vertical planks. The fireplace is in the center back. A large fire is burning. This is the only light in the small room. On the mantel sets a large clock. The time is 11:30. On each side of the chimney are small windows. Through the skimpy, but very clean, curtains can be seen snow lodged on the sill. In each side wall is a door. The right one leads to the exterior of the shanty, the left to the bedroom beyond. There are a few cheap pictures on the wall. The room is plainly furnished... a table and chair against the right wall, a stool at the right of the fireplace, one chair and an old couch against the left wall. (NANCY is sitting on the small stool by the fire, deep in thought. Her chin is in her hands and she is gazing dreamily into the fire. Her dress is plain. All is quiet except the ticking of the clock. The right door opens slowly. In walks SANTA CLAUS; red suit, trimmed with white fur, boots, cap, and even a pack on his back... the ideal story-book SANTA CLAUS. Snow still clings to his suit. NANCY, with her back to him, is unaware of his presence.)

SANTA CLAUS: Ho! Ho! so you thought you'd sit up and spy on old Santy, eh? Well... well... well.

NANCY (turning quickly, then rising): Oh! Santa Claus? You?

SANTA CLAUS: None other, m' child, none other than the old gentleman from the North Pole, himself!

NANCY (joining in the jesting): And with a big, red nose!

SANTA CLAUS (depositing his pack beside the fire-place): And long, white whiskers!

NANCY: And his sack on his back!

SANTA CLAUS: And a big, round belly...

NANCY: That...

SANTA CLAUS: Shakes like a bowl of jelly.

NANCY: Or a pillow in one's coat.

SANTA CLAUS: You skeptic!

NANCY: You deceiver of innocent children!

SANTA CLAUS: Oh, then you are well acquainted with Santy? ...

NANCY: No, this is the first time the old gentleman has ever visited this house. Probably, you've forgotten you've been overlooking me for the last nineteen years.

SANTA CLAUS (taking his gloves off and warming his hands by the brightly blazing fire): Go

slow with the criticism. I'm not as bad as that. I, at least, lend color to Christmas.

NANCY: I must say, it needs color.

SANTA CLAUS: Come, come now. Christmas IS colorful! Happy crowds! Happy days! Reunions! Old friends! Gifts! Thankfulness for earthly comforts!

NANCY (with a glance at the dreary surroundings, then sorrowfully): Oh. If...

SANTA CLAUS (quickly): I'm sorry. I forgot.

NANCY (smiling): That's all right. It's nothing. If you're not in such a hurry to visit the rest of the children all over the world, won't you please sit down and warm yourself? I couldn't sleep tonight. I was sitting here just thinking... dreaming. I really get more comfort from that than trying to sleep when I don't feel like sleeping. To hear the clock's dull ticking... the fire crackling... to hear that soft slush, slush outside... Listen! hear that train whistle 'way down in the yards? Mournful, ain't it?

SANTA CLAUS (drawing up chair from left to fire): Yes. It is rather quiet, isn't it? ... Nice fire. Where did you get all that wood?

NANCY: Swiped it.

SANTA CLAUS: What?

NANCY: Sure. I needed wood. There was lots of it back of the mill—Farland's Mill—down by the railroad siding I found plenty of it. What's Christmas Eve without a big blaze in the fireplace?

SANTA CLAUS: You work in the mill?

NANCY: Yes, nowhere else to work. I hadn't worked at all since I clerked for old man Scarborough in his little grocery and notion place—you know, just before you get to where they're fixing for that big, new filling station. We had a good time at Scarborough's. People coming and going all the time. But business was bad. Somebody had to go. It was me. So I got a job in the mill—I had to have money to eat on and bring up Bobby with.

SANTA CLAUS: Your brother?

NANCY (with a jerk of her head towards the bedroom door): Yes, he's in there. Went to bed at nine. Expects to hop out of bed early in the morning. Poor kid.

SANTA CLAUS: Don't worry, we'll attend to that. That's what I came around for. (Bringing her again to the subject of her work): Do you get paid very much?

NANCY: Oh! I'm still eating regularly. Nothing much besides that, though.

SANTA CLAUS: You've been working there long?

NANCY: Not so long, but long enough to become disgusted with the whole business.

SANTA CLAUS: What business?

NANCY: Oh! you know. Low wages. Starving workers. Discontent. The strike up in Bendale. Troops ordered out. And now trouble brewing in our own Farland mills.

SANTA CLAUS: Could it be helped?

NANCY: It could be remedied, yes. It should be. It will have to be!

SANTA CLAUS: Could it be helped?

NANCY (eyeing him closely): Oh, could its happening have been prevented? No. Not now. It just came.

SANTA CLAUS: Why?

NANCY (getting up and walking towards the window): Oh, well, I don't know. Just certain things happened that caused it. The workers are terribly dissatisfied with the conditions in the mill. And I don't blame them—or us, I should say, I'm one.

SANTA CLAUS: And why are the conditions bad?

NANCY (standing with arms akimbo, flinging the words at him): Misunderstanding, that's it. Misunderstanding. It causes all disputes. The stockholders don't live here. They never see us. They don't know how we live... or work... or suffer. They judge the superintendent's ability by the amount of profits he puts across, and not by whether the workers like him or not, or whether he has the workers' interest at heart or not. How should they know that? It's not like the time I was with Scarborough. He works side side with his clerks all day. It was a small business. He knew all that was going on.

SANTA CLAUS (becoming impatient): But listen—

NANCY: Yes, yes, I know. I can easily see the other side, too. They built the business to make money with. Building it for any other reason would be silly. Cheaper cost of operation means more profits. Hundreds of people are out of work—low wages can be paid. And why shouldn't this be done? It's just business. What worker is getting high pay now, anyway?

SANTA CLAUS: And, young lady, what will the happy solution be?

NANCY: I don't know. It's too big. Both sides will have to understand and agree...

SANTA CLAUS: ...to know the conditions on both sides.

NANCY: It wouldn't be a bad idea for the boss to know our living conditions.

SANTA CLAUS: Do a bit of spying, eh? Disguise and spy?

NANCY: Good suggestion—even if it is story-book stuff. (Santa smiles broadly.)

NANCY: Quit laughing at me for getting riled. ... Shucks! (Bam! She gives the chair a lusty kick.) Talking about it won't help make conditions happier.

SANTA CLAUS: And is that what you want?

NANCY: Yes, happiness.

SANTA CLAUS: And wouldn't you want more money, piles of money?

NANCY: Sure, sure. Money to buy the things that would make me happy.

SANTA CLAUS: And then to complete your happiness...

(Continued on page ten)

HOLIDAY GREETINGS
THE FRIENDLY CAFETERIA

"EVERY MEAL A PLEASANT MEMORY"

High Point



Greensboro



Durham



Winston-Salem



Chapel Hill

WOMEN IN EDUCATIONAL PRISON

A factual analysis of the prison-like life which is compulsory at the typical denominational woman's college of the Old South. The writer, herself an inmate of such an institution for two years, writes in bold terms and from her own experience.

By REBEKKAH JAZZ

I'M SORRY, Mary, but you can't go. We don't allow our girls to go down town to a service when it conflicts with one out here." I turned away disappointed and with revolt in my heart. It was such a little thing I had asked, to go down town to a service in a church of my own denomination instead of going to vespers out at the college. I could see no reason for the dean's refusal, and I still don't; it was just another prison regulation.

And the more I think of it, the more I realize that it was a prison. We were minus the ball and chain in reality, but we were bound by fear of the hard-boiled deans, and by those hide-bound traditions folks loved so to talk about. As I think of those two years in college, I try to be unprejudiced and to remember that absolute freedom would have been impossible. Nevertheless, the regulations still seem to be too restricting to youth that demands at least room to grow in—mentally as well as physically.

These are some of the prison rules I was supposed to keep for two years:

All girls must be in their rooms at ten-twenty and lights must be off at ten-thirty. This rule gave about two and a half hours to study at night.

Church attendance is required of all students except Seniors.

No one may leave the campus before one o'clock except Seniors, and each person must sign out on leaving and sign in by six o'clock.

Freshmen may go shopping once a week, sophomores twice a week.

Girls may make calls in town from two to four times a month (depending on the girl's class) and may not have dates while calling.

Dancing and smoking are forbidden.

And this one,

"Girls may not hold conversation with young men on the street, other than simple greetings." It was rather an embarrassing situation when you met someone whom you had not seen for months, and you had to say "Hello, Bob," and walk on.

There was another rule—not in the handbook (a great many were not) which I still think the most ridiculous of all. A broad driveway out in front of the college leads down to the highway. On the left of it, just a few yards from the road, is a yellow house. The girls were not allowed to walk any farther down the driveway than this house. I suppose the authorities were afraid some wild college boy would come along and run off with one of the inmates. But the only reason I remember that they gave was that we were likely to be talked about. Well-trained and cultured girls don't walk near the highway, I suppose.

If we had been in a reform school or a prison, perhaps these rules would have been wise and necessary, but in a college for normal, modern girls, they seem rather, shall we say, ridiculous?

Not only did the rules laid down in the handbook, and those passed out to us by the deans and student government officials give an impression of narrowness; the whole atmosphere seemed full of it. Especially in religious matters did the biased opinion appear prominent. We were allowed to go to the church of our choice, but the ministers invited to visit the college were always those of the college denomination. And once in a while if someone found out that you were of another denomination, you were asked, "Well, why did you come here?"—as if you had no business there, and after a while you began to wonder why you did come.

The attitude of the college toward others in the city and near by, left much to be desired. The other girl's colleges and the girls in them were considered inferior to our college and our girls, and only the boys in the brother institution were not discriminated against.

It was an accepted fact that you couldn't say anything about the situation. We were not being loyal to the "dear old Alma Mater" if we did, and we should have gone somewhere else if we didn't like it. After I had expressed my opinion regarding a few things, I realized from the attitude that some of the students and teachers took, that it was no place for freely expressed thoughts. If you said you didn't think girls should be forced to go to church, people looked at you as if they thought you were an atheist, and if you complained of the stringency of the rules they said you couldn't expect to be as free at college as at home. Anything you said about the narrowness of the place was either regarded as disloyalty or just foolishness. If you mentioned the fact that another school was more liberal, you were asked, "Well, why didn't you go there, then? You didn't have to come here."

There was no reasoning about it, no concession that the college might be wrong. It was always right, and the students either could conform or get out.

From what girls from other schools tell me, I judge that much the same situation exists in most girl's colleges in the South.

The rules reflect the same general policy of narrowness. Some of them make us angry, others make us laugh.

At one college the girls have to have calling lists with permission from their parents, and they may see only those people on the list. One of my friends went there to see his cousin and was refused because he wasn't on her calling list.

Another college allows the girls to have dates only on Saturday and Sunday, and not with the same boy on both days.

At two colleges, the girls have to march to church each Sunday morning, for all the world like a gang of convicts, or a group of grammar school pupils marching into chapel.

At still another college, the mail of the girls

is censored—by what right I have never been able to ascertain.

These are rules taken from colleges here and there, but they all show the same narrowness that seems to put a wall around the place and a lock on the gate.

I have been wondering what is the cause of this situation in our women's colleges in the South. I think perhaps the idea of the inferiority of women that has permeated the Southern people is partly to blame. Women have been considered incapable of taking care of themselves, and mentally unable to make wise decisions. Along with this go the ideas of what has been called the "age of Scott" in the South, where the Southern gentleman is an Ivanhoe to protect the Southern lady—Rowena or Rebecca,—the idea that woman must be put in a golden cage and kept away from the knocks of the world, protected and served.

When it was at last granted that women should be educated, these ideas must have gone into the colleges and instituted the long lists of rules to keep woman from any great degree of contact with the world. She should be labeled "fragile," "handle with care," and be, as a result, carefully guarded throughout her four years at college.

The old Puritannical ideas of conduct must have survived in some of the colleges—ideas that make the officials throw up their hands in horror at the mere suggestion of perfectly sane and normal things; ideas that make dancing and smoking shipping offenses, and that last year in one college made the bare leg style almost a crime. Well bred and cultured girls should never think of doing such things.

These ideas of the position of women, instilled into the hearts of Southern people years ago must have influenced those who made the colleges as narrow as they are.

But whatever the cause, this narrowness has affected greatly the lives of the students, and it is the effect that brings the situation home to us. It seems that it affects all of the girls in some way, perhaps some only temporarily, others permanently.

Some of the girls who go to these colleges become narrow in their views about practically everything. They take all the rules and ideas set forth by the officers of the institution as absolutely correct, and judge harshly those who disagree. They close their minds to any other thoughts and indicate that they think no one else is ever right. There are one or two girls with whom I was in school who still firmly believe, I suppose, as they did then, that I am going to Hell because I was not baptized by immersion. They would not reason about it; they knew they were right.

Some girls considered the universities and colleges which allow a great deal of freedom terrible institutions, and did not see how any sane minded girl could go to one of them.

Most of the girls do not cease to have this attitude when they leave the college. Probably

(Continued on page ten)

WOMEN IN EDUCATIONAL PRISON

(Continued from page nine)

as the years go on, their lives become more and more warped and one sided. In politics, in religion, in education, in all matters they shape their ideas by the same old criterion, and forget that the world is a changing world.

There are others who rebel at some time or other against such close-mindedness. Some revolt and go to other, more liberal colleges, where at least they can think aloud. There are others who stay on, but break the rules one time too many, who are called before the stern-faced student council members and asked to leave. And most of these run wild. After having been caged up for so long, they go boy-crazy and freedom-crazy all at the same time and if nothing very serious happens, at least their lives have lost something or gained something at too great a price.

These stringent regulations result, too, in almost every instance in hypocrisy on the part of the student. She may lose it when she comes out of the college, but she certainly has it while there.

In the college I attended for two years, we had to sign upon entering a student government pledge in which we promised to keep all the rules while we were there. I doubt if the pledge was ever kept by any student, even a student council member. We were supposed, too, to report ourselves if we broke the rules, and to report others whom we saw breaking them. Seldom, if ever, was this done—except by the student government officials.

Some of the rules were challenges to us and accepted ones, too. Many a girl danced while someone stood guard in the hall, and many a girl had dates while calling. The lights were turned off when the proctors called "light bell"—but in a few minutes they were turned on again. And I suspect some of those "simple greetings" lengthened into a date in a little out of the way drug store where student government officers were not likely to go.

Of course, we were all very careful not to let any dean or council member find out about these things. The idea was to get by with as much as possible, and whether or not we realized it we were being hypocritical. If we didn't break the rules we wanted to, but we were all smiles and acquiescence before the deans.

This hypocrisy probably does not last in some of the girls but it others it does. If it becomes too deeply ingrained in a girl all of her life she keeps pretending to be something she is not, and she is a hypocrite rather than a sincere individual.

As I write this now I think that perhaps in

one of these colleges, a proctor calls "light bell" and off the lights go—to be snapped on again when the proctor is in bed. Perhaps in the afternoon some girl left the college, sent home for revolting. And perhaps some other girl is wondering, as I do, how long this kind of thing is going to last. But the wall of tradition and narrowness built around the college is just as high and the gate is still locked. At seven in the morning a bell rings to rouse the girls, and the close, narrow prison life goes on.

CHRISTMAS MIDNIGHT

(Continued from page eight)

NANCY: Giving . . . happiness to others.

SANTA CLAUS: Then with that your Christmas would be perfect?

NANCY: Yes.

SANTA CLAUS: And Bobby?

NANCY: Oh, he's more practical. He likes his Christmas to come in the shape of—

SANTA CLAUS (firmly): I have them, young lady.

NANCY: Well, you didn't have to be so long waking up to the fact, did you?

SANTA CLAUS: I'm sorry. I was listening to you.

NANCY: Obviously.

SANTA CLAUS: And now we'll fix Bobby up so that I can go. I'm much too late now. (*Proceeds to open pack which has lain undisturbed all this time.*) I'm wondering if it wouldn't be better for you to do the selecting. Take what you think he would like to see waiting for him in the morning.

NANCY: In that case, I'll take the whole pack!

SANTA CLAUS (*scratching his head*): Let me see, I'd like to tell Bobby something but I hate to wake him. I'll write it. Now if you'll get me some paper and a pencil I'll . . . (*She has already hurried to the pack and is gleefully examining the contents. She holds each one up, admiring them.*) Kid!

(*Santy, chuckling, goes to the table and after searching through the various papers and forgotten junk, draws out a clean sheet of paper, an envelope, and a pencil. While he is chewing the pencil, thinking, writing, and glancing at her, she is talking softly as if to herself.*)

NANCY: Nice for charity workers to think of us down here below the railroad tracks. Wasn't thinking of having any gifts for Bobby. Hope this isn't the last time. (*Begins humming.*)

(*Santa Claus has finished writing. He folds the letter, thrusts it into the envelope, then takes from his pocket something else to be enclosed in the note. He seals the message.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*rising*): I'll leave the note here. Got the stuff out? All right, I'll have to

finish here quick—big job waiting for me in Europe tonight. (*Both laugh.*)

NANCY (*helping him adjust his pack*): Well, old Saint Nick, I'm more than glad you came by to see us tonight. Merry Christmas and don't forget us next year.

SANTA CLAUS (*pausing at the door*): Merry Christmas to you! And stop worrying about things you can't help. (*Leaves.*) (*As soon as the door slams she dashes straight for Bobby's note and tears it open. A bill of money falls to the floor.*)

NANCY (*reading aloud*): "Dear Bobby, your Sister Nancy is a woman. She will read this before you will. Though in case she doesn't, please tell her for me: 'Your Christmas is in giving. Keep it up, Nancy! What you've given me is invaluable. Things will turn out all right. Be happy!'"

Sincerely,

Santa Claus,
alias W. B. Marvin,
Supt. Farland Mills.

P. S. Use the enclosed fifty as you choose."
(*Curtain*)

Within that little globe lies all the pain,
And all the joy, the world can ever know,
'Tis called—a tear!"

—Gerhart Hamptman.

"For little souls on little shifts rely
And coward arts of mean expedients try;
The noble mind will dare do anything but lie."
—Dryden.

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THE CONSTANT MALE

A modern version of the early sixteenth century poem, "The Nutbrowne Maide"

By HERBERT L. SILVERMAN

THE women of today are constantly gossiping about the inconstancy of some married man. Indeed, a great number of our modern maidens contend that there is no such thing as a "one-woman" man alive. That is, a man may be supposedly safely married to a woman, but let some charming maiden give him the "come-hither" look, and he forgets his wife, his family, and his mother-in-law, while he strives to "make" this new beauty.

I cannot contend that this statement concerning the weakness of man is not true. A majority of the modern husbands may be fickle, but, in the case of Kael Seka, this was far from correct. Kael Seka is an unsuccessful poet who hopes to marry the wealthy film actress, Miss Ima Starr. The young lady of his choice is doubtful as to the exact object of Seka's admiration. Is it her money, or it is the owner of the wealth as a person? She decides to find out by putting him to the test. The rest of the tale shall be told in dialogue form, as it is impossible to give the developments as they really occurred without using the words of the participants.

It is a cold, windy night about twelve o'clock. The scene is a crowded tenement district of New York City. A beautiful girl steps from a taxi at the corner, pays the driver, tipping him generously, and walks up the steps of one of the shabbiest structures in sight. She chokes herself until tears flow from her eyes; then she bangs upon the landing with all her might. A young man with bobbed hair and a black poet's tie opens the door. Ima, for it is she, throws herself into the arms of Mr. Seka and begins to weep convulsively. The following conversation ensues:

KAEL: Ima! Dear girl, what is the matter? Havy you indigestion? Come, tell sugar-daddy what's eating his 'ittle baby girl!

IMA: Oh, dearest, I'm such a fool! (*She begins sobbing again, but Kael quiets her, and she begins to tell her tale of woe.*) You know, everyone has been cleaning up on Wall Street lately; so I thought I would take a chance. I invested all my savings in Phon Nee stock, and it's gone busted. (*Dreadful sobs here interrupt her narrative, but she finally controls herself.*) I was driven to drink, in my distress. Bigges Kad, my director, tried to take advantage of me once while I was in a fog, and I broke the last bottle of Scotch on his dome. The doctor pronounced him dead, and now I must flee to the wilds of Africa to save myself from the shocker!

KAEL (*frenziedly*): Sh! Someone will hear you and call the cops. (*Wringing his hands.*) Oh, why did you have to kill the skunk! Now we'll have to abide with the niggers in Africa till this thing blows over. You know I couldn't live here all alone; so I say "we" will have to live in Africa. Doggonit! Those blackies won't appreciate poetry, either!

IMA: Take it easy, big boy. I know it'll come hard at first, but you'll outgrow it. Two months after I'm gone you'll have some other angel. I want you to forget all about poor little me, and I'll make out the best I can without a delicatessen store!

KAEL: Have you gone nutty? Think how disappointed the lions and lionesses that got you for a meal would be. I'll go along and help the poor starving dears. Is your bag ready?

IMA is beginning to brighten up. He must be true after all. She decides to press him a little more, before she gives up.

IMA: Don't be a goof, dearest. What will the neighbors say? Why, we'd be the talk of the town! Don't argue with me, now. I'm going solo. I wouldn't ruin your marvelous rep. for decency for anything in the world!

KAEL: Decency be hanged! Besides, think of the publicity we'll get. "Actress and Poet Flee to Wilds to Escape the Hands of the Law." How's that? Why, when we get back, we'll both have our names in white lights on Broadway! Come on, child. Nothing can keep me from my one and only.

IMA: But, Kael, consider what a life you'll lead. You'll have to live in a tree, and wear a grass skirt, and—eat snakes, and—

KAEL: No matter. Eating snakes with you will be better than dining at the Costmore without you. Grass skirts must be very comfortable, and there's nothing that'll cure insomnia so quickly and completely as rolling out of a good, high tree. I'm still ready to travel.

IMA: Do you know, lovey, that you and I could be shot on sight in Africa because we're fugitives from the law? There's no Broadway where you'll be after the last gasp. You'd better stay here and enjoy a safe, happy, snappy life, while I go to my life of misery.

KAEL: If they shoot us, we'll still be together! You haven't been to church any more than I have. That excuse don't go, baby!

IMA: If you do go with me, you'll call me dirty names for having brought you to a place where the boulevards are only oozy, black, foot-deep mud paths, and fever is the only thing the people have in common. I guess you better stay here, after all.

KAEL: Ima, I've lived through heaven with you here, and I'm man enough to live through hell with you in Africa. Whither thou goest, I shall go!

IMA (*as Kael steps forward to take her into his arms*): Hold, Lancelot! You will take all this, but that ain't all. Before you go you must have your hair shaved off, earrings put in your ears, and all your black poet's ties burned!

KAEL: Him-m. That's pretty tough, but if you say the word, I'm on my way to the barber's, Woolworth's, and the cremater's!

IMA (*making one last terrible thrust*): Kael, I won't beat around the bush any longer. The only reason I've made all these excuses for not taking you along is that, in Timbucto, I love a certain man more than life. I wanted to save you from this, but you were so insistent that you brought it on yourself! (*She turns away as if greatly ashamed.*)

KAEL (*eagerly*): That's O. K., honey. I'll go along and be the old man's valet, just to be near you. If you let me be near you, my sweet, I'll even be contented to play second fiddle.

IMA (*turning and rushing into his arms*): Beloved, all I've said's a lie. I haven't played the market, and I haven't killed Kad. I only wanted to see if you were after me or my money. Now that I know, I'm the happiest girl in the world!

KAEL: That's fine, sweetheart, only I knew it all the time. If you wanted to play this game, you should not have flashed such a roll when you paid the cab driver, you should not have worn a thousand dollar evening wrap, and you should have left those sparklers in the safety deposit vault. But don't fret; 'cause I love you, and I'd do anything for you—and your capital. (*She lifts her head to remonstrate, but he puts it back on his manly chest, and she sighs resignedly.*)

So, you see, I was a liar after all. Kael turned me down at the last moment. A man will love one woman just so long, and then this feeling wears off. Kael loves Mrs. Seka now, but five years later he will be looking speculatively at every girl who passes him on the subway. The moral of this drama is: The only way a woman can test a man's love (or vice-versa) is to lose her money in reality and to get mixed up in a scandal. If the lover is faithful, he is really in love; if the lover turns away, he is a pretender. My advice is: Do not use the moral of this tale.

(Note: The tests which Ima uses are adopted from "The Nutbrowne Maide." The only real difference between the two pieces of writing is that one is a poem of long ago, the other a play-like story of today. The circumstances are the same.)

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR---

Mother, Sister, Dad, Brother or Best Girl

---ANDREWS-HENNINGER CO.

Christmas

By J. T. GINN

IN THE beautiful story of the Nativity, a warm spot lingers in the heart of every individual, and that spot is the love of appearance of that universal festival of the birth of Jesus Christ—Christmas. Christmas is a religious festival of the Christian church, annually celebrated as a commemoration of the birth of Jesus Christ, the exact date of which is not known. According to the forged *Isidorian Decretals*, Christmas was ordered to be held as a church-festival by Pope Telephorus about 137 A.D.; but the first certain historical traces of its observance are found in the records of the reign of the Emperor Commodus (138-161 A.D.). Among the early Christians, some celebrated it in May, others in April, and still others in June. It is believed by many that it could not have occurred in December, the time we now celebrate, since this is the rainy season in Judea, when shepherds would scarcely be found watching their flocks by night on the plains.

By the fifth century Christmas was generally observed on December 25th. Whether this change was the result of some ancient tradition, or sprang from the desire, on the part of the church, to supplant certain heathen festivals held at this season of the year, is unknown. But the death of Saint Nicholas, December 6, 367 A.D., had some influence on the change.

There are many interesting stories connected with the religious festival we observe all over the world as Christmas. The mystic atmosphere of the unknown Santa Claus makes the children long for the festival, and this unknown makes the home of fairyland and elves appear at everyone's abode. We can trace the origin of Santa Claus back to the time of Saint Nicholas. Saint Nicholas, who lived in the fourth century, was a saint of the Catholic church. His great popularity rests mainly in old traditions, all over the world, of the many miracles performed by his intercession. He is regarded in Catholic countries at the present time as the special patron of scholars, clerks, travelers, and a guardian of children. He performed many miraculous wonders, and many children of today remember the one of the "Three Little Boys" that their father has related to them. The story goes: Three boys on their way home stopped at a farm house. The farmer and his wife murdered the little innocent boys, cut their bodies in many places, and placed them into casks used for pickling meats. Saint Nicholas arrived on the scene at that moment, charged the murderers with their crime, and caused the boys to rise from the briny casks fully restored to life. That is one reason, if we may believe in fables, why children love Santa Claus so dearly. History tells us that the term Santa Claus is

a Dutch corruption of the term Saint Nicholas. He comes in the night, giving gifts to all the world as a token of peace, love, and good will.

Santa Claus, the merry elf, unlike the festival of Christmas, is not Christian, in one sense of the word, for it has been handed down to us through the preceding ages. He belongs to the mystic atmosphere of fairyland, and the homes of elves. In countless fairy stories there appear good and evil spirits. The evil spirits haunt the woods and molest the innocent people. The good spirits aid the poor, bringing gifts in the night down the chimney, and rescuing beautiful princesses from distress.

The Christmas tree, according to traditions and popular belief, has a very interesting origin, for without it today our festival would be far from complete. The people of long ago lived in great fear of the long nights of winter. It was impossible for them to illuminate the night as we now can do. They found the winter evenings were depressing. As autumn turned to winter each year they saw with dread and fear the night encroaching upon the day. And with the night came the cold and its signs of death. It seemed possible to them that darkness might envelop the earth in a permanent night. It seemed credible that winter might rule the earth and that life would become extinct.

So, traditions tell us, they looked with hope upon those trees that did not turn brown, but kept their green foliage in spite of night and winter. And when the year was darkest, they decked those green trees with fruit, so as to induce the intangible powers of life to believe that life was springing up again and that spring was at hand. This is the reason for what has developed into what we now appreciate and know as the Christmas tree.

With the appearance of the Christmas tree, that necessarily led to the giving of presents at Christmas. The people developed the custom of decorating the Christmas tree with gifts instead of fruit. The giving of presents can be traced back to the Greek and early Roman civilization, but the giving of gifts as Christmas presents grew out of the superstitions of the people since the introduction of the Christmas tree. These gifts at the beginning of their introduction were sent to the neighboring tribes as a token of peace, friendship, and good will. The token of gifts has developed, and now today they carry with them an expression of love to all, as well as the expression of joy which the angels sang when the star directed them to the manger.

By common consent Christendom is again approaching the time of celebrating the coming of a great life into the world. Nearly two thousand years ago a child was humbly born, and today there is no land in all the earth where men, women, and especially children, do not recall His birth with homage and cheer. At

this time of year are reserved the happy family gatherings, and all the old customs and traditions of rejoicing. The reason for gladness, family gatherings, and for rejoicing is to be found in the purpose and achievements of That Life. In the celebration of Christmas is expressed the love and response of the whole world to what Jesus Christ came in this world to do, "To Bring Peace and Good Will to All."

This Confusion

(A One Act Play)

By SHIRLEY CARTER

SETTING: A bachelor's room. Rearward is an alcove with door leading to kitchen. To the right, in the front room, is a screen door leading to porch. There is a grate, lounge chair and bookcase on the right, also. On the left is a davenport, chairs, and a table. The table is loaded with books, hats, miscellany. In the center of the alcove is a table with chairs about it. There are books everywhere; a telephone stand at the end of the davenport. Above the davenport is a draped window. Lithographs and charcoal pictures are hanging about on the wall.

ALLISON: Tall, over middle age, with the finer type German face, in that it is regular, with grey hair brushed straight back and protruding on sides. He wears house slippers, blue serge trousers. A bow tie is hanging loose from the unbuttoned collar. He is nervous and walks to the screen, to bookcases and back again, finally laying down on the davenport, with a copy of THE NATION on his chest. He is lying there thinking when HERBERT enters.

HERBERT: Young, twenty-three, intense, his face changing with the inward play of ideas. He is well-dressed and has brown hair framing his sensitive face. One senses in him repression without sullenness—rebellion without sneers. He wanders to the bookcase much like ALLISON did, but does not take down a book. Sits moodily down, lighting a cigarette.

HERBERT (simply stating): There was nothing going on in town tonight.

ALLISON (partly to himself): There is never anything there! One stands on the corner and his eyes are seeking to understand, his whole body fired up with many urges—for something. And the chill wind only tugs at the trousers, bringing loneliness to the heart. One returns and tries to read—and thinks: "There is nothing here for me, and yonder is the lonely wind." And one paces the floor saying to himself: "It has not been written yet." (To Herbert) What has not been written yet?

HERBERT: That! It cannot be written or created for us. There is nothing for us. Some there are who have written and thought they had done so, but they were only happy in their work. We do not understand it, we can only try ourselves. And we have not, and know we cannot. There is nothing for us.

ALLISON: Music? That is for us.

HERBERT: That only carries us away from ourselves. We do not break through from that, and then we return. It is an opiate.

ALLISON (profoundly): We must have opiates. They are the medicine of the soul for us, and can bear for us what we cannot in our nakedness. We are naked and ashamed, so we blind our eyes with opiates, so we may not know we are failures.

HERBERT (intensely): Oh! That I were not naked! That I were conscious and creating or unconscious and happy. As it is we are miserable, and failures! And feel the tug of lonely winds on our hearts! Opiate is God, and death

(Continued on page thirteen)

Suits and Top Coats Bought From
JACK LIPPMAN'S UNIVERSITY SHOP
 Pressed Free for the Life of the Garment

THIS CONFUSION

(Continued from page twelve)

is the greatest! *(He rises and goes to the bookcases on the wall, in a wandering, thoughtful fashion. He goes through the same motions that Allison went through a few moments ago. Inside is heard a long groan, a mumble of incoherent curses—then silence. Herbert turns, and the two men look at each other. Their faces are expressionless.)*

HERBERT *(thoughtfully, his eyes on space)*: No, it can never be written. *(Sitting)* Papini tried, with his flesh and brain, the fuel of his creation, but still he searched—and searched! He was lonely! You are not so lonely! He tore himself to pieces! He crucified himself on the frenzied altar of creation. Nietzsche, ah! but did he not slaughter himself also when he beheld the quaking ground. Out of his miserable consciousness came the Superman, a great lie! but that was his opiate. Behold the perfect man, Schopenhauer, the Pessimist. He is as you and I, . . . aware of the fading earth that he stood on, but he did not lie. He did not create a Superman as his opiate, or as Papini, struggle to find purpose in life. He knew there was none! He knows there is none, and now he cannot create to overcome that knowledge. *(While saying this last sentence, above, he stares towards the place on the right where the groans issue from.)* Men should not seek to discover reasons for living. There are none. Beverly knows, and I know, and I have reasons to think that he will die from it.

ALLISON: At what time is Beverly coming?

HERBERT: Soon. *(From inside is heard a long, sick and terrible groan. Herbert grips the side of his chair, gets up and goes to the screen door, stands looking out. After a silence.)* They have lit up the coke-ovens tonight. *(Allison comes over.)* They are red as blood, and the smoke is black. See! the smoke blots out the stars.

ALLISON: Yes, that is a heavy smoke. And the fires twist like small demons. The flames twist like small demons in pain. They are beautiful, these little demons; they are the pretty tongues of a monster beneath in the earth.

HERBERT: Listen! One imagines he hears the black men singing as they pull the coke. Are they not happy, these black men? They do not have reasons for living. They live! They sing as they pull coke from those ovens, sing as the birds and trees sing, the joy of living. That I could sing the joy of living—to be as purposeless as the wind that tugs at my heart with loneliness. I would go away and lie down in the green grass. I would no longer be sick, nor helpless, nor hate those who are. I would not bother about Supermen, or music, or wish for the book that we cannot read. I would write the book, the song of songs, for I would live it. No! I would write nothing! I would lie all day in the green grass and listen to a friendly wind. It would croon to me the song of living, the song of purpose. But it cannot be! Let us no longer look. *(He turns away and drops in his chair.)*

ALLISON *(lighting a cigarette from mantel)*: What cannot be? You know? *(Waving his cig-*

arette confusedly.) Everything can be. We are great liars, we people. Yes, we are great ones to poison ourselves, and even our children also. But you and I, and he, we have not poisoned ourselves so very much. No, we have not lied to ourselves. That is the trouble with us, we have not lied to ourselves enough. And so we suffer and take drugs to conceal the hurt; to numb our minds. We should delude ourselves more and then we would be happy. The black men singing down there, they do not examine themselves and life, and neither do farmers and other such ones. But business men and scholars and successful men try to understand a little. But when they see something that would give them pain, they lie to themselves and are fairly happy. See? We understand too much—but not enough for being happy. *(Sits slowly down on davenport.)*

HERBERT *(slowly)*: We cannot smother the emptiness with opiates without seeing the holes beneath.

(Enter Jay Allison. He is about forty, a little below medium height, partially bald. Wears a light brown suit, well fitted glasses. He is alert and business-like. Has a straw hat in his hand. Upon entering pitches hat on the table, then without speaking or looking around goes inside, right. He can be heard dropping a coat hanger, turning a faucet, etc.)

HERBERT *(continues)*: I think I shall be a farmer. I shall marry a fat country wench who knows nothing but work and the rearing of children. I shall rear a dozen strong stupid sons, and never let them go near a book. I will beat them so that they are like oxen; dumb, patient, and confused. I shall tell them: "Here my fine sons, marry and live happy. Do not attempt to understand, for you cannot." And every night I shall beat them till they are grown, and every night I shall read the cursed Bible to them to teach them submission, and I shall tell them that God hates the sight of them, and to please Him they must not seek to understand, but only to rear children and be content and patient. I shall say: "Here my fine sons, God will send you to hell unless you are patient and stupid, for He likes meek and stupid people, and if you are so, you can go to Heaven where every day is Sunday and every meal a fine one." And they will toil around me like giant living oaks, unbendable and unbreakable, stupid and sturdy as the hills that will be their home.

ALLISON *(with an amused, sympathetic glance)*: And they will be happy?

HERBERT: They will not know futility.

ALLISON: Happiness is negative. Yes, happiness is negative, I think, at least for most of us. Yes, yes. *(Tugs at his collar in a confused way; gets up and wanders around the room.)* You will never marry. *(Suddenly.)* No, for why should you marry, or any one that understands. *(He looks around helplessly.)* This is madness, I think, but are we not all mad, harbors of repression and thwartion? And we know that we are. I have often thought of going away. Going somewhere, somewhere. Goddam! *(He puts his hands to his temples, and his face becomes tortured and insanely contorted. Herbert is lost in some thought of his own.)* Yes,

I would like to inflict myself with all the savage, insane millstones that torture me, *(gently, and smiling wryly)* upon some one.

HERBERT *(to himself)*: And every night it is like this: Miserable consciousness!

(Slowly)

"Still the old unquiet breast,
Which never deadens into rest,
Nor ever feels the fiery glow
That whirls the spirit from itself away,
But fluctuates to and fro,
Never by passion quite possessed,
And never quite benumbed by the world's sway.
Is there no life, but these alone?
Madman or slave, must man be one?"

(He goes to the screen)

Beverly will be coming soon now. He was a very sick man, and now in his letters I read something I have never seen in him before. *(Turns.)* It is peace that I feel in his last letter. I cannot understand that in him. Beverly was sick and now I do not know. I have wandered with him when the old seeking eagerness was upon him, making him mad. And he cursed the wind that mocked at him, and made him lonely. He would turn to the stars and curse: "See one made mad from eagerness, and from much gazing aloft at you!" And he would laugh and find a woman and much drink to make him forget. But he came away bitter, saying that they held nothing for one who was sick with consciousness but could not create.

(From within is heard a long, sick and terrible groan. The two men gaze intensely at each other. Enter J. Allison dressed in pajamas and house-slippers.)

J. ALLISON *(goodnatured protest)*: Howell is drunk again. What can be done about him? He has been drinking too much lately. He is slow at bookkeeping when he drinks.

HERBERT *(with quiet savagery)*: You would take that from us too, our last bleak quilting. But what do you know of us? You are a slave, benumbed by the world, while we are madmen, tortured and groping for something beyond. Yes, for the sake of a penny you haggle, trade, buy and amass, and lose your soul while you gain the world. And you would make us throw away the balm that eases our raw, ragged, tortured selves. All for the sake of a penny you would make us into mechanical wrecks. Yes, you and your kind make it impossible for a decent conscious man to live and be happy. You hold us to the wheel along with you, with your damned competition, your damned sturdy, Juggernaut-mercilessness after a dollar. What do you know except that! Take away your business and throw you back on the resources of mind, the resources deep and plentiful, which you do not possess! and what do you do? You whimper like a baby left to itself after some one has robbed it of its rattler! Business! Damn business! It has robbed us with its stupid methods. *(To Allison)* It has stolen from you all happiness of mind; it has denied you artistic creation that your soul cried aloud for; that the soul of every conscious being demands as the price of its consciousness. All because a few

(Continued on page fourteen)

THIS CONFUSION

(Continued from page thirteen)

morons know nothing but struggling for a living and placing that . . . the symbol of it . . . on the altars as God. And we, who are above such worship, must give ourselves partly to it as sacrifice, and let the rest of our being slowly be damned. (*He pauses, trembling with passion and overwrought nerves.*)

(*To Herbert's outburst, J. Allison gives no notice. He goes to the dining-room and returns with decanter of wine and three glasses. Gets pack of cards from mantel and lays them out on table for solitaire; pours himself a glass of wine, and starts playing.*)

ALLISON (*wearily*): Yes, I have money, but now it means nothing. I am too old . . . too old, and I must go on from sheer lack of knowledge of anything else . . . and from boredom . . . and still make money. I am rich—but have created nothing, for does not the wind tug mockingly at my heart on lonely corners? If we did not fight among ourselves so much we could all live and still create. We would have the search for beauty and perfection of self as God. We would strive to make beautiful stretches of forests with flowers everywhere, and vine-clad rocks and deep sun-mottled pools.

HERBERT: It is a dream. And your true dreams, are they not nightmares of horror and repression? When your hands are lifted helplessly to ward off the stones that crash from the heights. One awakens, then, quivering and cowering. Are these not the truth magnified tenfold? Why do they not crush at once and not be lived ver slowly—a bit of every day, every minute—every hour of existence!

(*There is a silence. Then J. Allison, never raising his eyes from his cards*): They have lighted the coke ovens tonight.

HERBERT: Their smoke blots out the stars, and their stench smother us.

J. ALLISON (*as before*): Trade will be better, now; we must be up early tomorrow and prepare for it.

HERBERT (*his labored breathing can almost be heard. He gets up and goes toward J. Allison, and there is something ominous in his attitude*): Yes, it is true that business will be better tomorrow. That is very nice and a blessing. God likes good business, and he will be very glad. (*He stands very close to J. Allison and slowly rubs his hands up and down on his trousers leg. He is silent, staring intently at something.*) You have very nice ears! (*To Allison who does not look at him*): Have you observed how nice and pink his ears are? Why should you have pink ears, I should ask, when no one else has them? Does God like pink ears? (*J. Allison does not answer or listen to him, so he goes to the wide door that separates the two rooms and stands rubbing his finger in one place on the wood in childish pre-occupation. Turns back to J. Allison*): I do not think there shall be business tomorrow, nor shall there ever be more of it. If one kills the father shall there be more children? No, I think not. God put plagues on earth; God is evil and grim and jesting, don't you think? A fine one to be the father of mercy and goodness—he who takes

so much fiendish pleasure in seeing his children fighting futilely His Furies, and he laughs and twists merrily on His throne when we fail to kill them. It would make him miserable if we did so, but we would then be happy and at peace. (*He again approaches J. Allison. He is smiling. Turning, he speaks to Allison, who is reading "The Nation."*): He has a pretty throat, don't you think? It is red and pink and tender and has fine crinkly lins on it. It is living! (*He turns to Allison with horror in his eyes, but as Allison is thinking elsewhere, his eyes roam to the screen, and he goes out on the porch. He speaks to himself.*) The night is red, as red as blood. No, it is black . . . and listen! hear that! they are ringing bells somewhere! (*He re-enters.*) It is strange that they ring bells tonight. Tell me why there are so many bells.

ALLISON (*rising and getting the decanter from the table and bringing it and placing it on the floor*): I hear the bells! (*He listens.*)

HERBERT (*going to J. Allison*): Why are they ringing those bells tonight?

(*J. Allison, preoccupied, continues his game without answering. Herbert backs away, keeping his eyes on J. Allison, till his legs meet his chair. He sinks into it, still keeping his eyes on J. Allison until J. Allison leaves the room. Herbert keeps his eyes fastened on him—his head turned in an attitude of listening. Allison sits and drinks, tasting, his mind and face getting more and more animated.*)

ALLISON: I did not know it then, did I? If I had I would not have brought him here. Maybe he wouldn't have been like this. He is an Atheist and hates everything, and I think he hates me worst of all. Why do we hate each other? One time we were great friends and planned many things together; and now we do not speak except on the most trivial matters, and then it is with suppressed hate in our voices. Maybe it is because he works for me and thinks he has failed in everything. Does not every one fail who understands life? I have failed—tho' I have money. (*He pauses, drinks.*)

HERBERT (*never taking his eyes away from J. Allison*): He wishes many diseases, and would kill away the green grass with drouth and fire. He hates those who go away in search of it. Does he not sit there, and back of him sits another one with red hair who would kill me. I know, for he has tried, but in my brain came a great power and I overcame the monster and told him to kill the one who sent him. But he has returned and he has with him much fire to blight the grass that I would lie in. He will heat the winds and dry up the waves, and the trees shall wither when he touches them!

(*J. Allison rises suddenly to get a pack of cigarettes lying on the table just out of arm's reach. Herbert rises as J. Allison rises, his body tensed, but when J. Allison sings back into his seat, Herbert duplicates his motion. He is like a cat watching its victim.*)

ALLISON (*continuing his monologue*): He was coming from the Y. M. C. A. with a load of books in his arms. I like books and men that like books, so we became friends. And now we hate each other. We, a long time ago, would take walks in the forest where the water sang. We

would sit and talk, but now I no longer go and he goes alone. When he comes back he is very clam and we can speak to each other of intimacies. He likes water very much. One time he lived on a farm and dug a large square pool and wished to plant water lilies in it, but he never did. He made the sides of it with round stones as large as one's head, and after a while moss covered them, and grass grew from between the cracks. (*Drinks.*) When the big water spiders came to live in the rocks, he gave them names and tamed them. They would take flies out of his hand. One morning he found one dead on the water. (*Pauses.*) He put many kinds of little fish in the pool, too, and once a big turtle crawled into it at night. He loved the turtle very much. He called it W. J. B., and would feed it every week. He had a common green briar, also, that he very often told me about. He dug it out of a cornfield and planted it by the pool on a moonlit night, and he said he danced about it, and many shadows of the moon danced with him. He was hysterical when he told me about it.

(*He walks to the doorway, right; and stands a moment, then comes back. Herbert eases from his chair, his eyes still on J. Allison, when Allison obstructs his vision.*)

(*Continues his monologue*): And now he lies drunk, and sick, and with hate in his heart for me. And when he is drunk, I am sorry and suffer for him, but when he is sober I would have my hand on his throat! That is strange, for did we not love each other at one time? (*He shudders.*) People should not live together if they would be good friends. We do not have perfect masks for our souls. I see into his soul, and he is a replica of myself, and within me he beholds much that is horrible.

HERBERT (*tensely, eyes still on J. Allison*): Hear the bells? They are a medley of many terrible sounds. And they approach. (*His head is turned in an attitude for tense listening.*) The one hiding back of him is ringing them, but He knows why they are ringing. And He breeds, and breeds, and the earth is smothered and over-run and every green thing charred and blackened. Listen! They are buzzing and humming like bees now.

ALLISON (*continuing his monologue*): It is all horrible. We must struggle and struggle with ourselves; we push our hands back into dark caverns in the search of something, and then our hands are bitten a little by some fiendish something that never shows itself, but that we know waits. No, that is not true, there is no cavern, nor anything fiendish. (*Helplessly tearing at his collar.*) Why do I say that? What do I try to say? It is that we should impress something? Yes, I think that is it. We must impress our worth upon people. And when we understand, we see it is futile to have people think us worthy and good. Yes, it is foolish to impress people; they are not worth impressing—and it is no fun to lie to oneself. And we have no God to lie to. People should not throw away their Gods, for they would then have no one to impress. Yes, it is wrong to be honest and have no God. Of course, there is no God, but

(Continued on page fifteen)

THIS CONFUSION

(Continued from page fourteen)

I will make something on which to impress my greatness and goodness. *(He laughs crazily.)* Why would not this do for a God? *(He sets a bottle of ink on the mantle.)* I will have faith in you! *(Earnestly to the bottle.)* You are great and good, but I am also great and good. I have a business—a very large one, and I employ many people. They work under me, see, and I show them what to do, how to sell, and I do many other things besides. I pay many taxes to the state and donate to the libraries; but I do give money to the churches. I have more intelligence than those people who worship another God. Many of them have never read more than two or three books. See? *(Swings his hand around.)* I have many, many books, and that means I have intelligence. Those other people, down yonder, do not have many books, and so they have prejudices and superstitions. You understand. They hate negroes, and I do not hate negroes. They hang out flags on the Fourth of July, but I do not put a flag before my place of business. See? I do not believe in that any more, and I do not have any patriotism. Only unintelligent people believe anything. See? The less one believes, the more intelligent he is. So I believe....

(At this juncture of affairs J. Allison flings down his last card. Herbert starts. J. Allison yawns, goes slowly into bedroom, right center. Herbert has crouched down as J. Allison flung down his cards, and now follows him—crouched just the least bit—in the attitude of an animal following his prey. They both disappear, Herbert half tearing his necktie from his throat. Allison continues his monologue. Soon there is a gurgle, the bump of something falling.)

ALLISON *(continuing)*: ... nothing. *(He walks back and forth, stopping, starting in the monologue.)* One time I cared, now I no longer care for anything...except for opiates. Did you know I once cared and was almost happy? That was when I left the city factories. But before that I was not, for there were large white windows that I could not see through, before which I sat and hammered and hammered on armatures. And before me stretched rows of tall white windows through which I could not see, and behind me talges of belts, and tangles of whirling wheels, and tangles of men edging timidly in and out. And all day I hammered, and all day I tested them with wires to find faults, and all day I sat and cursed to myself and thought: "But this is not my life! I am not made for hammering this senseless metal! What do I care for this metal, or it for me?" And I grew savage and wished to inflict myself with all the insane, crushing millstones upon some one. And then my mind would wander away through the windows and I would think of a man I knew somewhere once. There was something in him that made me love him, and I dared not make his acquaintance. He was a poet and could play sad music...so sad that one would cry, and the heart grew soft and there came a wish to help some one. And how sad his face was as he played, and how fine. Thus I thought while I worked. One day I

thought of him and said: "Why can I not be as he?" And I crushed the white glass with my hammer and went away from the cities to the clear sunlight, and lay down in the grass. Then I was happy and calm; and no longer did I go to a large city, but to a small one where people no longer hurried and hurried in their escape from themselves. I came there, and then I am here, but now I am nowhere. I am soulless. So you are now my God, and I can impress you with the beauty of my soul! See! I can do what I wish with you, as life has done what it wished with me. I can show you the half of my soul, and the fear and cowardice and misery of my other half will not be seen. But you shall see neither, for you are the symbol of dishonesty and cowardice!

(He crashes the bottle on the hearth and is standing over it, smiling, when Beverly enters. Beverly is below medium height, thin, and emaciated. He wears a dress suit. His face is dark, lined deeply—very deeply. About him is a quality of sternness and command. At present his face is softly aglow—gently, relaxed, sweet. No particular feature of his face expresses this, for his face is immobile, dreamy. He does not laugh or smile, nor is he sullen or rebellious. He is mystic, poetic.)

ALLISON: See? I have just reslain my God. Years ago I dissolved Him, and all remnants of him, from my being, but I find he tries to creep back, so I reslay him. It is very nice to reslay an old enemy, for it gives new strength, new courage, and builds integrity and belief in oneself.

BEVERLY: Yes, it is every day a battle, and every night a babel of dreams of battles, and they sap the strength and the will. For is not God an opiate, and is not dishonesty an opiate, and rationalization the opiate of mind? And out of opiates forgetfulness, and from forgetfulness, happiness; and the greatest forgetfulness lieth with death in the forests.

ALLISON: Voluntary death is cowardice.

BEVERLY: With some, but not with us. We who could not create as the price of consciousness must die, for in living is unhappiness for us, and the sum of our rationalization is for living. I and he and know. And knowing, I have faced myself and will die.... Have I not suffered before and wept much in my life? These were not visible tears, but a bleeding within, an ebb and downward flow. And I smiled, though ghastly my face was, and the quivering of my lips giving lie to the smile. And I have walked and searched and wandered. Those who know tell me I must always walk and keep busy my mind. Now I refuse to walk further, and I shall have peace. In the hospital—did you know I had been there? yes, for many months I have been there. The doctors came professionally to me as I sat on the porch in the sunlight with others who were as I. They said, "Walk!" and obediently I walked about through the yards, through the clumps of conventional shrubbery. Many times I wandered slowly back and forth, trying not to be conscious, trying only to feel the hot heat of the sun on my neck, or only to remember to hear the crunch of gravel beneath my feet. But I

refused to lie further and am blessed with peach.

(Enter Herbert. His necktie is gone and his hair awry, but in his face is something of the same peace possessed by Beverly. He shakes hands with Beverly and sits down, or walks to the screen, his face lighting up at intervals with thoughts of his own.)

ALLISON: Then you are happy?

BEVERLY: I am no longer lonely and sick.

ALLISON *(vaguely)*: Happiness is negative.

BEVERLY: And tonight the wind understood and cooled my face. I spoke to it: "Wind, art thou the same that so many times blistered, so many times tearing my heart with loneliness and making me conscious and burning?" And there were many, many clouds drifting sweetly and silently. They were white and unhurried, and I spoke to them: "Why are you not of blood, and black and terrifying, with the old scattering winds among you as of old?" They answered not, but drifted and drifted, as I drift... evenly, as they. And I came on to where the people were rushing about in the market place, jostling each other. They were the same people I had passed many times before, with the same ugly, greedy faces, the same dirty frightful masks, but now there was something different, and I saw only weariness and desire for rest, and a hidden furtive gentleness. I called to them: "Come away with me, my children, and see the clouds that no longer hurry, and feel the winds that tarry not in the wastelands. Come away into the forest where there is death, and where sit the rippling green waters." But they only turned from me with shuddering and dread. "He is mad! He talks of death!" And they went their way, and I mine, with sorrow upon me. *(Pauses: suddenly)* Ah! but you are as little children, you two. You are bewildered... shall we not go away together?

ALLISON: Would you have wine? *(Offers, but Beverly refuses.)* No, I am too old, and I have many things to keep me busy, that will make me forget. I cannot go away. *(Beverly turns to Herbert.)*

HERBERT: No! For I can now write that something. There is no more work, and no monster watching behind Him, and He can make no more work.... I can now write that something. Tomorrow there will be grass to lie in and birds to listen to. I no longer fear... there is no longer anything to fear. You should not go now, for there is nothing to fear....

BEVERLY: You are wrong, and I become sad. But you are still young and still believe in the search for the fountain of happiness. There is no fountain until the great resolution and then you are sprayed with the jewels that ease the soul; there is no fountain till the search endeth, and then it lieth about you and in the aisles of distant forests. But I go.... I must go.... tomorrow this hour I will be in paradise!

(He embraces Herbert and shakes hands with Allison, then goes slowly out the door to the music of "Meditation." Herbert watches him. Allison goes inside, right c. Herbert still stands, his lips moving. A minute passes. The music switches to the most savage part of Rossini's "Storm" in the William Tell Overture as Allison

(Continued on page sixteen)

THIS CONFUSION

(Continued from page fifteen)

comes backing out, utmost horror on his face and holding in his hand the necktie worn by Herbert. It is in the form of a loop. He keeps his eyes turned toward the room till he reaches the table and touches it. It is the table at which J. Allison played solitaire. He now turns, one hand pointing accusingly, the other holding the necktie. Herbert, as if mesmerized, turns.)

ALLISON (in choked, horrified tones): You've strangled my brother!

HERBERT: Your brother? No! (His hand creeps to his throat and a light of horror dawns. He shudders, clapps his temples and reels backward and forward in an ever-widening distance.)

(Curtain falls)

The Christmas Prayer

By W. C. M.

THE winter days were growing old
The evening breath came hard and cold
And all the city streets among
A troop of breezes danced and sang.
Though the air was biting cold,
And though the frost was keen and bold;
A thousand gaily stepping feet
Went up and down those lighted streets.
A thousand hands with pressure tight
Were grasping presents rich and bright;
A thousand hearts were hastening home
To hearts that longed to see them come.
For wondrous gladness filled the air
And Christmas eve was everywhere.

But it has not so sweet a sound
In homes where children are not found
For, in one bright mansion, rich and grand,
Wife and husband, hand in hand,
Were sitting in the firelight's glow
And looking on the streets below
With sad hearts unreconciled
Were thinking of their long lost child.

Now out in the country, near a wood,
A little old brown schoolhouse stood
And as school was out the children strode
Along that white, hardbeaten road
To where farm-houses cheered their sight
And lights already glimmered bright.
With unassumed, unconscious grace
And pleasure beaming on every face
They brought all the presents to mind
That they that eve, were to receive;
Or in the early morning find
And Santa Claus, that famous king
Of childish love, was handled o'er
And all the treasures he might bring.

But, hark, with faces gay
They pass the poorhouse on their way,
A sweet and care-worn looking child
Out of the window gazed, and smiled
To see those other children glad
But her poor wistful heart was sad;
But that night our little friendless one,
Bowed low in grief her childish head
Upon that ragged poorhouse bed
And in a sweet and pleading tone
Uttered a short prayer, yes, all her own—
"Oh! Jesus, Thou who love so well
The little ones of whom they tell—
Thou wouldst not have them sent away
But said to all those who believe
If they should ask, they should receive.
Oh! Jesus, please for me to find
Two good parents, sweet and kind
And ask them if they will not spread
Some little presents by my bed
That they my heart may cheerful make—
Tomorrow morning when I wake.
And that I may be happy so—
As other children that I know—."
She said "Amen," with reverence deep
Closed her blue eyes and fell asleep.

Still sat that childless couple where
The light of luxury burned bright and fair
Still with thoughts all tempest tossed
Each silent mused, with sad heart bruised
Upon the child that they had lost
But hark! with a sudden clang
That loudly speaking door-bell rang
And a detective's face they viewed
With patient lines deep, marked and shrewd.
And scarce the parents' questioning eye
Was met before he made reply:
"I've come at last with tiding new,
The child I've sought so long for you—
The child you lost five years ago
Has lived and lives, her place I know.
The beggar, who with satan's aid,
Stole her to help his piteous trade
Died in the country poorhouse where
He left the child, and she is there.
Mistake or error can not befall
For here are the proofs, I have them all.
She is not very far away
And you if bold, to bear the cold,
Can see her ere another day."

"To bear the cold! What has she borne!
My darling shall no longer friendless mourn.
The horses! quick and soon in spite
Of cold and sleet, the champing feet
Of swift steeds dashed into the night
Until they halted just before
That great poorhouse's dingy door

And the parents with soft tread, crept
Into the gloom of one small room
And watched their darling while she slept,
And weeping, listened to the prayer
Which she that night had offered there;
For the matron had overheard
And told it to them, word for word.
Her sleeping face appeared to them
Like some fair flower, at evening's hour
Lowly drooping on its weary stem.
That soft prayer, in heaven now,
Had left its touch upon her brow—
Its grief and comfort they could trace
Upon that well remembered face.

The mother yearned the child to press
In all her piteous loveliness
But would not her slumber break
And said, "My darling shall not wake
Until her prayer we answered see
As well and as nearly as can be."
And soon the sleek swift steeds flew
Back to where proud present, rich and new
Fling in the lamplight's brilliant rays
The envy of all children's gaze
Which ere another hour had fled
Soft hands bore and placed before
That little sleeper's lowly bed.

She woke at last and wondering threw
A swift, keen glance upon the scene
That burst upon her startled view.
No thing her heart had learned to prize
But was spread before her eyes.
Bright gifts whose name she did not know
Seemed to make her young heart glow—
But hark! A man with step of pride
And a sweet lady by his side—
More beautiful and high of mein
Than any she had ever seen
Came and above her wept and smiled
And called her their poor long-lost child.

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GHOSTS OF SHAKESPEAREAN DRAMA

A discussion of the part played by ghosts in Shakespeare's dramatic works. The writer seeks to account for the great dramatist's employment of ghosts in the execution of major rôles.

By J. C. WILLIAMS

OF All the words which make up the English language, there is none which produces such a disturbing effect as *ghost*. Around this little word, generations now long forgotten have built a glamour and a tradition which has a connotation described only by the slang term, *spooky*.

Even in this enlightened age in which we live, ghostly superstitions flourish as of old. People who profess no belief in a world after death strangely fear ghosts, strangely shudder when left in the presence of a corpse or near a graveyard. Although one's reason tells him that the corpse has no power to walk again, superstition looms up before him in ghostly apparition. Of course, there is good reason for believing that education will in the course of time so develop man that he will no longer be superstitious. Already many of the fancies which gripped mortal kind in another day have faded before the advancing ranks of that great force, enlightenment.

Time was when the most civilized and refined lady of the Roman Empire could (and did) witness the fiercest of bull fights with never a manifestation of emotion. That time has passed. Time will come, when mankind will shudder at even the thought of a prize fight; but such a stage in human development belongs to the unexplored and unseen future. Perhaps, even the well-entrenched fear of ghosts, which now flourishes, will vanish. But be this conjecture false or true, the fact is that "ghostdom" flourished in Shakespeare's day and is far from extinct in our own time. Shakespeare, that masterful scholar in the field of human nature, capitalized greatly upon prevailing opinions relevant to ghosts.

"That undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns" receives considerable recognition in Shakespeare's great masterpiece of tragedy, *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*. Somehow, people have always thought that some traveller might return from the famous bourn. Shakespeare knew this popular persuasion and made use of it fully in *Hamlet*. In the following of his other works, the subject of ghosts receives varying degrees of attention: *Macbeth*, *Richard III*, *Julius Caesar*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *The Winter's Tale*. Perhaps there are more; but these stand out.

More than in any of Shakespeare's plays, the position of the ghost in *Hamlet* is worthy of note. Prince Hamlet, the classical victim of indecision, relies upon instruction received from the ghost of his father, who was murdered by his own unscrupulous uncle. Hamlet, unable to decide for himself, ponders too long even after speaking with the ghost. Nevertheless, the ghost is the controlling mechanism in the execution of the plot—most of which is centered around Hamlet himself. Before taking any important step, Hamlet feels that he had best consult that one who did return from that dreaded bourn of death-land.

There are quite a few critics who contend that Hamlet was decidedly materialistic. That such was true of him, however, seems quite improbable. The remarkable materialism of our times which seeks to explain all in physical terms does great injustice to reason in attempting to make it appear that Hamlet's father's ghost was merely intended to be a objectification of the mental condition of Hamlet. It is contended that what he thinks he sees is identical with his state of mind at the incumbent moment.

The argument that Hamlet was a materialist meets its Waterloo in the fact that he readily believed his three friends when they reported having seen his father, the one-time king of Denmark. Horatio doubted their report, but Hamlet did not. Furthermore, Hamlet did not discover the ghost of his father, that being the accidental accomplishment of Bernardo.

There can be little doubt that the ghost in *Hamlet* is meant to be an actual representation of the king as he was in life, that Shakespeare meant the ghost to portray a literal return of the slain king. The impossibility of disposing of the matter by hallucination is apparent to one who has examined the factors which enter into the Hamlet-ghost affair. The only strong argument in favor of the contention that the ghost affair was merely a product of Hamlet's burdened mind is the fact that the queen did not see it.

The great dramatist introduces the ghost into the play in order to give his audience a glimpse of what lies beyond the range of the physical senses. The truth of nature as Shakespeare presents it in *Hamlet* is that the death of the physical man does not change that man—that he is the same individual, mentally and morally, after bodily death that he was before it, being addicted to the same temptations and desires that he was addicted to while on earth. Strangely enough, the murdered king—Hamlet's father—who returns as a ghost and speaks to Ham-

let, has the same emotions and wants that he would have had, had he been exiled and then recalled, rather than murdered. It is this factor which adds spice to the Hamlet-ghost episode. The ghost of the murdered king is bent upon revenge as fiercely as any living man. Knowing that he has been treacherously deprived of his kingdom and of his wife, he is enraged and goes about the realization of his revenge just as any normal being would be expected to do under similar circumstances. The ghost of the murdered king appears to Hamlet for the well-defined purpose of arousing him to avenge "my most foul murder."

Ghost: "*Do not forget this visitation*

Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose."

Certainly, Shakespeare realized that it was not necessary to invent a ghost to acquaint Hamlet with the identity of his father's murderer, although there is considerable popular opinion to the contrary. Shakespeare's character, Hamlet, was too keen and at the same time too suspicious a person to have had any considerable doubt as to the fact that his uncle, the incumbent king, was his beloved father's slayer. The actual task of assuring Hamlet of Claudius' guilt could have been easily performed by some obscure person who had secretly witnessed the murder, but the great dramatist realized that a ghost would be more interesting to his audiences. In the first place, the fact of the ghost's playing a major role in the play is unusual even in modern plays; in the second place, ghostly direction of a plot cannot help but lend an atmosphere of weirdness to the same.

Dramatists of a lesser magnitude than Shakespeare are seemingly never at a loss for some means to introduce a secret into the play. But Shakespeare kept consciously before him the aim to present human nature in its true light. If the purpose of the ghost scenes in *Hamlet* is not that of giving us an accurate picture of human life that stretches beyond the narrow ken of the visible, then Shakespeare has violated one of the first principles of dramatic work: *the introduction of the element of superfluity*. "Unless the purpose is akin to that indicated, the appearance of the ghost is a clumsy and absurd blunder; and so free are Shakespeare's plays from artistic flaws that when anything is found in them that does not play a necessary part in the whole—does not contribute a word of light toward the complete illumination of the subject under consideration—the

(Continued on page two)

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Sunday, January 18, 1931

“Contemporary Immortals”

Dr. Archibald Henderson’s most recent literary work, *Contemporary Immortals*, has rightly drawn favorable comment from the pens of the nation’s foremost critics. The book is a credit to the University of North Carolina, and to the state. It is a real contribution, a contribution which bids fair to weather the storms of time.

Naturally enough, critics are not agreed as to the correctness of the contemporary immortals which Dr. Henderson chose to discuss in his book. Some feel that several of the ten men and two women hardly merit any seat on the immortal row. Critics unite, however, in saying that the writer has done justice to each person chosen.

Our opinion is that *Contemporary Immortals* supersedes the average biography in that Dr. Henderson wove into the twelve biographies comprising the work the happy combination of informative and entertaining writing. Such an accomplishment is of the rarest strain.

The University of North Carolina professor has laid another milestone in his own claim to the immortal roster.

**GHOSTS OF
SHAKESPEAREAN DRAMA**
(Continued from page one)

critics conclude that it is one of the interpolations that have crept in since the play left the author’s hands. The only logical inference to be drawn is that all the varied occultism to be found in the plays is there for a purpose—the very sane purpose of giving us a full and faithful picture of things as they really are and not as those who see only with the physical eye imagine them to be.” (This is an excerpt from Rogers’ work, *The Ghosts of Shakespeare*).

II
In point of popularity, mass opinion would seem to rate *Macbeth* next to *Hamlet* among Shakespearean tragedies. In *Macbeth*, Shakespeare has presented an attractive array of occult phenomena. There is, however, nothing incidental about its occultism. The witches and their predictions play an important part in the play from start to finish. They are represented as having very peculiar knowledge of future events, and their predictions are obviously the guiding mechanism of the play. In both *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, the role of witches and ghosts is the power behind the scene—yet a power which is felt very keenly. Hamlet gets to a certain point in the plot, then consults the ghost of his dead father before going further. Macbeth lays his plans, but does not act until he has consulted the witches and secured their advice. The major portion of the play after the first appearance of the witches is the working out in the visible world of events forecast beforehand.

Early in the course of the play (the third scene of the first act, to be exact), Macbeth and Banquo are returning in victory from the battlefield when they are encountered by the witches. The witches hail Macbeth asthane of Cawdor, an honor that the king has determined to confer upon him—but about which Macbeth is totally ignorant. As if this surprise were not enough for Macbeth, the witches tell him that he is to become king of Scotland. He learns that the first phase of the prophecy was fulfilled, ere the weird sisters had uttered it. Quite naturally, he begins to look around to discover the possibilities for fulfillment of the second phase of their prophecy. It is at this point that Macbeth gives free rein to his every regal ambition. Many of his inward desires in political lines had not hitherto been expressed in deed. Now he sets about to actually help toward realization the prophecy of the strange prophets. Macbeth, with his mind full of the possibility of attaining the crown, straightway begins plotting toward that end. Thus is laid the basis for the whole action of the play.

As is the case with *Hamlet*, numerous critics contend that the witches’ remarks are nothing more than an objectification of what is in Macbeth’s mind. But if this were true of the witches’ conversations, Banquo would not have participated. Here it is that the contention of the group of critics referred to falls down. To read the dialogue carefully and then believe that the witches are intended to represent mere objective states of mind is impossible.

It is interesting to note that every one of the

prophecies which the witches made is fulfilled before the close of the play, even the strangest of them all, which said, “No man of woman born shall harm Macbeth.”

III
The occultism found in *Richard III* is not so real as that found in *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. The ghosts and witches in this play appear to the chief character in his dreams. They haunt him, however, very effectively; so effectively, in fact, that he is hampered and bothered even during his waking moments. In this play, the great dramatist gives expression to his belief that there is an intimate and undoubted relationship existing between the physical and the astral existences.

As a matter of fact, there is so much contained in the dreams of Richard III that one should make a study of dream psychology before even attempting to understand fully the terrifying of Richard on the eve of the fateful battle that cost him his kingdom, his life, and his soul.

“The terror that comes upon the murderer when in sleep loses for him the protection afforded him by the gross physical matter that shuts out the astral world from his waking consciousness, is presented to us in *Richard III*. Of course, not all people are sufficiently sensitive to retain an impression of astral experiences. If it were so, every murderer would come back to the waking state more or less unnerved, according to his degree of sensitiveness. Richard seems to have been one of those who occasionally bring into the waking consciousness a very vivid recollection of what had occurred while his consciousness functioned apart from the physical body. He had fallen asleep in his tent, that last night of his life, and had met, as in the flesh, the long list of his victims, each of whom makes it clear that disaster and death are just ahead of him.

“The chief distinction between the dream that is a memory, more or less distinct, of an astral experience, and the chaotic dreams that are merely the automatic activity of the brain during slumber, is the vividness and the impression of reality in the former—a characteristic that comes out clearly in the ghost scenes.” (This excellent commentary on Scene III, Act V is taken from Rogers’ work, *The Ghost of Shakespeare*.)

The dream which Richard has in this scene while he is asleep in his tent on the eve of the great battle is so real that upon waking he is at first unable to distinguish between the physical and the astral. This bears out the psychological contention that a dream which arises out of an actual, former deed is apt to be very real, while a dream which arises out of a mere automatic and chaotic condition of the brain is apt to be confused and well nigh meaningless.

It must be borne in mind that the ghosts which appear to Richard in his dreams are as real as the ghost which appeared to Hamlet. They are all actuated by the same motives and emotions which move living people. The great dramatist in this play presents several dreams which actually warn of coming events. In this respect, the ghosts in *Richard III* play a slight-

(Continued on page seven)

THE POT OF BRASS

By JAMES DAWSON

*"For pay and medals, name and rank,
Things that he has not found,
He hove the Cross to heaven and sank
The pole-star underground."*

—A. E. Housman.

To M.

Said Matthewson: "My God, what is your hurry?"

But you were not to be detained. You threw
A look of anxious scorn into the gusts
Of driving rain, and set the more aslant
Your battered linen cap, so that the storm
Might strike its greasy white and trickle
through,

And down the angle of your broken nose.
You flung the door aside and stamped away
Down the long deck that glistened in the dawn.

The thing that I remember best is that
You left a queer group gathered in the room.
Four of us there, and all of us were dead
Save for our minds But I suppose the sight
Was queer to me because my length was
sprawled

Upon the floor, and lay in a long pool
Of water from my oilskins. Train had thrown
Himself into his bunk, and all the sheets
Were soaked beneath his dripping. Matthewson
Stood up beside the wall and leaned his head
Against it, his eyes closed, and towered there
Above me like a drenched and cold Colossus,
Standing and swaying with the chilling memory
Of three days off the hard chin of the Cape
MacBreath was on the floor, too, and his head
Was heavy on my middle. We were wet
And past the door the dawn was wet and grey,
And dirty with the soiled and tattered veil
Of smoke that blew and scurried with the wind.

Oh, but I know that you remember how
We were, for you had seen those same three
dawns.
And you too had gone sleepless through those
nights.

But there were other things. You left us there
To fight a thing that was our enemy,
Not yours. You did not care. You went away
And sought your cabin, leaving us the still
Wet, hissing dawn for jovial company.

The youngster drew a breath when you had
gone,

And rolled his tousled head upon my body,
Turning an ear up that was ringed with red,
A little circle from a button. I
Was sorry that his fair face was so young
And beardless, while the other weary chins
About him were be-grizzled with the fuzz
Of wracking, careless days, and sleepless nights.
I wondered that his sleepy eyes were fresh,
And lacked the circled darkness ours had found.
New as the day he was, and just so young,
And candidly untroubled, and I knew
That in his head were still those youthful
thoughts

A ship can give a man when he's her lover
Of just a month.

Then Matthewson looked down.

"Well, Mac," he said.

I raised a prickling hand
And touched the blonde head, seeing he hadn't
heard.

He moaned, and sat up with a quiet scrape
Of harsh oilskins, leaving upon my middle
His new sou'wester, like an upturned goblet,
And rubbed his young head with a grimy hand.
"Well, Mac," said Matthewson.

The kid looked up.

"Listen," he asked us, "Oo I have to tell it?"
Matthewson answered:

"You're the only one
Who saw it."

And the kid was still.

"I know,

But Sheeder's always been a friend of mine,
I like him."

Train turned over in the bunk.

"So do we all," he said, "We have to be
Fair to him, and we didn't see the thing,
You did."

You see, we all were trying hard
To turn aside. Each of us was afraid
He'd be the one to see your reckless steps
And trip you.

Matthewson's wind-torn patience broke
Within him.

"Tell it, Mac!" he harshly spat.
And I could see the boy was somehow hurt,
Feeling us all against him. Train saw too,
For he sat up and said more kindly still:
"The plain truth, Mac. There's nothing else we
want."

The boy was frowning, but his voice was quiet:

"It was the first night out, when Captain Allen
Came at eight bells to relieve us on the bridge.
And I was up there, taking the wheel trick
With Mr. Train, when Mr. Sheeder said
He'd go and see what kept the old man back.
'He's more than fifteen minutes late,' he said,
And 'Hell, I'll have to see what's keeping him.'
So he went down, and in a little while
We heard them coming back, the two of them.
And Mr. Train said Allen must be drunk,
And Mr. Sheeder had to come with him
To help him up, and Sheeder should have left
Him in his cabin if he was that drunk
He said, and I said yes, and Mr. Train
Told me to go and hold the door for them
So they could keep both hands upon the rail,
And not let go to open it. I went
And swung the door, and it was hard to hold,
The wind was so damn strong, and we were
rolling

So far with every wave. Well, when they'd come
Most halfway up, we hit a breaking crest
That buried the ship's head, and ran all down
The deck. The pitching knocked the old man flat
Against the ladder, and we rolled to starboard,
And Allen almost tumbled overside.
Then I saw Sheeder grab his hand to stop him,
And when the comber ran beneath the ladder,
Then Sheeder jerked his hand from Allen's
grasp,

Alone

KIMI GENGO

*I am alone again
With only the wind
Slapping across my cheeks,
Pressing my wet lips,
Tugging my hair.*

*You cannot hurt me now
Whose heart has retreated
Into the inmost crypts
Of memory.*

*Whose are the cheeks you lash,
Whose are wet lips you brush,
Loose hair you will blow
Across closed eyes?*

*Heart cannot leap again,
Lips will not murmur
Even his sacred name:
Only the eyelids quiver
At a remembered pain.*

—Cornell Columns.

And Allen just rolled off the slanting steps,
And was washed overside. I saw him try
To grab the rail, but it was much too strong,
The water, and it carried him on over.
And Mr. Sheeder just stood there and watched
him.

When he came up and crawled into the bridge-
house
I followed him as he went to the wheel.
'You let him go!' I said, and he looked queer
And smiled a bit, and said: 'He squeezed too
hard.'

My ring was hurting, cutting in my hand.'
And then he held it up. You know that ring
He wears on his right hand. Well, it was gone,
And there were reddish marks on both the
fingers

On each side of the one the ring was on.
Then he looked at me sort of queer and said:
'Oh, well, it was too big. I guess it dropped.
I always had to keep my fingers crooked
To keep it on. I'm sorry, though, to lose it.'
Then he told Train that Allen had washed over.
'Go get some sleep,' he said, 'I'll take the wheel.'
That's all."

MacBreath looked 'round, at

Matthewson,

At Train, at me beside him on the floor.
He frowned.

"That's all!" he said impatiently.

Matthewson took a breath, and held it long,
Then let it slowly out and noisily.
"I see," he said.

And Train drummed nervously
Upon his teeth with two black fingernails.
"I found his ring next day where it had rolled
Into the scuppers," said he, drumming on.
"All right," breathed Matthewson, making me
wonder

Why he would not sit down. He made me tired
Standing that way. The oldest of us all
He was, for he had passed his fortieth year,

(Continued on page four)

THE POT OF BRASS

(Continued from page three)

And most of us had not yet seen our thirties,
He harshly breathed, and said with frozen face:
"We're here to come to some sort of decision.
We came to hear Mac tell his story of it—
We've heard it—now we must find what to do
With him."

"But, Matt, what can we do." I asked.
"Two things," he said, "That is, one of two
things.

We can report it as it really happened,
Or we can leave it as an accident.
Train tells me now that neither has been done.
'Sparks' broke an arm when that port boat was
smashed

And no one else here knew the radio.
All right. We're in the Laurent River now,
And we go up as far as New Rochelle,
Where we can wire the owners what we please.
What I want you to say is what to tell them,
And how to say the thing."

Train raised himself,
Looked out the porthole, and lay down again.
"Muggy," he said.

I looked. From where I lay
I only saw a stanchion and a rope,
Short and all frayed, and whipping viciously,
As if it were a tongue that cursed and flung
Its ravings at the wind's swift passing lash.
Sometimes it stood out Stiffly on the gale,
And almost motionless, and then it swung
And crackled with a noise I could not hear.
It seemed insane that it should blow so hard
Out there, and be so quiet and still inside.
My ears were ringing as I watched its arc;
Ringing with all the unaccustomed stillness
After three days of bedlam. In our pause
I noticed Train's chronometer ticking loudly,
Laying a gauge beside the heavy minutes.
Then Train said:

"Listen, Matt, I want to know:
You're fond of Sheeder, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Matt.
"And you know Captain Allen was a drunkard,
Sot, soaked on the first night of that blow.
Even then—"

"I do not," Matthewson cut in.
I heard Mac say you said he must be drunk,
Since Sheeder came to help him up the ladder,
That's all."

"Oh, it's been done before," I said.
"During a storm?" MacBreath asked
tremblingly.
"Ah, yes," said Matthewson, "That's true, but
that

Is not the thing we're getting at, at all.
I know you want his action justified,
And so do I, but that's no way to do it.
My God, he had to have some reason for it.
What was it? Sheeder's not the sort of man—
That is, unless he didn't really do it—"

He looked at MacBreath, and the youngster
moaned:
"He did! He did!"

Then we were still a while,
Until MacBreath looked hopefully at Train.
"Could there have been a woman, maybe?"
said he.

We all looked at him soberly, and Train:

"No, no, don't be dramatic now!" And smiled,
And looked at me. And I smiled back at him,
And saw his brows go knitting as he watched
MacBreath lay back his head on me. Then Train
Came and stood over us, and spoke to him:
"Mac, go tell cook to make a lot of coffee,
All black and hot. We'll want it in this weather.
Stay there and see he makes it strong. Go on."
MacBreath pulled up, as if glad to get out.

Weariness

By D. C. McCLURE

I'M tired of seeking knowledge
From dry and soulless books,
Of reading printed pages,
And never seeing brooks,
Of trying to pass courses
That I wonder why I took
For the sole and simple reason
Of getting grades on registrar's books
Which all, in my eyes,
Looks—like nothing.

I'm sick of catching classes
In classrooms dull and bare,
Of listening to professors
Talk on while I stare
At nothing in particular,
And wish I were not there.
For autumn leaves are falling
In December's chilly air,
And life is moving outside
As I sit there and stare—at nothing.

I'm worn from eking dollars
Out of fortune's money poke.
I'm tired of chasing pennies
And always being broke.
I work out in biting winds
And winter rains that soak,
While others sit by the fireside,
Light their pipes, and smoke—doing nothing.

Three years of catching classes,
Three years of stuffing brains
With knowledge of Shakespeare, Milton,
Browning, Carlyle, Pope, and Paine—
I'd like to chuck it all away
And wander down a lane,
Kick my toes in green turf,
And hear a wren's refrain
That sang because there was nothing around
But alder bushes and cane.

At the end of the lane there's a fancied place
Where the pines are thick and low,
The wind is soft in the summer,
And moccasin flowers grow
By a branch running thick and lazy
To join a creek below
A field of pollen-laden corn tops
That August breezes blow.

By the side of the running water,
Where ants and beetles creep,
And nothing disturbs the silence
But a fish's shiny leap
Glistening in the rays of sun
That through the foliage seep—
On a carpet of pine needles,
Fragrant, brown, and deep,
I'd like to cast my body down,
Stretch out myself—and sleep.

The rain and mist swirled through the opened
door,
And he was gone. And Train walked back again
And lay and stretched himself upon the bunk.
"Let's leave him out," he said. "We've heard his
part,
It's straight enough, I'll swear, and it'll do.
Matthewson frowned.

"What do you know?" he asked.
"Nothing," said Train.

"Nothing you couldn't say
While he was here?"

"Ah, listen, Matt," said Train
Sheeder and I both hold our master's papers.
He's wanted a command for years, and I
Have too, but you can see how Sheeder rose,
All of a sudden. Ah, what do you think?"
We thought, and we said nothing. Train was
flushed.

His voice was strained.

"You know damn well," he cried
"That Sheeder never had a bloody chance.
You saw old Allen get this damned command
Because his uncle's cousin was a friend
Of all the owners—something of the kind.
Jesus Hannibal Christ! You've seen it happen—
Masters you couldn't sell by halves of dozens—
Men who can't touch John Sheeder! Yet they
went
And got their ships and graft. I know you
know it!
You've shipped with him, you've seen him work
for years.

Better than most he is, and all for nothing.
Where has he got? First mate! Where have I
got?
And where have you? My God, but you and I
Don't have those friends who'll kiss the feet of
owners,

And you and I are too unholy proud
To do it for ourselves. I guess we're mad!
But mad or not, we didn't have the guts
To make a chance the way John Sheedr did.
Look here, he's got his ship now. Let him
have it.
My Christ, why, who are you to take it from
him?
He's earned it, hasn't he? You know he has!"

"Train!" I said, and then he turned on me.
"Listen!" he cried, "You asked me for a motive.
Well, there you are—Promotion, bigger pay,
A little swank, responsibility,
All for the bagatelle of stepping gently
Upon the cockroach that was in his way!
Wouldn't you do it?"

"No!" I said, "Would you?"

"Listen!" he said, "With miles of wind and
water

Between you and the things they do ashore,
What sort of ties would men like Sheeder feel?
What sort do you? Honour is not a thing
So strong that it can cross a southern storm
And find a man who has no need of it.
He left it stay ashore, where it belongs,
And made his own. New honour for blind morals.
Why shouldn't he? Had he been ever honoured,
Even respected for all that he had done,
And could do?"

Train looked out the port again,

(Continued on page six)



THE BOOK WORLD



Cheshire Contribution

NONNULLA. By Joseph Blount Cheshire.
University of North Carolina Press,
Chapel Hill. 250 pp. \$4.00. 1931.

Bishop Blount Cheshire, known throughout the length and breadth of North Carolina as its prince of story tellers, has at last gathered all his tales together and placed them between the covers of a book which he aptly calls *Nonnulla* or "not nothings."

Bishop Cheshire has arrived at the mellowed age of seventy-five. In these seventy-five years he has travelled from corner to corner of this state; he has been a keen observer of North Carolina life; he has met and known intimately many of its celebrities; and he has acquired a vast store of legends, traditions, and memories, "more or less authentic," about North Carolina. These he has presented in *Nonnulla* with the quiet humor of a scholar, and with no attention to chronological order.

The result is an informal conversation between the author and reader, which takes him back fifty, sixty, seventy years into the past. The chat is for the greater part in a humorous vein, although at infrequent intervals, there enters the sad tone of tragedy. And when the conversation is over, the reader reluctantly rises and enters once more the turbulent twentieth century.

The reader meets many characters who tickle his humor. There is General Barringer who, when a captain in the Confederate army, carried his silk umbrella with him on all his campaigns until forced to throw it away by his superior officer.

And there is Jo Shocco Jones, hailing from Cape Lookout, who went North to seek his fortune. There he took a sudden dislike for a Yankee in Rhode Island which resulted in a duel. Jones then fled back to his home state and the Governor of Rhode Island offered five hundred dollars reward for Jones' capture. Jones, being a man of some humor, retaliated with a counter proclamation offering a reward for the apprehension of the former Governor of Rhode Island, and his delivery "at Cape Lookout in North Carolina."

Not to omit the Reverend Joshua Lawrence of Halifax who, preparatory to delivering a sermon on a hot day, pulled off his coat, laid it across the pulpit, and said, "Now brethren, I am going to preach you a sermon so plain that even the women and negroes will understand it!"

Transportation, it seems, before the day of railroads in the South, was quite different than it is today. A Dr. Whitfield of Alabama tells of a trip he took from Chapel Hill to Montgomery on one of the old stage lines. He not only had to pay fifty dollars for a ticket, but the roads were so bad and the red-clay mud so deep that he had to walk the greater part of the way; and most of the time he had to carry a fence-

Actaeon

By VERNON CROOK

*With fifty dogs Actaeon went,
As he was wont upon the chase,
To Cithaeron where he had spent
Full many a day before. The place
Was one where oft he could efface
His troubles and his heavy care
Pursuing stags fleeing apace—
But irony was lurking there.*

*Actaeon rushed each steep ascent,
Contented pride upon his face,
Till sudden in astonishment
He turned his steps in quick retrace.
Artemis' nymphs without their lace
In bathing were. They met his stare;
In consternation hid their grace—
And irony was lurking there.*

*Artemis raged at the event,
Considered all were in disgrace.
Charging Actaeon with intent
Upon their chastity, debased
The man into a stag. The race!
Actaeon fled in vain despair.
His dogs were out upon the chase—
And irony was lurking there.*

*Thus often does poor man embrace
The unseen meshes of a snare,
And rushes on without his mace,
While irony is lurking there.*

rail on his shoulder to pry the stage coach out of the mud when it stuck fast!

There are also the biographies of Robert Potter, who flashed like a blazing meteor across the sky of North Carolina's political life until his murder by some of his enemies; of Governor Graham, who never used a humorous anecdote in a public speech except once, and then told a good one; of Nick Arrington, the famous Nash county raiser of fighting chickens, who accepted a challenge from Santa Anna, President of the Mexican Republic, for a bout on board two steamboats in the Gulf of Mexico; and other life sketches of famous Carolinians.

And then there are tales of mad-stones, of witches, of negro lore, of duels, so that *Nonnulla* presents a panorama of early North Carolina life that will longer long in the memory of those who idle through its pages. —Phil Liskin.

What's all this rumor about the better classes' dying out? Persons laboring under such a false impression would do well to observe the veritable hordes of professors' babies who are rolled up and down the streets of our little village daily in their little go-carts.

We understand that a movement is under way to call upon your editor and his assistants to "clean up" the *Buccaneer*. We hate to perform such tasks, but duty is duty.

Old King Cotton

KING COTTON IS SICK, by Claudius T. Murchison. University of North Carolina Press. 184 pp. 1930.

Even to many who have been actively interested in diagnosing the malady, the case of the cotton industry has been a puzzling one ever since its illness became apparent in 1923. With a patient whose well-being is so vital to the residents of North Carolina it was only natural that at first many panicky dependents wept and wailed, and tried to force upon the unfortunate one and a thousand-and-one home remedies. It is an old and bitter story now, that King Cotton is slowly getting worse. Practically all the panaceas have proved useless—even harmful. The root of the disease has evaded the practitioner's eye for so long that those concerned have long since despaired and given the patient up for lost.

The attitude of hopelessness and despair was evidently not shared by Dr. Murchison when this year he began his scientific quest for the causes of the industry's disability. There was reason to believe that there was some solution, and that it could be reached by objective examination and analysis. With the aid of several organizations he was able to visit the various New England and Southern textile centers, talk over the problem with owners of mills, merchandisers, commission men, and numerous other persons who were directly concerned with the problem, and from a first-hand survey was able to form his opinion of the trouble.

In *King Cotton Is Sick*, a very clear picture is drawn of the condition of the cotton industry. The factors which have made it what it is are presented in such a way that a previous knowledge of the field is not requisite to understanding the author's diagnosis, and the subsequent solutions he offers to the problem.

Dr. Murchison carefully shows that the usual causes given for the depression of the cotton industry are either false, or merely results of the real disease. Such dogmatic assertions as those usually made regarding overproduction, fashion changes, labor disputes, inefficiency, etc., and their relationship to textiles are shown to be petty and, for the most part, entirely off on the wrong scent. *King Cotton Is Sick* eliminates these, one by one, and then convincingly gives the author's interpretation of the facts he has gathered together. The relationship between the various branches of the textile industry, from producers of the raw material, through the spinners, converters, brokers, and commission agents, on down to the retailers, is decidedly the root of the evil, according to Dr. Murchison. Although he makes no claim that his solution is a cure-all, his idea of vertical combination of the various discordant steps is altogether logical. Cases are cited in which the manufacturers

(Continued on page eight)

THE POT OF BRASS

(Continued from page four)

And Matthewson, still sombre, cleared his throat.

"You see, you see," he said, "We're getting nowhere.

For God's sake, let's begin to get it straight." He looked around, and neither of us spoke, So he went sadly on, and haltingly:

"Well, we know how the kid would go. His fear And conscience would outweigh whatever feeling He'd likely have for Sheeder. We've heard Train,

And I can wait for later. Now there's you." And they both looked at me. I took the plunge "Report it as it really was," I said. Train snorted. Matt was faintly disappointed. "Why?" he asked, and I said:

"I don't know.

Haven't you fears that you would feel it, after? Wouldn't you, if you called it accident, Feel that you'd dodged because it might involve you?

You asked me: who are we to take this from him?

And I say: who are we to give it to him? We haven't it to give. But listen here, Sheeder *must* know that Mac has told the thing. What would he want?"

"God, I don't know," said Matt.

But Train replied, not turning from the port: "I do. He was too proud to do his groveling, And he'd be much too proud to take the safety We'd offer, damn him. Ah, I wish I'd known Before I sent Mac there to hold that door!"

Suddenly we were quiet, and I sat up To rest my back against a sloping bulkhead. My spine was sore from lying, and I felt—I guess we all felt we were going mad. Again I heard the ticking from the corner, And Train was tensely drumming on his teeth. Then I was seeking something small to say When Train turned round and stopped his nervous drum.

"Listen," he said, "Let's leave it to MacBreath! Let him decide it!"

And I shouted: "What!"

Train laughed.

"Not that," he said, "Wait 'til he comes To bring the coffee. If he says one word Before he puts the pot down, Sheeder loses, And we report him. If he brings the pot And puts it on the floor before he speaks We call it what it was, an accident!"

My head was reeling. This was the last tick Of that our madman's morning, for we heard The footsteps of the kid out on the deck. I looked at Train, and he stared back at me With wildness in his eyes. I felt a laugh Come bubbling through my throat, and choked it off,

Feeling it blasphemous to free it then, And through the haze remembered that the care, The burden now had all been cast aside To someone else's shoulders. Yet I knew A strain was somehow there, and that my eyes Were just so mad as Train's.

And then the door Came flying inward with a skirl of fog.

To the Civilized

By STANLEY STEVENS

*Lock step from Murderer's Row,
A white, sick blur of faces;
With fumbling hands the keepers lace
The cold electrodes into place.
The last, dull seconds race,
The pale priest mumbles low.
The lights sag dim. Red, red, they glow,
Blood red, O Civilized, blood red...
You hated, feared, and so,
Behind a mask, a Justice face,
With savage law you struck him dead...
How reckon you the cost?
A salt sponge for his head?
A steel band for a pillow?
Only current, "until dead,"
A mere ten cents a kilo?*

* * *

*I think, O you who keep
Such Strict, such Just Accounts,
That even God must weep
To list the sorry, black Amounts,
And know how much you lost!*

None of us could look at him, but we saw Out of the corners of our eyes, the glow The ruddy flush of morning in his face, And knew that here was something bravely sane, And candidly untouched by all our enemies, Though even then they cried about his ears. He slammed the door, and held the black pot high.

"Coffee!" he said, "Here's coffee for cold bellies!"

He flung his oiled hat toward me on the floor, And broke the still suspension with the slap Of hard cloth on the wood. I saw Train turn, And we both watched him as he drew off mittens, And stuffed them, knotted up, into his pockets.

Matthewson went to peer into the morning, Pulling his hat on as he reached the door. Then:

"Train," he said, "Tell Sheeder that we're in.

He'll want to see the master of the tug Before we dock."

And Train went out behind him, Leaving MacBreath still pawing in a locker, And rattling cups and glasses in his zeal.

The coffee we poured out was hot and strong, And we were drinking it when Train came back. He pushed aside the door and looked at me. "Sheeder's asleep," he said, through veils of mist,

"Will you come out, and help me take her in? The tug is coming now."

Ah, well, that's all.

I thought you'd like to know just how we did it. I've told you. Will you have a cigarette?

Our sister publication, the *Daily Tar Heel*, lists reporters under the heading of "News Men." This otherwise simple matter is rendered very complicated by the fact that the first man listed is *Mary Buie*.

Razor and Lipstick

By MARY CARR NEWBY

THE STATISTICIAN announces that there are in this country upwards of eighty thousand beauty physicians, and the wag remarks that as yet there has not been effected a single cure. This tells most of the pathetic story of the faces of women. The rest of it may be read in the innumerable and elaborate cosmetic and beautifying device advertisements which today make bright the pages and covers of all manner of publications, promising to perform all facial marvels, even to the making straight of a wry nose.

No written history, unless it be Genesis, goes back to the beginning of this story. Did not the bazaars of ancient Memphis and Ninevah harbor their little stalls and alcoves given over to the barter of kohl and skin lotions? We would care to deny that the first Assyrian women dyed their lips, or that the earliest Egyptian women darkened their eyelids, just as Sappho later darkened hers before she bade the shepherd lad look upon them?

Even Sappho! One may forgive Helen or Cleopatra, whose faces were their bitter good fortune, for painted mouths and beaded lashes; but Sappho, mistress of rapturous song and a vast soul, when you made up for Phaon you but vindicated that eternal feminine tenet which sets a beautiful face above all else, even the rare, inscrutable flame of genius. But then, Phaon was rather ignorant and extremely young to properly appreciate so intellectual a hetaera.

And men's countenances? There are many things men hold dearer than their faces: their sweethearts' faces, for instance. Once, do doubt, man took no more thought of his face than to keep his beard brushed away from his mouth so that greasy lips might the more easily be wiped with the back of a hairy wrist. In this the centuries have wrought no great change. Man has simply found it more convenient to keep his beard shaven and out of the way entirely. Actors employ rouge, but that is necessary in their profession. It is rumored that "drugstore cowboys" also use cosmetics, but they can hardly be called men.

It may be safely said that a woman's face is considered by its owner to be her most precious birthright. If it be lovely she is happy, and proudly carries it about where there are admiring men and envious women. She tends it with care and a perseverance that never flags until age at last tangles her wrinkles into a hopeless skein; she protects it from rain and rough winds, so that it will not, like the opal, change with the weather; and as long as the beauty of her face is unblemished her self-confidence is like an iron bar. She will go forth to conquer the world.

But with men it is not so. A handsome face gets a man little except the attention of women, and the favor of women boots him, the breadwinner, no bread. Most of the world's great men have been ugly men, or at best plain men. Great men who are handsome achieved in spite of their faces. Biographers have always marvelled that Lee, the soldier of genius, should have had such a finely-chiseled profile. His face, they

(Continued on page seven)

GHOSTS OF SHAKESPEAREAN DRAMA

(Continued from page two)

ly more gubernatorial rôle than in either *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*.

IV

The occult phenomena which appear in *Julius Caesar* include a ghost, a soothsayer, and a remarkably symbolical dream. An examination of the play will show that the matter of forecasting the impending tragedy begins in Scene II, Act I. In this scene, Caesar is on his way to the race-course, accompanied by a host of attendants and followers. In this procession is a soothsayer who refers to Caesar as a "feeble man."

The arrogant Caesar, who was accustomed to consulting those supposed to be killed in occult lore, paid no attention whatever to the solemn and repeated warning of the seer. It is interesting to note that the great Caesar merely dismissed the matter with a casual statement to the effect that the soothsayer was a mere dreamer. Interestingly enough, the warning given by the soothsayer actually named the exact date of Caesar's assassination. Here again the ultra-critics contend that the soothsayer had some knowledge of the assassins' plans before the time that he made the prophecy. Such an argument fall down, however, when we examine the words of Portia in Scene IV of Act II:

Portia: "Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?"

Soothsayer: "At mine own house, good lady."

Act II opens, and Caesar shortly appears in the street before the Capitol. There he recognizes the soothsayer who had previously warned him saying, "Beware the Ides of March." Caesar, seemingly in sarcasm, remarks, "The Ides of March are come." The lowly soothsayer comes back at him: "Ay, Caesar; but not gone."

In other words, the seer meant that there was still time for something to happen to Caesar, ere the Ides passed. That was the soothsayer's final warning; in an hour Caesar was dead. Here again we see the exact fulfillment of prophecy.

Coming next to *Troilus and Cressida*, we have in the tragic fate of Hector one of the best examples of prophecy that the great dramatist has handed down to us. Hector's sister foretells it, his wife dreams of it, and his mother has visions of it.

In Scene III, Act V, we have the account of events on the morning of the fatal day, when Hector last went forth from his domain to war against the Greeks. His wife, his sister, and his father all pleaded against his decision, but in vain. Adromache, like Caesar's wife, had dreamed of impending tragedy, though not in such detail as Calphurnia had done.

"Even as Cassandra has glimpsed the future, she sees that Hector and Troilus are immovable and that Priam does not intend to restrain them. With her ally, Andromache, withdrawn, the 'superstitious girl' sees the hopelessness of the situation."

As Cassandra dies, she seems to see as in a vision the impending events that are to take place in Troy.

Colloque Sentimentale

(after Paul Verlaine)

By ALBERT SUSKIN

Deep in the wood, and shivering in the blast,

Two frozen shadows halted as they passed.

Their lips were slack with pain, their eyes were dead,

And faint to hear the words they slowly said.

Deep in the wood, and lonely in the blast,
To specters paused, remembering the past.

"Do you recall our ancient ecstasy?"

"Why should these winds bring back those things to me?"

"Does not your heart still break to see me so?"

Do you not see me still in dreams?"

"Ah, no."

"Oh, were there other days when I would go

To touch your lovely lips?" "I do not know."

"Oh, it was blue, the arch, and hope was high!"

"But hope has fled, defeated, down the sky."

And so they rustled through the standing grain,

And darkness heard their words, and saw their pain.

VI

The drama of *The Winter's Tale* harps back to the oracle of Delphos. King Leontes, actuated by insane jealousy, orders his innocent wife to be imprisoned, utterly ignoring popular opinion. He is so sure of his groundless suspicious that he dispatches two men to the Oracle to secure a pronouncement on the matter. This is to be found in Scene I, Act II.

The *Winter's Tale* contains a very interesting dream, a dream which constitutes a steering mechanism for the plot. It is interesting in two particulars: it induced Antigonus to leave the child where he placed it, and there the child was found and immediately given a home. More interesting than this, however, is the fact that the dream makes an accurate forecast in the words, "thou ne'er shalt see thy wife Paulina more." Antigonus answered the call to the final muster in the form of a horrible death shortly after he abandoned the babe. Years and years later his wife married Camillo.

Even a casual survey of the ghost scenes in the plays of Shakespeare will convince one that the master dramatist knew full well the spice-giving qualities of such characters in his dramatic works. The witches and ghosts in his plays act very much like ordinary persons. Their utterances are perfectly sane and are true to human nature.

Shakespeare with his masterly dramatic strokes has in a very subtle way woven into his masterpieces of tragedy that gripping weirdness that mankind has always seen in ghosts.

RAZOR AND LIPSTICK

(Continued from page six)

say, is too nearly perfect to be that of a great man.

So men go to and fro in their mighty world of business and affairs, which asks no more of their faces than that they be cleanly shaven, just as their shoes should be polished or their trousers pressed. Do not think that Caesar sat down and wept because his hair was a dingy, lifeless red; or that Napoleon looked into the mirror and sighed because his countenance was sallow and oily. Men are not given to such, nor do they have reason to be. Indeed, any man who considers his face to be his fortune is regarded with a general contempt by other men.

Narcissus doted upon his reflection in a pool until the gods in their wrath changed him into a stiff-stemmed flower whose lovely head is lifted forever toward the unreflecting sky. If Narcissus had been a girl, the gods, no doubt, would not have considered it unseemly had she gazed into the pool all her days.

Shall We Sin Against Self or Society

By CLYDE SHREVE

The musical rhythm and beauty of language would make Browning's "The Statue and the Bust" a good poem. But it is not the manner and language in which it is written; it is not even the story itself that makes it a significant work. In the poem, he answers the same question many men have endeavored to answer, "Shall we sin against self or against society?"

Browning relates in his own pleasing way an old, old story. At a wedding feast in the sixteenth century, the Grand Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany falls in love with the bride of a member of the Riccardi family. In face, the bride reciprocates his love. The "fine empty sheath of a man" is filled only for a moment. For the bride, "her life began." Then, Browning draws a pathetic picture of two human beings who do not have the courage to claim that which is life—fulfilled love. Social conventions and trivial obstacles are insurmountable barriers for them. The springtime of their love fades into summer, summer merges into autumn, and autumn retreats before the devastating advance of winter. Not courageous enough to embrace the opportunity to love before it is too late, they drift carelessly along through life—lonely, sad, despondent. And so, before their wasted lives have passed over the "skyline," they have a statue and a bust erected. The bust of the woman looks down upon the statue of the man in the square. They are both symbols of what might have been. They are grim mockeries of human courage.

While we are left to watch their tragic steps on their way to the grave, Browning intrudes for a moment. Shall we sin against self or against society? In his opinion, it is the greater crime to sin against self. "The true has no value beyond sham." Pretense and fancy are not to be substituted for fact. In simple, direct language he answers the question:

"If you choose to play—is my principle!

Let a man contend to the uttermost

For his life's set prize, be it what it will!"

OLD KING COTTON

(Continued from page five)

of goods have combined several of the commonly disjointed functions prior to retailing, and have met with relatively great success.

As a timely piece of research into the tremendously important field of King Cotton's domain, and the conclusions reached by an economist who not only reasons, but writes ably, *King Cotton Is Sick* is a valuable addition to the none too large field of good economic literature readable not only by business men and economists, but by the reading public at large.

—George Dannebaum.

The Dog Star, Sirius

By SPEC McCLURE

DARKNESS seemed to be falling early the Sunday before Christmas last year as I stood on a street corner in Lexington trying to catch a ride home. Clouds black and misty were flying overhead. The small flutter of snowflakes that the morning had brought was now changed into a regular storm of cold wind, driving sleet and snow over the ground. Traffic had almost ceased, and, if there were other people in that town, they stayed indoors. Certainly, they were not on the street. It was a time that made one homesick, and I was going home. I suppose that was the reason that I still stood out in that rough weather hailing the few cars that passed along the road going my way.

It was completely dark when a Ford truck with a tightly curtained cab and a coughing, steaming engine pulled up by me and stopped. A door was cracked open, and a voice came from the cab, "Hey, buddy, if you don't mind riding in this thing, you can crawl in here." The last word was punctuated with a clang of the door as it was shut. Well, I don't believe I minded riding in that thing at all, for I was in the truck in exactly three jumps.

By the flickering blaze of a lantern that was trying heroically to heat up the cab I discovered that the voice belonged to a young man who wore a beard and a khaki overcoat. From a small side pocket my companion drew two knotty, brown apples and handed me one of them. It was a curious looking apple; so I bit down on it cautiously. It tasted good. Even in the truck the air was cold, and for a long while we rode without talking. We merely listened to the rattle of sleet on the windshield. My partner was thinking of something that caused him to look up at the dark sky and smile every few minutes.

The snowfall had slackened, and the sky was growing lighter at about ten o'clock that night. But the air was getting colder. I shivered through my overcoat. The man turned a pair of water-filled eyes toward me and spoke at last. "Have you ever been up in the Northwest during the winter?" I confessed that I hadn't. "Well, you haven't seen any rough weather." He grinned as he lit a cigarette and produced another apple from that wonderful little side pocket. I sensed a tale coming, and I was not

mistaken. The man puffed deeply on his cigarette a minute then started talking.

"Back in the Fall of 1925 I was working on a farm up in that Godforsaken state of Wisconsin. It was a desolate place—twenty miles to the nearest town. The only sign of civilization that we saw outside of the buildings that belonged to the farm was a railroad track cutting across the plains about a mile from our house. On Sunday evenings we farm hands used to go over to a tank where the through freights running from Milwaukee to Minneapolis stopped to get water. We'd sit there in the sunshine and play cards or talk until a train came by and stopped. Sometimes we crawled into a box car and rode to the next stopping-place and there caught another freight train and came back—just to have something to do, you know.

"My best friend, one of those Northwestern Swedes, had a girl living in Minneapolis. Her name was Gretchel, I believe. Anyway, she invited us both up to her house for Christmas dinner. So, early on Christmas Eve my buddy and I were down by at water tank waiting for a freighter going to Minneapolis. And the temperature was almost at zero. The wind was blowing a blue streak of snow over the plains, and icicles big as my leg were hanging from the water tank. I didn't want to go; but I had promised the Swede, and he had promised the girl—so there we were.

"In a little while a light flashed in the darkness, and a moment later a train engine panted up to the tank and stopped. Then my buddy and I got busy. We ran all the way down the side of that string of cars, but there wasn't a single one open. Well, what was to be done? Riding on the break rods or between the cars would have been impossible. Why we'd have frozen to death and fallen off before the train had gone five miles. Then an idea struck me. Remember it was my idea. I thought of the holes at each end of a refrigerator car, where ice was kept in the summer time. They were empty now. I grabbed my partner by the arm and shouted, 'Come on; we'll ride in the end of this refrigerator car!' But the Swede was undecided. 'What if those big lids fall down; how will we ever get out?'

"I paused a moment to think. A whistle shrieked in the dark, and the iron couplings between the cars clanked and grew tight as the train pulled slowly off. That train was going to Minneapolis. I guess neither of us thought as we grabbed the rungs of the car ladder, climbed to the top, broke the frozen door open, and let ourselves down into the hole. We left the lid raised up, so we could get out. But the hole was deep and the walls thick; so the place wasn't so very cold. We sat down close to each other and started talking about what we were going to do in the city.

"The train kept getting faster and faster. We could hear the wind whistling over the open door, and sometimes snowflakes sifted into the hole. The Swede had just begun to tell me about his childhood in the 'old country,' when suddenly something banged over our heads. The noise of the wind disappeared, and the rattle-and-pop of the train became muffled. The door

had fallen shut! I know my partner must have looked at me in the darkness, because I turned my head toward where he was sitting instantly. Neither of us said a word, but both jumped up to reach for the door. Our fingers could not touch it. It had been my idea to get in the place; now it was up to me to get us out. I climbed up on his shoulders and tried to lift the door, but it wouldn't even budge. Then I got down with my hands and knees on the floor, and the Swede stood on my back to pry at the door until I crumpled up from the strain. We both fell to the floor and stayed there. No use trying, we couldn't get out.

We must have ridden for hours without speaking a word. By this time the air was getting thick and heavy. Breathing was hard, and I began to think of a lot of funny things. I must have got the thought of dying and Christmas mixed up, for I kept wondering how holly and mistletoe would look on a grave. I tried to recall whether I'd ever seen any on graves, but couldn't. I guess I must have been going crazy or something, for the Swede kept kicking me and telling me to stop mumbling to myself. But the air was thick and cold and sultry all at the same time. I smelled fresh wind blowing through pine forests—just like a man dying from thirst on a desert thinks he sees water in the sands, I guess. Lights began to flash before my eyes. I thought they looked like Christmas candles. I was breathing hard, and my partner told me to breathe easy and save the air.

The train creaked into a station, and the screech of the brakes came faintly through the thick ice-box walls. My brain was muddled, but I could still hear things. Overhead sounded a soft put, put, put—footsteps of a brakeman walking cautiously in the deep snow on top of the car! The Swede heard it, too; and we both shouted like crazy men. The footsteps shuffled uncertainly, then moved on. I know I must have been crazy then, because I would have sworn that I saw the brakeman through those thick walls climbing down the ladder to leave us there to die. I shrieked this time like a woman when she sees a rat. The footsteps paused. I thought I heard someone scraping snow off the top of the car. And in another minute the door frozen tight to the sides cracked, then came open. A lantern was thrust into the hole, and it flickered on our faces. Above us a voice was heard. 'What in the devil are you doing in there?' We never answered. Already my partner was lifting me up to reach the brakeman's hands."

The man at the steering wheel of the Ford truck paused to look out at the sky. No longer was the snow flying. The sky was almost clear. He pointed his finger up at something as he smiled, "And the first thing that I saw when that big brakeman had pulled me clear of that hole was that big green Christmas star flashing in a rift between two clouds just like those." I glanced out through the windshield to see the green Dog Star, Sirius, gleaming serenely and friendly between two drifting banks of snow clouds.

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Jazz--The Rising Music of America

By MARY BUIE

The writer traces the development of jazz in the United States, giving a forecast as to the future of that institution. Jazz is seen as the unrestrained expression of the bolstering spirit of the American People.

IT WAS the afternoon of February 12, 1924, and it was snowing in New York City. But outside Aeolian Hall men and women were pushing and fighting each other to get in the door while the people at the ticket office said that the house was sold out; and inside a crowd, strangely mixed—composers, writers, opera stars, vaudeville actors, society people—all sitting in judgment on the first jazz concert the world had ever known. Damrosch, Kreisler, Alda, Otto Kahn, Fannie Hurst, and Gilbert Seldes were typical of this cosmopolitan group. And as these and the others in the packed hall waited amid a hush that was to be broken by a new kind of noise in Aeolian Hall, the curtain rose and on the roster were Paul Whiteman and his twenty-three orchestra boys, trembling perhaps with fear of the result of their experiment, but determined to present the new music-jazz—and convince the American people of its possibilities.

The program began with the crude jazz of ten years previous, the earliest composition "Livery Stable Blues" and went through the modern "A Rhapsody in Blue." There were comedy selections, semi-symphonic arrangement of popular melodies, legitimate scoring and jazzing contrasted, recent compositions with modern score, and jazz based on borrowed themes. A suite of serenades was written especially for the occasion by Victor Herbert and the composer was there to listen to it. Finally there were standard selections adapted to dance rhythm and one composition in the field of classics.

It was a shocking program and different. Truly, Aeolian Hall had never had such a program within its walls. It was frankly experimental, but the audience liked it and that was the true test. They laughed in the frank American fashion when they were pleased by the comedy selections, and when the program was played out they applauded until Whiteman's dream of the doors almost clattering down was nearly realized. The orchestra played encore after encore, and the audience still applauded; and by the time the curtain fell jazz was made.

Even the musical critics were friendly. Some, of course, said that jazz was not music, just as a great many persons are still saying it. But they admitted that it had a future and that

Drum

(From the French by André Bourdelas)

By JAMES DAWSON

*All day he stretched his length beside the sea,
Not breathing, for he too had gone his way;
And at his feet were singing candles three,
And at his head were seven leaves of bay.
Madness had fled and left his there to be
A graceless shadow in the end of day,
He who had raved, who came that way to see
The ghoul-queen dancing on the crimson bay.*

*All day his rigid fingers curled in sand,
And seventh waves flung patterns near at hand;
'Til night the grey gulls pirouetted high,
And wheeled and cried above him callously.
Sand pipers came and stood in silence by.
All day he stretched his length beside the sea.*

Paul Whiteman's experiment had succeeded. And now as we turn the dial of the radio, as we change the records of the victrola, as we play the sheet music on the piano, or as we listen to the music of the orchestra, we hear jazz; jazz, hated by some, endured by some, and appreciated by others; jazz in its roughest form and jazz as it is perfected,—the expression of freedom, buoyancy, youth,—jazz, the music of America.

Henry Finck says that the name "jazz is America three hundred years ago in chains." Others say that it grew out of the streets of our big cities and from the dance balls and restaurants throughout the country. Perhaps it is all true. The seed of jazz was almost undeniably brought to America with the slaves and sold with them by the Dutch traders. But the song was lost for a while; fear and work in the new country submerged it. But after a time, so Whiteman tells the story, America became a place of clanging machinery, steel skyscrapers, commerce, a civilization with energetic "clanging, banging, terrific rhythm." And then it was that the dance balls, the restaurants, the city sidewalks began to play their part, and jazz was born again into America. A lowly origin? Yes, perhaps, but a natural one; an origin among the elemental things and necessarily worthy.

Henry Finck says that the name, jazz, is African in origin. "It is common on the Gold Coast," he says, "and in the hinterland of Cape Coast Castle." In his studies of the Creole patois and idioms in New Orleans, Lafcadio Hearn reported that the word jazz, meaning to speed things up, to make excitement, was com-

mon among the blacks of the South, and had been adopted by the Creoles as a term to be applied to music of a rudimentary, syncopated type. In the old plantation days when the slaves were baving one of their rare holidays and the fun languished, some West coast African would cry out, 'Jazz 'er up' and this would be the cue for fast and furious fun. Just so in vaudeville, 'jazz her up' means 'put in pep and ginger,' not necessarily speed, for 'an exceedingly popular jazz is the slow drag.'

But jazz itself is American. Why? Because the United States is a mixture of all races and nations: African, Chinese, European and all the others. And jazz is all of these. The low, severe music of the Indian dance, the sounds from the tom-tom of the African native, the ring of the gypsy's tambourine, the weird music from the heart of China-town, the blues of the negro singer—they are all in jazz.

And more than expressing the melodies and rhythms typical of our components, jazz expresses our characteristics as individuals and as a collective people. "Our jazz music is unquestionably our own. It expresses our ebullieny, our care-free optimism, our nervous energy, and our extravagant humor-characteristics which our foreign critics tell us demark us from the rest of the world." And our youth with all its freedom, unconventionality, finds full expression in jazz. Fast and extremely rhythmic music speaks of young America having a night of fun, the trills, runs, and high keys in semblance to the hilarity of the dance hall, the rising spirits of care-free youth. The slow waltz and pieces like Gersbwin's "A Rhapsody in Blue" and "Concerto in F" give us youth thinking seriously and in earnest. Surely, these are American; and jazz belongs to us.

Stop half a dozen persons and ask them their idea of jazz and you will probably get as many different answers. An old person with set ideas will probably say, "It isn't music, it is just noise." Another, perhaps more musically educated, will say as a great many well known musicians have, "It is a method of playing music." Ask a young girl with laughter in her eyes and she will probably say, "It's the kind of music that makes you want to dance." Ask George Gershwin and he will probably play for you in reply, "A Rhapsody in Blue." And there are other ideas, too. George Antheil says, "Jazz is not a method of rhythmically distorting any music, but a music capable of development into a serious art." And Paul Fritz Laubenstein has written, "Many of its contemporaries there

(Continued on page four)

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Thursday, February 5, 1931

A Note on Humanism

One of the surest signs that the tide of American thought is turning to Catholicism is the ever increasing popularity of the humanistic movement. Humanism, like Catholicism, is the enemy of any materialistic or mechanistic concept of life; and like Catholicism it holds as a fundamental doctrine that man has a higher and a lower nature, and that the latter must be subservient to the former. But it cannot give a reason for that ethical "must," for its methods are purely empirical. And because it cannot supply this answer to the ultimate "why," it lacks an infallible premise.

Both the strength and the weakness of humanism may be found in the following paragraph written by Louis Mercier, himself an enthusiastic humanist. The italics are ours.

"You are a humanist, then, and you have the right to call yourself such, if, but only if, you believe that there is in man a capacity to distinguish and to choose between the superior and the inferior in all domains, a capacity which implies *duties and responsibilities* and consequently the need of an education

of the intelligence and of the will, or the intelligence since it *must* help to determine values, of the will since it *must* learn to choose the highest habitually. It is a doctrine which also implies humility, since it teaches that man *must* discipline himself and *consequently* recognize a law superior to many of his natural instincts, and that, to recognize it, he must carefully study the experiences of the race, which means that he must know, or at least that his leaders must know, all the traditions."

It is difficult to maintain one's calm in the face of such a paragraph. Notice, for example, the inverted reasoning of the last sentence where we have the recognition of law following the observance of it. Then too, those "*duties and responsibilities*"—to whom or what? Why *must* the intelligence help to determine values; why *must* the will to learn to choose the highest habitually? Why *must* man discipline himself? In a word, *why humanism?*

Again, the humanist argues entirely from the testimony of consciousness and tradition. But tradition and consciousness are infallible motives of certitude only inasmuch as, and precisely because, they are ultimately based on the metaphysical. Therefore, in rejecting the metaphysical the humanist hangs himself.

As a matter of fact, this humanism is based not on a knowledge but on an ignorance of the past. It is opposed to materialism and yet encourages it. The humanists are evidently unaware that such an unanchored humanism was at least a contributing cause of the Protestant Revolt, and that materialism was, partly at least, a reaction against the groundless humanism of Protestantism.

Still, the situation is not as hopeless as it might appear. The present day humanist, if he is honest with himself, must come to the place where he must choose between the Catholicism which will give him the reason for his faith and the materialism which he finds so repulsive. There is little doubt what his choice will be. He will become a Catholic humanist—*Boston College Stylus*.

The right honorable exchange-editor of this sheet confided in your editor the other day that his excessive talkativeness was due to his once having been vaccinated with a victrola needle.

Trivula

By JAMES DAWSON

I

A meek, clean-shaven poet, all his moods
Were colourless, and unadorned of grace;
His finest epigrams were platitudes,
Or so regarded by the populace.

So he retired and grew a mighty beard,
And all his closest friends began to wonder.
He is respected now, and greatly feared,
And even his smallest phrases boom like thunder.

II

Triolet of an Unsuccessful Poet

Smiling, she kissed him,
And sent him away.
Fame's accolade missed him,
(Smiling, she kissed him),
The great public hissed him,
He came back to stay;
Smiling, she kissed him,
And sent him away.

III

Epitaph

Ten years she said each Sunday: "I believe
In God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven
And earth. . ." and at communion did receive
The sacred Bread, and took these words for
leaven.

Then Science came, and grinned across the altar,
And said her nay, the green and doubting elf.
Last night she died. She took in hand her
Psalter,
And sallied forth to find out for herself.

IV

I bought for her a present, being vain
And covetous of praise, and when she said:
"For that I'll have to kiss you," raised my head
And shortly laughed, remembering the train
Of other fools she'd kissed, who now were dead,
And past such thanks. But then she colored red.
It took me thirty minutes to explain.

V

Anesthesia Sexualis

I waked me early and composed a sonnet,
A tender, lilting thing, about your eyes,
About your hair, and that blue ribbon on it,
I even called you fresh as summer skies.

I read it to you, and you reached across
And took it, and: "How very nice," you said,
And added, as you gave your hair a toss:
"Have you a cigarette?" and turned your head.

VI

Terzarima of a Lover

Four years he played Pierrot to her Pierrette.
Pierrette in his mind only, for the lines
The poet wrote she ever would forget.

He turned away to fifty Columbines,
And found their purchased kisses sweeter yet.
He drowned her painted face in twenty wines,
And could not understand, when next they met,
How he had ever loved the strict confines
Of drama. So he marked his heart: "To let."

An Enduring Mystery

By J. T. GINN

EVERYTHING was veiled in the rare, sweet, tranquil moments of twilight. A faint suffusion, as if from a half-suspected light, crept into the borders of the eastern horizon. Against it, along the far pine-clad view, mesa after mesa, in shaggy lines of sentinel earth, stood far mashaed in the gloom, informed by pre-science of what was soon to come. One by one the stars appeared in the fading heavens. Then again the color gathered in the East, not the impalpable suffusion it had before, but nearer and more vivid. Then in a sudden burst of splendor the lunar disk topped the rim of the horizon. Pale and mysteriously it seemed to roll for a few moments—caressingly along—and then it gently took flight in the fading heavens.

On that beautiful August eve, we, Clara and I, walked across the valley to the lake and took our customary places on a boulder in the shadow of an old maple tree. It was very quiet as we sat there alone, for the evening wind had faded away into the memory of a breeze. Yet the soft air which flowed from the lake seemed to possess a faint sound. Perhaps everything was so peaceful and calm that it was melodious. Along the shore of the lake, the willows stood stately and mute, gleaming faintly above the white glare of the reflected moonlight. As we sat there side by side, my arm, as usual, stole about her waist. She instantly showed her disapproval of the act. That was something unusual, and I fell back as if from a heavy blow.

"Harry," she said, with an instantaneous far-a-way look in her eyes, "don't you think we had better stop?" She expected an immediate reply, but what could I say at such an astounding moment?

"Stop what?" I said as I folded my arms in mute surprise.

"You have been so kind to me, Harry, but let's just be friends, good pals, without the other." Her voice sounded very bewailing to me, and I wondered.

"What has happened now, Clara? Who has been whispering in your attentive ears?"

"No one," she said lovingly. It is because of the beautiful things we have done together, and because of the marvelous things we have only dreamed of doing. I have reached the conclusion that it will be better for both of us if we stop—live happy and be friends together."

"Better for both of us to stop and be friends together?" I repeated. "I don't understand." I wondered at her indifferent attitude, for I was unable to interpret her meaning.

"Harry," she murmured with her face upturned as if to imprint a soul kiss on the glorious moon, "don't you think it would be more pleasure for both of us to live always as friends, to understand each other, and to be happy, helpful comrades together?"

"All right, Clara," I said, "if it is your wish and it will make you happy, your young blue eyes shall never fall upon me again after we part tonight. As you say, it will be better

for both of us, for I am not worth your loving."

"I am sorry you don't understand," she said as she gazed into my eyes. "You know we have a long, long time—to wait—before you have won, and I think the world will be brighter and the future will reward us with more riches and happiness if we are just pals."

"Then you have realized that I am not worth waiting for, or you have learned to love another."

"Harry, you don't understand yet what I am trying to tell you. It couldn't be that, but it is not fair to you or to me like we have been for so long a time."

"As you would have it. Then, tonight, it is adieu—forever. It is heart-breaking for me, but may the approaching time be kind enough to teach me to forgive the crime, forget the wound you have inflicted so deeply into my heart, and forget—in part—the happy hours together and the fleeting dreams of yesternight. It is an easy task to build up your ambitions, to plan for their great achievements, when there is someone waiting—for you—who cares. Then, finally, how sad it is to pull out your life, the very roots of life itself." I had offered pleadings to her before, but at this moment I had the greatest desire for reconciliation.

"You seem to have lost all power of reasoning. I mean that we just abandon the other, but not our friendship, and be good pals together. You know what I mean."

"No, I must confess the truth that I do not. If you mean that we had better give up and turn back, then you mean something too unreasonable," I said. "If you mean that we must follow the untrodden path to friendship after blazing the trail to the realms of love, then you mean something which cannot exist. But it seems that all lovely things must end like a terrestrial story." I leaned towards her, but she had not succumbed to my honest pleadings.

"I am thinking of making a sacrifice, Harry," she said in such a manner that she thought I would yield. "I am thinking of giving up my business career here, for I must go back home and live with mother. Do you think I am selfish?" I began to think, by her change in subject, that she was only trying a new tact on me. I was dominated at once with the idea of a carefree mind, and I didn't pay any attention to her change in speech.

"What is it you would like for us to stop?" I said in a very uncouth manner. "Do you want me to promise never to embrace you at my departure, or never to kiss your rosy lips again." I reached for her hand, which was between us, and she moved it immediately to avoid my touch.

"Why can't we be friends together as others have been? Why can't we be pals without the romantic mystery of love intervening?"

"Don't you think I love you with all my heart? Haven't I proven my love for you in every possible manner? That is all I can do. Then, tonight, if it is your wish, I will utter

Dyster

By CARLTON WILDER

HARLAN became aware of Dyster's significance slowly. When he saw him for the first time, he was not unfavorably impressed. Dyster was clean-shaven that day, and his moustache was carefully trimmed. To Harlan, he looked mature, worldly, a little foreign. The impression of a foreigner came to Harlan, perhaps, on account of his small build and his dark, coarse hair. Dyster sat playing his flute in the room he shared with Harlan's acquaintance from Kentucky—a freshman named Randall. Dyster was not introduced to Harlan. But there were some things about Dyster which Randall told when the two boys went out. These things were rather fragmentary. At the time Harlan did not draw any conclusions.

After that, one or two times he saw Dyster down town or over at the men's dormitory. Dyster peddled liquor, rumor had it. Harlan had heard some more tales about him. Sometimes when he met the man he would remember these and the things Randall had told him and begin putting the fragments together. His first favorable impression of Dyster was now gone. Dyster, wrapped in an old raincoat of gray material, blinking his small eyes at the lights when he came into the lobby of the dormitory, looked to Harlan like some furtive goblin just out of the regions of darkness.

When he went to live in the same house with Dyster, Harlan decided to be coldly superior to him. The man was bad—perhaps a petty criminal, perhaps a pervert. No one was sure; there were merely tales about him. He was about twenty-five and did no work. His middle-aged parents supported him—and by hard labor, for they were not well-off. Mr. Dyster worked as a caretaker for the college, and Mrs. Dyster ran a rooming house. Dyster made his pocket money in various ways.

In the house, Harlan felt a dull atmosphere like a consciousness of evil. The old man Dyster cracked jokes with the student lodgers in a

(Continued on page eleven)

that sad word in which the image of death appears—Adieu." At that moment the dogs' angry threats sounded from the distant farmhouse to alarm the intervening silence of the night. A cricket sounded his strident love call from the undergrowth.

I made an attempt to go, for I had determined to go away forever. At that moment she fell into my arms and cried, "Harry, I have been only trying to prove your predominant love for me, for without your love I would die. Your love has conquered me, and I suffer without respite. Plunged in the depths of melancholy, I pass my days without rest and my nights without sleep. Grief and sorrow make me hungry, and I am nourished only by your presence and my sighs when you are in the distance."

Then, suddenly everything fell silent again. Yet, there was a faint sound that lingered in the distant silence of the night. Perhaps it was the intruder—mystery—who had visited our realm of love, fleeting, which made self-sufficiency vanish, and again we became as little children.

JAZZ—THE RISING MUSIC OF AMERICA

(Continued from page one)

be who execrate the stuff as inebrate, doggerel, degenerate, ghoulish, vulturine, etc. ad infinitum—music or as not music at all, bearing inherent faculties which spell its own ephemerality. Its enthusiastic devotees see in its local generation and popular cultivation the very best attestation of its truly American character, and from its study would derive invaluable leadings as to the direction which a national music should take." But the American people as a whole have liked jazz, and that is the final test—whether it is liked.

The idea that jazz is a method of playing music is quite widespread. Paul Fritz Laubenstein presents this idea in his article "*Jazz—Debit and Credit*." "It will be seen that the credit entries of jazz lie chiefly in its means and technique of expression, i.e., in externals rather than in its underlying spirit, motivation, quality of ideas or substance. There can be little else since if we may believe Mr. Whiteman and other authorities, jazz with a few important exceptions is as yet not the thing said, but the manner of saying it, an affair of instrumentation."

And there is a great deal of foundation for this idea. In the early years of jazz, it was just a method of playing classical music. But it has developed until today it is a music and not a method. There are themes and rhythms that belong to jazz alone, and for the first time this thematic material was used by Gershwin in the "Rhapsody." "A music whether that of a race, a nation, or a great composer of highly individual elements of rhythm, harmony, and melody." And the first of these elements,—rhythm—is the major part of jazz. In fact some pieces have gone to rhythm so far that in the midst of a piece the orchestra can stop and the dancers can keep on going just by the rhythm accented by the stamping of feet and the clapping of hands. The basic rhythm is the foxtrot with measures of four beats, the first and third receiving a primary accent and the second and fourth a secondary. On this foundation are placed side melodies and rhythmse, and the whole keeps moving fast or slow, but energetic, and emphatic. The rhythm in jazz is always pronounced. In the words of George Antheil, "I think that no one will question the fact that jazz has added a whole encyclopedia of rhythms individual only to itself." Rhythm is a part of the essence of jazz. Vital, experimental, alert, ever moving—the rhythm takes possession of you and plays on your emotions. "There is something about the rhythm of jazz that makes you remember it without effort. Only musically educated persons can hum a representative number of famous compositions. And yet every one hums the jazz tunes almost unconsciously." Exotic rhythms that put you on your toes, slower, more pronounced rhythms that make you lonely, lazy rhythms, dreamy rhythms, strange rhythms, breaks in beats, frank experimentation,—and all of these are the rhythms of jazz. So, rhythmically at least, jazz is music.

And contrary to the opinions of many, jazz

has melody. "Melodically it is inevitable that the oftentimes tawdry and stolen melodies or melodies of any kind whatsoever (but mind you, melodies, otherwise they would have no sales value) should develop very special kinks of their own." The appropriated melodies have a certain value in the fact that the hearer is pleased when he recognizes them. And jazz is fast coming into its own so that it no longer needs to steal and the composers who realize the future value of jazz are using the melodies that belong to it.

Jazz has harmony, too. It must be admitted that in the earlier numbers there was little harmony and you could hardly tell if the orchestra was playing on or off key. But the spectacular, loud, discordant sounds introduced into these earlier jazz pieces have been stripped away and there are left "harmonic elements that have developed gradually from the earliest negro music to the present harmonies." They are all there in jazz,—rhythm, melody and harmony,—and jazz is music.

The decriers of jazz make one objection to it on the ground that the word is applied to so many types of music. It is confusing, but after all it is only another instance of the com-

posite nature of jazz. The blues, the jazz waltz, the fox trot are all termed jazz.

"The blues is characterized by what is called the 'blue note.' Strike *d* and *e* flat together, release the flat note first, and strike *e* natural and you have an example of the 'blue note.' It is heard in the songs the negroes sing out in the cottonfields, in the tunes the mountaineers sing in the evenings 'out on Lonesome,' and now when a new 'blues' comes along, the orchestras play it night after night in the crowded dance halls in the cities and along the road; and night after night hilarious youth and more settled middle age step and sway to the mournful, plaintive sounds of the "blues." It has been made national.

And then the jazz waltz—slower than the fox trot but with as pronounced rhythm,—is quite popular in the dance halls, too. In one of New York's dance halls there is a waltz night during which every other piece is a waltz. But on the dance floor, the fox trot still remains the most popular. With its fast, rhythmic music, it permits dancers to introduce new steps, and in the playing, the orchestra by its so-called "jazz treatment" introduces new slants and movements.

But these are usually considered dance music, and most of jazz at present is dance music. But there is more to jazz than that. George Gershwin proved it in his famous, "A Rhapsody in Blue." Therein he took the thematic material of jazz, both in rhythm and melody and produced a rhapsody which has brought admiration from the worthiest of music critics. This is what Paul Whiteman says of it: "It was the first rhapsody written for a solo instrument and a jazz orchestra. The orchestral treatment was developed by Mr. Grofe, Mr. Gershwin's manuscript being complete for the piano. It was a successful attempt to build a rhapsody out of popular American music. None of the thematic material had been used before. Its structure was simple and its popularity has been remarkable since we put it on the records. It is music conceived for the jazz orchestra and I do not believe any other kind of orchestra can do it full justice, though some have played it." When you listen to it, you realize that Mr. Gershwin has done something with jazz, and that he has proved that it is music.

And after all, we wonder what jazz has done for us. There are those who claim that jazz has had a demoralizing effect on the youth of today, wrecking the home, and even causing insanity. But jazz never did these things. If youth is demoralized, and I doubt it, then it was something in them more vital than the music they hear. And music certainly wrecks no homes, nor causes insanity. But there are many things it does for us. And the supreme contribution of jazz is in the field of orchestration. New instruments have been introduced and new methods of playing.

"The original jazz band consisted of a piano, a trombone, a cornet, a clarinet, and a drum." There was a score only for the piano player and he was the only one who could read notes. Today in the ideal orchestra, there is a quartette of every legitimate instrument. The saxo-

(Continued on page eight)

Life

By JOHN WARDLAW

*Just a few hours of bliss,
Sweetest of charms,
Would that I could always hold you like
this—*

*Close in my arms.
Just one more heavenly kiss,
Longings of years,
Surge overwhelmingly, yet we can't miss
An ending of tears.*

More Life

*We build our air castles
High in the sky,
And when they tumble,
We wonder why.
Though the price may be worth it,
We always pay,
For in this life,
Things were meant that way.*

Just a Mood

By JOHN WARDLAW
(Written in class)

*Stop this restless rambling,
Making life a game,
Slipping, shuffling, shambling,
All is not the same.*

*Wake! and hear the rumbling,
Of great works to do.
Halt all this vain stumbling
Life awaits for you.*

*Seeking, never finding,
Searching to the end,
All roads are not winding
Follow me, my friend.*

*Such advice, he's giving;
Such good words he's saying;
Yet I go on living,
Finding life in playing.*



THE BOOK WORLD



Spanish Glory

ISABELLA OF SPAIN, THE LAST CRUSADER, by William Thomas Walsh. McBride, New York, 1930.

Although Mr. Walsh thoroughly disapproves of the prevailing literary sport of psycho-analyzing historic personages, his *Isabella* is an up-to-date, modern type of biography in that it presents a generous supply of "human interest" well spiced throughout with gossip from contemporary accounts. The story opens with vivid descriptions of the corrupt life of the Spanish court. There, according to a fifteenth-century chronicler, the racy set of young noblewomen were "lascivious" in costume, "audacious" in word, and "experts in the art of seduction"; when not engaged in love-making they were usually "indulging in sleep or covering their bodies with cosmetics and perfumes." Such descriptions, however, serve merely as a contrast background for the picture of the young Isabella, pious and athletic, a second Joan of Arc, her blond hair and "bluish green" eyes always in evidence. It is her personality that dominates; she rejects undesirable suitors, hunts wolves and boars for her health, rides on horseback three hundred miles in three days through storm and dust, plans and conducts military campaigns, and often walks barefooted to the cathedral to give thanks for victory over the Moors, or to pray for divine aid. Even as Ferdinand's wife she plays the leading role, somewhat after the fashion of Erskine's *Helen of Troy*. She is kind and gentle, but firm, to the point of stubbornness; and whenever Ferdinand's judgment runs counter to hers, the biographer makes it clear that Ferdinand was wrong. Even when Mr. Walsh brings his queen down from her throne by telling how, with her own hands, she made her husband's shirts, it is evident that she is still the monarch, he the consort. The mid-Victorian Prescott might write of *Ferdinand and Isabella*; this twentieth-century biographer has no place at all in his title, and only a secondary role in his story, for King Ferdinand.

Among the other masculine characters who fill in the background, is Columbus, the "solemn-eyed vendor of dreams," irritable and tactless, but so divinely inspired that Isabella was finally won to his cause. The reader will be enlightened, and perhaps disappointed, to learn that it was not her pawned jewels that financed his expedition, but principally a fine levied on the hapless townfolk of Palos. Excellent descriptions and vivid word portraits make the book interesting reading. There are stirring accounts of the battles and sieges of the war for Granada; of the "Lombards" (Italian cannon) which hurled balls of marble, red-hot metal, or pitch; of the Queen's field hospital where, like a Florence Nightingale, she bound the wounds of her soldiers. And then, there are fleeting glimpses of fifteenth-century life in magnificent Cordova, Seville, and at the University of Salamanca,

One Wintry Night

By JOHN BARROW

*A*ROUND the house's corner bleak,
The wintry wind doth howl,
Whose bleakness is solemnly accented,
By the hooting of an owl.

*The snow was falling thickly,
The fire was burning low,
When she left out in that stormful night,
In that time of long ago.*

*Many fires have since then burned,
And the coals have lost their glow,
Many a wind has blown just such,
And the earth has been covered with snow.*

*Many a winter's freezing cold,
Has chilled my heart clear through,
Many a regret has wept my heart,
Leaving me sad and with rue.*

*But the winds are soon calmed,
And the snow is shortly melted away,
And the heart aches are gradually mended,
With the slow passing of each day.*

*True, the pain is now gone,
But it has left an ugly scar,
Which the happiness that could have been mine,
It will forever and ever mar.*

*Many elements such as these,
Will come and too pass away,
But all they can do is recall,
The grief of that far away day.*

*So bite on you nipping cold,
Howl away you wintry wind,
My life's winter is an equal,
For all the harm you can send.*

*For the summer follows the winter,
When the snow has been melted away,
So will there come rest to the weary,
On some happy far away day.*

where students sat through two-and-a-half-hour lectures. This book will certainly supply the curious reader with vivid impressions of personages and places in Moorish-Jewish-Christian Spain.

From the standpoint of historical scholarship, Mr. Walsh's biography is not entirely convincing. At the outset he unfortunately expresses his intention of superceding the works of Irving, of Prescott, who "could never wholly forget the prejudices of an early nineteenth-century Bostonian," and of Lea, the great church historian, whom he charges with "intellectual dishonesty." To accomplish this formidable task he will "follow the sources objectively and let them speak for themselves... without resorting to subjective interpretations." But in his chapter on the fifteenth-century papacy he seems merely to have substituted for Prescott's Bostonian pre-

The Faun

(From the French of Paul Verlaine)

By ALBERT SUSKIN

*Here is an ancient, terra-cotta faun,
Grinning, where all around the grass is green,
Foreseeing, well I know, what follows on
To twist the calm of your white brow's serene.*

*And break the lovely days that led us through,
The melancholy pilgrims we have been,
Into this hour, whence we go askew,
And whirling madly to a tambourine.*

judices an equally reprehensible bias in favor of Roman Catholicism. The same sort of defense-mechanism is evident in his treatment of the Inquisition, on which subject he insists that "the record gives the lie to Dr. Lea." Mr. Walsh's attacks will not ruin the reputations of these departed historians; they do reflect seriously on his work and suggest that he himself is "resorting to subjective interpretation." There are other passages that will nettle the critically accurate historian; for instance, "The Arabs remained a barbarous people" (248); and "Columbus went not to find a new trade route but as a missionary explorer" (400). Furthermore, he who objects to the free use of imagination for vivifying the past will fairly writhe at such modernisms as this, applied to the fifteenth-century queen of Castile: "There was something about her trim, armored figure on a warhorse and the confident tilt of her chin that inspired courage" (306); and again, concerning the surrender of Granada, "Isabella's eyes were very blue that day... the faith of a woman had prevailed" (330). It is evident that in such passages historical objectivity succumbs to the demands of rhetorical effect. This sort of historical fiction, however, is more than counter-balanced by Mr. Walsh's constant use of, and quotation from, the contemporary Spanish chronicles. And, after all, the modern biographer writes, not for the historical critic, but for a reading public that must be lured from its movies and radios by a book that has a thrilling plot, an attractive heroine, and a vivid literary style. All of these can be found in Mr. Walsh's *Isabella*.

—Loren C. MacKinney, Ph.D.

The editor of this publication is under-paid.

Wanted: a columnist to write a column entitled *Without Contemporaries*.

"Over Emphasis on Football is Fault of Crowd," states a contemporary. What crowd, we wonder?

The editorial board of the *Cornell Columns* often concern themselves with such thoroughly enjoyable topics as "Plato on Prohibition."

Adventure

JUNGLE GOLD, by Howard A. Pedrick. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1930. 339 pp. \$3.50.

A real American tackles the jungle, and builds there a railroad which everybody familiar with the jungle said could not be done.

This is the story of the adventures that came with the building of that railroad to haul out gold. Undoubtedly the Marowynne was the last real unexplored country in the Americas. Its jungle is so dense that the natives, the Bush Negroes and the Carib Indians, never leave the waterways.

In this jungle the seasons do not change. In it are the biggest snakes in the world, the most deadly insects, the most dangerous of native tribes, and the lowest form of near-white life. In it are the four big French penal camps.

In this jungle is gold in untold quantities, but very little of it is ever brought out. The jungle is too deadly.

From the time the story opens, when Dad first enters the jungle, it is too swift, too highly emotional, too exciting, even to hint at one adventure.

Howard A. (Dad) Pedrick tells his own adventures in the World's Worst Jungle. Dad is not the typical adventurer of fiction. He is, today, a very successful business man, and a nationally known inventor. Besides being the owner of the Pedrick Tool and Machine Works on North Lawrence Street, in Philadelphia, he is interested in several manufacturing companies, because of certain of his mechanical inventions which they produce.

The first Pedrick, of whom Dad is a direct descendant, came to America with a grant of land from William Penn. The family has since lived in and around Philadelphia. Dad's adventure into the jungle was the first time a Pedrick had gone so far away from home since Sir Roger Pedrick came from England, in 1652, with a deed for five thousand acres of ground.

The story is an actual adventure,—wild though it seems—and it was written because Dad's telling of it had entertained a certain group of Philadelphians for more than thirty years. It never seemed to grow old.

—Clyde Shreve.

Burt's Latest

FESTIVAL, by Struthers Burt. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. \$2.50. 390 pp. 1931.

Struthers Burt, the brilliant author of *The Interpreter's House* and *The Delectable Mountains*, has bloomed forth once again in *Festival*, his first novel in three years. Unlike many authors who produce one or two good books and then write only mediocre stuff which is sold on the strength of their reputation alone, Mr. Burt has shown a distinct improvement in each of his novels.

It is not possible to determine whether Struthers Burt has reached his height in *Festival*, but it is possible to say that this book ranks high above the usual run of novels that are being published with alarming rapidity to-

Winter

By JOHN BARROW

*W*INTER'S wind is howling,
Its chilling blast is cold,
Its icy form is pressed,
In this quite graven mould.

*Winter's dress is torn,
Winter's hands are numb,
Winter's face is wrinkled,
Winter's lips are dumb.*

*Winter's eyes are dimmed,
Winter's face is worn,
Winter's movements are aged and slow
Like on a chilled frigid morn.*

*Winter's face is set and hard,
Winter's glance is cold,
Many a chilled death, I see,
Solemnly there is told.*

*Winter's snow is in my hair,
Winter's lips are numb,
If only to winter I could give all
And to its grip succumb.*

*The frigid wind is shrieking
Like a vulturous bird of prey,
Come to steal my very soul
And carry it away.*

*Winter seems to grip me,
Its wind shrieks my wail,
Winter seems to howl and mock
My every crazed rail.*

*Winter is a monstrous devil,
Behind this icy guise
Winter is killing me,
I see the glint in her eyes.*

*You have me winter, you have me,
You have claimed me for your own,
I have reaped at last, O winter,
The seeds that I have sown.*

*Goodbye, days of my youth,
Maturity with its comforting glow,
Every rose must bloom its day,
And then it too must go.*

*Good bye, love of my youth,
The days by the ole shady lane,
Where we have often walked together
And will never walk again.*

*Good bye, little brown-eyed girl,
With your laughter like a brook,
With eyes like pure devotion,
Of a calm and wistful look.*

*Good bye, youth and love,
Winter with death is near.
Good bye, all my past life,
A life so sweet and dear.*

*But spring follows winter,
With her fragrant blossoming array,
So will life's hard winter
To springtime yield the sway.*

day. Mr. Burt writes in a sparkling, epigrammatical style that shows an exceedingly clever

Power

*I longed for Power—to build up the white,
Cool walls above the traffic to the sky;
To weave a web of steel and float it high
Against a swift wind, among the gulls in flight;
Or sound the utmost silence of the night,
Plunging those depths wherein the planets die
And at the birthplace of the stars reply
To the vague questions of most distant light.*

*And I have found it, not where slim stars play,
Not in strong walls, nor desolate and cold
In empty air amidst stern winds and wild—
But here where I waken from my slow dismay
To find the glory that your fond eyes hold
Above the beauty of a sleeping child.*

—Boston College Styles.

use of words. His dialogue has that fortunate and happy faculty of rendering his characters so true to life that the reader has formed bitter enemies and found true friends before he has read far into the book.

Dorn Griffiths, a wealthy banker, reaches the age of fifty and finds that he has never felt real happiness. Every day of his life had been devoted to the amassing of the great wealth he now possesses, and genuine joy had never found the opportunity to enter his harassed life. Dorn decides to retire and go on a search for happiness. And he never finds it, for he does not realize that happiness can not be acquired as one acquires wealth. His quest is further complicated by the fact that he loves another woman other than his wife, and that he has a modern daughter who loves a man other than her husband. And, in the end, he does the one thing he had vowed he never would do.

As we finish the last page and close the covers, the first chapter of the book comes back to our mind. Dorn is a small boy. Near his home there is a large, deep pool in which many trout play joyfully. The boy has often watched them jump from the water, the sun glistening on their bodies. He had always wanted to catch one. One day he catches one, a big one. He gives it to the cook, and tells her to serve it at the dinner table that evening. He trembles with joyous anticipation as the fish is placed before his father.

"What's this?" his father asks.

"A trout," the small boy says, trying to make his voice calm. His father tastes it.

"It's a chub, my boy."

When we finish the book, we realize that Dorn has never caught the trout, and never will catch it. He will only catch chubs; and a black shadow of apprehension sweeps over us as we wonder whether we shall ever catch the trout. Dorn thought he would; but he never did. We think we shall; but—, we wonder?

—Philip Liskin.

Women--Slaves of Yesterday

By JIMMIE GRIFFIN

A Careful Study of Existing Educational Conditions. The Citations Used Are Highly Authentic.

"Our little systems have their day
They have their day and cease to be."

THE MAJORITY of people today consider our system of educational discipline good, but there are still a few who contend that a person can not be really educated under the discipline of many of our schools and colleges. The generation that is now in school will change the system of discipline, but it will be several years before many of the present rules, that are foolish beyond description, will be abolished. The discipline of the school today turns out two main classes of students: 1. Those who are enlightened, whose hearts have been trained to virtue, honest dealing, and a desire to reform the present system of its evils—people who think; 2. People who are stupid, superstitious, ignorant, and those who do not think. In case they have a thought they are afraid to express it. The majority of schools, I am sorry to say, come under this classification, which is dominated by some religious belief.

In examining the rules of many colleges of North Carolina, I have found that the majority of them are rules aimed to make a girl good, keep her a virgin, and be sure that she is free from all connection with man. The average girl in these colleges was told when she first began to think of the origin of her life that she was brought by a doctor in a big black bag, that she was found under a gooseberry bush, that the stork brought her, or that she was found in a mud hole. Her parents teach her absolutely nothing about sex. She starts to school and the teacher teaches her to keep quiet on sex matters. The product of the system fills our colleges with students who have learned very little about sex. Many harsh rules and regulations are passed in regard to sex, but not one of these rules mention what they are talking about or aiming to do for the supposed-to-be virgins. The girl is regulated in such a way that she has absolutely no freedom and no liberty whatsoever. She has very little social life with boys and she gets to the stage, provided that nothing is placed in her food to have the opposite effect, when she is over-sexual and in many cases she breaks the rules of the college, or when she leaves for a vacation, she comes back no longer a virgin. What causes this? The fact that the girl is absolutely ignorant of sex life and has had such severe discipline that when she finally gets with a fascinating young man, she becomes intoxicated with kisses and emotion. She loses control of herself. Let us suppose that the college officials find this out. She is immediately sent home and damned to hell forever. She can no longer associate with respectable people. In many cases her parents also damn her to eternal hell fires, and in case he is informed, her good minister follows with his damnation. The girl

is branded a prostitute, and she often becomes one. What causes this perfectly good girl to become the most contemptible of all creatures? Discipline and ignorance!

It seems to me that the parents should give the child adequate sex instruction and demand that the schools and colleges do the same thing. In case a person then goes bad, it is the duty of the college officials not to cry out to the world that the person is "unclean," but to help the person in her trouble, and consider her an ordinary person to be trusted, after she is taught. There is very little difference in one that has gone wrong a time or two and a virgin. Is it not better to make of her a good citizen, with the attitude that "I have gone wrong once, but never again," than to make of her a prostitute to wreck our young people? It seems to me that it is. The "scarlet letter" and the "unclean" system has been used for thousands of years and have been a complete failure. Severe and harsh discipline is a failure. Education and instruction are a howling success! Which shall we use in our present and future schools? Shall we make good women that are enlightened or shall we continue to turn out ignorant, stupid, and superstitious people and often, prostitutes?

I believe in a number of rules that will be beneficial to the student body, but I do not believe in having a large number of absurd, foolish, and nonsense rules that make college life a prison for young girls; yet, we have many colleges of this type in North Carolina today. The rules of Flora MacDonald, Greensboro College, Elon, Meredith, St. Mary's College, Queens, and many more are of this type.

Elon has two stairways in each class building, one for men and one for women. The students are forbidden to walk up the same steps. Yet they can use the same hall, and they also have classes in the same room. The same students used the same stairway during the time they were in the grammar grades, high school, and they will continue to do so in life. Why should any college pass such a rule as this? It can not be of benefit and it gives the student the attitude of not observing the rules that are useful. There are also two doors to the dining room, and the boys and girls must use separate doors; but it is perfectly all right to eat in the same room. This is just an example of many of Dr. Harper's wonderful laws which do not seem to be obeyed by the students. I heard one girl say that she broke every rule of Elon during her stay there. She was certainly an energetic person.

Greensboro College has over six pages of rules. Some of them are necessary, but over half of them could be left out to the benefit of the students. This college even goes so far as to regulate the girls' baths, and the officials picked the most inconvenient hour for bathing that they were capable of doing—from 9:00 P. M. to 10:20 P. M. If a student takes a bath

(Continued on page nine)

India of Tomorrow

NEW SCHOOLS FOR YOUNG INDIA, by William J. McKee. University of North Carolina Press, 1931. 420 pp. \$4.50.

Dr. William J. McKee stretched his hands into a mass of needy people and gave them not the freedom they demanded, nor the long awaited and overdue relief from the misery of burden, but an *educator's* mind. To construct the foundation for the youths of India and then let them build a tower of their own was his task. Even with the completion of the book one does not think of the enlightening pages as a mere consideration of education in India—but of a solitary, determined figure who has returned from that distant race with the tale of his application of science and survey. The author puts forth a progressive work which is heavy with accomplishment.

His descriptions surround momentous efforts. It is finally a philosophy of teaching. He leaves much to be completed because he has nourished so many roots. He tears fully a great number of the clinging prejudices—but not without an ointment in his constructive and comprehensive examinations. He has built a skillful framework of the schools of India.

India is handicapped because of her lack of funds and the scarcity of skilled instructors. It is a land of isolated villages, of a vast people, of classes which hinder the formation of a unit because of the diverse racial, social, and religious structures. Money is scarce and a child is born to earn bread for the family. It required a science in itself to persuade the scrimping parents that it is imperative to enlarge the mind before any goodly gain can approach the home.

Dr. McKee has come home with 15 years of study and plans for a newer India. But there are only individuals who continue to help carry out his work there. If one could beat off the prejudices and twist his reasoning faculties about true India he would see that she might rise to emblazon the world of the future with its vast population and natural resources. A few thoughtful moments now, by England, resulting in a great educational reform, would be not only advantageous to India and England herself, but to the entire civilized order. It is an experiment which might be noble.

—Kes.

"A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high—
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod—
Some of us call it autumn
And others call it God."

—W. H. Carruth.

"Music resembles poetry, in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach."

—Alexander Pope.

"America demands a poetry that is bold, modern, and all-surrounding and kosmical, as she is herself."

—Walt Whitman.

JAZZ—THE RISING MUSIC OF AMERICA

(Continued from page four)

phone because of its volume is king of the jazz orchestra. ("One baritone saxophone is equal in sonorousness to a section of nine or ten cellos; one alto saxophone equals sixteen first violins or twelve seconds; one tenor saxophone equals eight violas.")

"Musicians recognize four general classes of instruments in speaking of the orchestra—strongs, wood winds, brasses, and the battery of traps made up chiefly of instruments of percussion. The legitimate strings include the violin, the violincello, and the double bass" and possibly the viol da gamba and the viol d'amore. "Other strings include the piano, cymbalon, harp, and a vast number of the banjo, guitar, and ukelele family. The wood wind instruments include the flute in its many forms, the oboe family which includes eight instruments, the clarinet family including all single reed wood wind instruments, and saxophones in all keys. The brasses include the trumpet, the various forms of the cornet, the trombone, the French horn, three or four other horns, tubas, bugles.

The battery may include practically any sound making instrument. "Thus if one wants thunder and lightning, rain, hail, pistol shots, cuckoo calls, the cackling of a chicken, or the crying of a baby, one relies upon the traps player to produce it." Among the instruments are the tympani, the tambourine, triangle, cymbals, tom-tom, rattle, xylophone.

Saxophone players often double, and clarinet players double on all keys of clarinets and often on oboes. So that often an orchestra of twenty-five plays almost double that number of instruments. Besides playing numerous instruments, the players use varied devices to produce different sound effects. The mutes, now usually made of metal and cardboard, were and still are in some instances, glass tumblers and derby hats. These used over the bells of the instruments produce various sounds. One appliance used for a buzzy sound is the kazoo which is made of tin. "A cup-shaped brass mute gives a shallow tone with a thin quality. The flutter tongue in the brasses is rather like a covey of quail flying out of ambush."

"The glissando is one of the chief embellishments of jazz. This is simply a sliding together of the chromatic scale. The wawa effect on reeds can be gotten simply by blowing into the mouth-piece." A violin played near the frog of the bow gives staccato effect.

Among the instruments the jazz band has introduced are the heckelphone, the slide cornet, and czimbalon. It developed, also, the sarrusophone and the banjo. Along with all the inventions for the purpose of effect, these things are real contributions on the part of the jazz orchestra to the general field of orchestration. They were invented as they were needed to play the new music.

The jazz orchestra does not depend on the written score. They play them pretty much as they like in order to get the desired effect. Contrary to general belief, however, they have softened the music and no longer play as loud and

discordantly as possible. They strive to keep melody, rhythm, and harmony, and to make the music pleasing.

"Jazz has taught Americans that they may take any old thing that will make a sound and please themselves by expressing with it their own moods and characters in their own rhythms, thus making music. Schubert used to amuse his friends by wrapping tissue paper around a comb and singing the "Erkling" through it, and Tschaiakowsky required the same implement to get his effects in the "Dance of the Mirlitons." But I like Whiteman's idea that there seems to be nothing "against America's making a joyful noise with whatever she has nearest at hand."

Jazz, also, is making America music-conscious, and closely connected with this is the thing that so many people object to,—the lucrative value of jazz and the popularizing of it. By way of mass production and use, jazz has made fortunes for players and producers. And this mass production, which brings money as well as music to the producers, is bringing music to all the American people. Through radios, victrolas, sheet music and piano rolls, each new piece of jazz is spread over the country; mass production is doing its work. It is giving to the

people of all classes—music, something beautiful, something they can understand, and there are those who object to this. Some people think, or seem to think, that it cuts the value of music to have it vulgar—in the Latin sense—and a part of every man's everyday life. But music in any form will bring a little pleasure or a great deal, and if the masses who couldn't get what Schubert was driving at in 'Whispering' can get it in the same selection with jazz treatment on a record in the down-town store, then it is better that way than in no way at all. If our canned music makes the every-day laborer and the weary mother a little happier, then it is not so bad after all.

And jazz does make the American people happier. "Street crowds are constantly being dragged out of collective gloom by barrel organs, or outdoor phonographs, or passing bands." Jazz has the power to shake them out of their dull spirits, put smiles on their faces, and a happy spring in their footsteps. It makes us all less restrained and artificial, makes us live fast and with freedom. "And it's good living. The world seems brighter, troubles don't weigh so heavily, the natural joy and delight there is in just being alive comes to the surface."

And the reason jazz can do all this is that jazz is music, the music of American youth. "As a product of Young America, jazz is preeminently the music of and for buoyant, unreflective youth, where the joie de vivre and the physical hold sway." It reveals youth in serious moments and youth playing, and it reveals America growing, moving. One of its characteristics is its experimental mood. It doesn't mind trying things,—and that is the spirit of youth—to try things to see if they will work.

And jazz in another twenty years,—I wonder where it will be. I am inclined to believe with the king of the jazz kings that it will have become a national institution. It is almost that now. And Whiteman even conceives of a chair of jazz in universities, justifying it on his conception of a college as a "place that teaches its students that which will be useful and pleasant for them to know." Whether this will be or not, jazz is bound to develop. With its increasing use of color-harmonies and the expression of musical ideas, it should soon reach the point of universal appeal. It is becoming more and more the thing said, the idea in the mind of the artist. Gershwin made the world wake up to the fact that there are ideas back of jazz, and when the expression of them is perfected a little more, the contribution of jazz to the happiness of the 'four million' listeners-in will increase, and jazz, the hated American noise of a few years back, will have become a part of the beautiful in American life.

I have heard rumors that Paul Whiteman is planning another concert soon, and I wonder if, when he gives it, it will be showing again in New York City and if the people will push and fight to gain admittance. Perhaps not. But I am venturing to say that those who hear the concert will know that what Paul Whiteman dreamed for jazz that afternoon in 1924 has come true, that it has come into its own as music and as American music.

Hypermnestra

By VERNON CROOK

*WITH his fifty daughters, Danaus, to guard
Their chastity from Aegyptus' fifty sons,
To Argos fled; and there was he made king.
But Aegyptus' fifty sons went forth to bring
Them back to Egypt as their wives (poor nuns)
And on the trail to Argos followed hard.*

*Demand they made of Danaus that he yield
His daughters for their wives. Naught could he
do*

*But give consent. He bade them take the lot
And wished them happiness with what they got.
But to each daughter a dagger, sharp and true,
With a whisper he gave, and showed each how
to wield.*

*The bridal night arrived. The nuptial bed
Of each was filled. The fifty sons asleep,
Content, of conquest dreamed. The yellow moon
Alone beheld the quivering daggers, soon
From hiding drawn, like fifty demons leap
To check their sleep. Aegyptus' sons lay dead!*

*One--only one--survived that treacherous night;
Lynceus, he, to Hypermnestra wed.
Of fifty daggers, yellow with the blaze
Of the yellow moon, forty and nine were raised
Again reeking with gory, marsian red.
At dawn, one shivered with its steely light.*

*'Twas Hypermnestra's dagger as it lay
Unsheathed upon her husband's naked heart.
Lynceus woke to find it there, to find
His brothers dead. Then passion seized his mind.
The men of Argos heard and took his part
Against the cruel king, the king did slay.*

*Then Lynceus in Argos came to reign;
Beside him Hypermnestra sat as queen.
But Hypermnestra's sisters had to die;
In Hades were condemned to empty dry
The river Styx with sieves. They may be seen
Near Tantalus who begs a drink in vain.*

WOMEN—SLAVES OF YESTERDAY

(Continued from page seven)

after 10:20 P. M., she is punished. I suppose this saves water. It is also unlawful for students to sleep with their doors open, regardless of how hot the weather may be. There are many more rules just as absurd, but not quite so comical.

Meredith College has twenty pages of rules that all the students must learn and abide by. This is a big world we live in, but Meredith students do not know it, unless they learned it before going there. The "two good sisters" of this college that the boys enjoy abusing so well must be hard workers, for they have made rules regulating everything the student may think of doing. No student has ever broken all these rules, unless she spent many years in college; and then she had to be rather active. One rule interests me very much. A student may see an out-of-town guest for fifteen minutes without previous arrangements, provided the guest is not from Carolina, Wake Forest, or Duke. It seems to me that these students are ordinary persons, and I see no reason to discriminate against them. I suppose that we are rather dangerous with evil intentions. The following are a few of Meredith's rules:

1. "No book may be taken into chapel.
2. Students may not go to drug stores on Sundays or order from drug stores.
3. A committee, appointed by the president of the college, will censor all public performances and all printed matter.
4. Modern dancing and card-playing will not be permitted.
5. May occasionally go calling, with permission, but may not have dates while calling.
6. Freshmen, who are averaging C, may have two shopping days the second semester.
7. No student is expected to leave the dining-room in the evening until the whole table is excused."

Meredith has nineteen more pages of just such rules and regulations.

A friend of mine recently went to E. C. T. C. to see a girl. The matron told him that he could see her for three minutes. She stood near by during the three minutes. At the end of the time she came over and told the girl, with a great attitude of doing an act of charity, that the boy might stay one more minute. This boy traveled 250 miles to be with his friend four minutes. Only four minutes in the name of discipline!

President Vardell of Flora MacDonald has a set of rules that will make any able-minded person tremble and wonder if the world has stood still for the past several thousand years. His rules and regulations actually reflect upon the mentality of any intelligent person. A student doesn't even have to know how to push a button to turn on the lights. Dr. Vardell's rules teach them how, for he has five rules regulating the turning on and turning off of the lights. Is it not rather sad that a college student does not know how to turn on the lights? After staying in college for four years, his students have an excellent knowledge of how to turn on the light. They can even turn them off with a far degree of accuracy and safety.

Dr. Vardell's students are also forbidden to sing in the bath tub. Isn't that a terrible crime—to sing in the bath tub? Yet, a Flora MacDonald student is a criminal, if she does so.

Below are a few of Dr. Vardell's many excellent rules:

1. "No student may go to the room of another student during any study hour without permission of either the proctor, council member, or Dean.
2. Chapel attendance is required every morning and every evening except Wednesdays and Sundays.
3. Only two girls may spend quiet hour in a room.
4. *No visitors are allowed on Sunday.*
5. Having visitors in the dormitory without permission of the Dean is considered a minor offense.
6. Gentlemen desiring to call on any student must present *credentials* acceptable to the Dean.
7. Written permission must be received from the parents or guardians of the student, and must be filed with the Dean to receive men callers, and special permission for the same must be had from the Dean.
8. Approved chaperonage is required (for underclassmen) to go to the depot.
9. Any student late to meals must give her excuse to the Dean before taking her seat.
10. Absence from meals must be excused by the Dean or Nurse.
11. Freshmen and sophomores are not *allowed to go into the post office at any time.*
12. Seniors may go to each other's room during the day study hour except on Mondays.
13. Four freshmen or sophomores may walk any day, except Sunday, with an approved chaperon.

Dr. Vardell also lines all his little girls up each Sunday morning and marches them to church. I have often tried to decide what he is attempting to make of these girls.

May the present and future generations adopt a system of discipline that will be of benefit to the student bodies of the different institutions. Let us educate the students to conduct themselves like ladies and gentlemen by thought and enlightenment. The only rules that we need are the ones that are beneficial to the students.

Many of our present schools have neglected love for youth in their fierce zeal for dogma. They have put us in a mental prison, and we have not been able to get the greatest benefit from moral and intellectual training. Our minds have been hampered so that we can not be enlightened, and our hearts have not been trained to virtue. The women of our state have been granted political freedom. Shall we give them educational and mental freedom in order that mankind may be improved by it? The enemy that has been dominating us for thousands of years, the system that beat our forefathers with canes, sticks, and inflicted upon them all kinds of physical punishment, and the system that inflicts great mental punishment upon our young women today by their foolish rules is failing and losing ground. Our young people are crying out for the abolition of foolish rules and for FREEDOM. Let us rally and meet the "old system" with courageous hearts and abolish

woman slavery. Let us free the women of this new era from the bondage of the long forgotten past. Let us lull in the warm sunshine of a liberal future, freed from the shackles of a bigoted and intolerant yesterday.

A Night Scare

By S. S. ROSENBLUM

THE DAY was drawing to a close, and the approaching night was indeed welcome to one as tired as I. Early that morning I had left McNeary, a small Arizona lumber town. I had received a long lift, had then trudged what seemed endless miles, and now with the approach of dusk I found myself high up in the Rockies in the midst of wild, beautiful, tall pine country. Nightfall in her misty veil, trailing her deepening, shadowing robes, descended; and the silence of night began to fall. I made my bed at the foot of three tall pines closely clustered together, for here the ground, being thickly strewn with pine cones, fir branches, and leaves, afforded me a soft padding on which to place my blankets. By the time I had finished, night had fallen; but I, content, leaned back against a tree trunk, smoked, and dreamed awhile. The shadows of the night softly darkened, and the silence of the wilderness, a soul-satisfying silence, prevailed. The stars slowly came out, one by one, and twingled in the skies, while the full moon rode the heavens. Quiet, strange, peaceful silence,—all alone; yet still at home,—I sense the wonder of it. Now the wind slowly rises and sighs through the trees. Pine cones rustle; fir branches rub; and the wilderness speaks to me. . .

I roused from this reverie with a start. Eight o'clock, bedtime for me, and soon I was asleep. My sleep, however, was unsound. Why this was so I did not know. Perhaps certain exciting events had sharpened my nerves? Perhaps instinct was warning me? Perhaps danger was about? I awakened suddenly, lifted myself on my arms, and listened. Silence reigned. I shook myself, looked about, and blinked my eyes. All was dark except certain spots where some stray moonbeams shed a silvery, ghostly radiance. The shadows of the trees in this unearthly light seemed like gaunt spectres with waving arms. I spoke loudly, "Hello." It came back a dull echo. Then I became somewhat alarmed, scrambled from my blankets, and looked about. Everything was still—too still—and the darkness pressed upon me. I smoked awhile and again 'turned in.'

While I was sleeping, dark clouds covered the moon; inky blackness surrounded me, but I did not know. Again I awoke, this time without a start, but with every nerve alert. In front of me, about a foot from my face, I saw, gleaming out of the darkness, two, small, sharp, red eyes. What followed, happened much too quickly for accurate description. One instant I had been lying on my side; the next, my body electrified, I had leaped back about two feet, my right hand unconsciously gripping my knife, my left clutching a big searchlight. Fast though I leaped, my mind worked faster, for even as I

(Continued on page twelve)

That Confidence Man, Age

By DOROTHY MUMFORD

*Age is a confidence man
Coming up blythely,
His hands in his pockets,
Whistling
With an air of cheery solicitude
Over your welfare.*

*I know him.
Haven't I seen him rollicking into the homes
Of plenty of respectable people,
Who entertain him,
And he, slipping bit by bit into his pockets
What they should value most.*

*I know him,
I meet him everywhere
And yet I haven't revealed his "game"?
Ah, but you should know how clever he is.
If I should mention "kleptomania"
(One must put it politely, you know,)
His hosts would look
To their silverware
Or to their respectability;
And this is his cleverness—
He adds a certain air to their respectability
And, often, he adds to their bankrolls.*

*Ah, look to him, then!
It is this giving openly with his right hand
That covers the silent thieving of him
In the night,
This thieving away
Of your joy of living!*

*Ask these respectable people,
Where is their wanton ecstasy in the spring,
Where is their wild lust for running in the wind,
Where are the nights that they decked their hair
With a little new moon
To go madly dancing into the shadow it threw?*

*Ask them, even,
Whether the sky is a shiny blue
With one little dipping cloud.*

*They will not know.
They have lost it all to that confidence man,
Age,
Who is salaming at them
With silver
And respectability.*

*Ah, he is clever,
That confidence man, Age.
In the shadows that play under the cherry tree;
Every night I keep watch
I have said,
I know his game and I am afraid,
To hide
I shall run into the dark places
When I see him coming.
He knows that he cannot catch me,
Though I am holding my little new moon
Close,
Against his coming.
For I am Youth
And he is Age—
Yet this is how clever he is!*

*Last night
He sent a small wind
To blackmail me
With death.*

Cruel Fate

By WILBUR DORSETT

FATE was against him, so he thought. Larry hardly knew the meaning of the word *fatalism*, and certainly he never believed his life to be strictly bound within the limits of one narrow path—he was his own road-maker. Yet how many times had he dreamed, planned, and attempted only to be frustrated by that omnipotent hand! He remembered the many times he had nearly succeeded in securing those things which he had longed for and grasped for, those things he wanted to do but couldn't, those opportunities he had barely missed. He merely termed it as "Luck is against me" and went on hoping to be lucky next time.

But now not only was luck against him—he was defeated. No one would have thought so from his farewell gesture as he pushed the door shut. By that nonchalant "See you later" of his as he left the office one would take it that he was only running down to the corner drug store for a refreshing four o'clock Coca-Cola. He was. Yes, looking for something to relieve his parched throat.

Here, after a fruitless and altogether tactless argument with the manager, he found himself outside the doors of the company in more ways than one. They hadn't let him go; they had fired him.

As he slumped down the wide steps to the street floor below he tried to alibi his conscience. He didn't like being a clerk, anyway; figures bored him. He had juggled these figures all day long for only twenty a week. No money in that. And he was almost married, too. Well, not exactly, but he would be as soon as Betty and he had found out what her father thought of the matrimonial plight. He knew the gruff old man would oppose fiercely any attempt of Betty's to marry a man with such an income as his. He smiled sardonically as he realized that Betty and he would really have to live on love now that even the twenty dollars a week were gone. Even this amount had caused the two many hours of perplexity, scheming and discussion.

Of course, he hadn't yet approached her father with the subject of marriage, but he thought it was obvious to the family that he and the girl were sincerely attached to each other. The young couple's solution to the problem was that Larry should ask for a raise. Then there would be no opposition, no family dispute, and their married life would begin and continue favorably in the sight of the proud parent.

This solution was simple enough, although when he asked for a slightly larger sum on his pay check and had refused to continue with his present wage he found himself without any at all.

He reached the bottom step and drifted on into the moving mob. No need to hurry now. There was plenty of time left before supper. Instead of rushing down the block as he had always done at five forty-five he walked quite slowly. After turning by habit to catch a glimpse of the workmen atop the rising framework of the bank building, slowing up at the runt golf course, inwardly admiring its neat

arrangement, studying the attractive theater advertisement, looking longingly at the new brown suit in the window of the fashionable clothing shop, he finally reached the corner.

Halted by the red light for a moment he soon crossed over to the drug store, his favorite institution of refreshment. He abstractedly fingered the neat magazine piles over on the right.

"Give me a 'True Confession,'" he told the perfume-counter clerk. She gave him one glassy stare and then, understanding that he meant the magazine, reached over and put one in his hand. He seated himself at the small, round table nearest the telephone booth, it being the only remaining vacant one.

He thumbed through the pages of the magazine, yet hardly taking his eyes off the man who was throwing fiery utterances into the mouthpiece of the phone. His words were not audible but his varying expressions were unmistakably those of anger.

He caught Larry's faint smile of amusement and, turning to the phone, replaced the receiver none too gently on the hook and stepped out. Larry, wishing to at least appear polite and not knowing the proper thing to say, arose and struck the wrong note by asking, "Mister may I use your phone?"

"Yes," hissed the man as he passed on, "call her up now but don't tell her you have to work late at the office tonight. All women are alike. Skeptics!"

Larry entered the booth without replying. Yes, he certainly would like to speak to "her." He hesitated. Why not get the arduous task over with now so that he would be in a position to tell her something definite tonight? He supposed her father would still be at his office. He took down the directory and turned to the *Smiths* and was immediately lost in a maze of those *Smiths*. Searching—J. B., J. H., J. W.,—yes, there it was: J. W. Smith—1039-W.

He lifted the receiver.

"1039-W."

Pause.

"No, 1039-W."

Another pause.

"Mr. Smith? Oh, excuse me, I'd like to speak to him, please."

Silence.

"Hello. Mr. Smith? This is Larry speaking, Larry Woodard."

From the other end: "Well?"

"I hate to bother you now. . . but I'd like to ask you something . . . if you're not too busy?"

"No, no, not at all," quite congenially it was spoken.

Then bluntly, "I'm out of a job and . . ."

"Ha! yes, I see what you mean, young man." He was actually pleasant. Larry smiled.

"You see, it's not my fault."

"Yes, I understand," came the voice, "Don't bother about that. Probably you will make a good man."

"What? Sure. I certainly hope so. I'll do all I can." Why hadn't he become intimately acquainted with Mr. Smith before? Fool. He silently cursed himself. The way to a girl's hand was through her papa's eye.

(Continued on page twelve)

DYSTER

(Continued from page three)

rough and ready manner; but he looked like a satan with his wrinkled bald head, his arching eyebrows, and his huge bony hands. Mrs. Dyster was very nice to the boys, but in all her kind deeds there was a manner of conscious piety. She appeared to suffer from an excess of Puritanism. What her real thoughts were Harlan never knew. When she spoke of her family she kept always to the pleasant, sentimental side with religious care. Dyster's sister, La Verne, was reputed to be very musical. She was a recluse, who often sat before the sitting room fire in the darkness. She was inhumanly ugly.

At times Dyster seemed like an interesting problem to Harlan but not when he came into intimate contact with him. Into his thought of the man something loathsome was creeping, and once this change had started it was impossible to disregard it. With a morbid feeling he watched Dyster come into the bathroom in the morning, stretching and blinking his eyes. They were gummed with sleep. His coarse black hair was twisted into a bunch on the top of his head; there was a scraggly growth of beard on his chin and cheeks. Harlan could not forget the impression of watching the man shave: the soapy scum on the water in the basin, the innumerable bits of hair clinging to the sides of the basin and floating in the water, the scrape of the razor on his dry skin. In the bath tub he looked like some large species of vermin, with queer, snapping eyes, a hairy thorax, skinny limbs, and a horny ridge along its back. Dyster was not deformed, but his body had grown into a fantastic shape. Something had warped it from the normal human mold.

Dyster had queer speech habits. He expressed himself by means of subtle insinuations, elliptical phrases, a mixture of English and foreign words, nods, grimaces, gestures. With strangers, of course, he had to use more normal conversation. But with intimates—and he seemed to regard Harlan as one—he used his own highly-developed system. It gave Harlan an uneasiness as if in speaking to him thus Dyster made of him a partner in evil.

Harlan could not dissociate Dyster from the idea of pure evil. He was a Mr. Hyde with a subtle quality added. Yet Harlan knew nothing definitely evil of him. Harlan's room-mate, the Kentuckian, Randall, claimed that Dyster stole some of his ties and shirts. But if he did it, it was merely an imposition on the boy's good nature, for he never took anything from Harlan. Dyster drank a good deal of bad whiskey, sold worse, gambled, hung around pool rooms, had some pernicious habits of sex satisfaction which he did not deny, boasted of some experiences with women in which the aesthetic element was wholly lacking. Well, others that Harlan knew had done all these things and did

not seem bad. Dyster seemed bad, saturated with uncleanness, no matter how well he bathed, shaved, trimmed his moustache, and shined his shoes. Morals, according to one writer, are not a matter of conduct but one of personality. Dyster might not do anything bad, but he stamped himself in Harlan's mind as an evil personality.

Those early impressions of Dyster that Harlan formed were never quite erased during the portion of two years that he was in contact with him. He thought of Dyster only as a monster, forgot that thought only a few times. But in the course of months his aloofness toward Dyster had worn thin. Some morbid fascination led him to cultivate the man's acquaintance. Once, he thought, they achieved a peculiar understanding.

Harlan was older now. He had lost something of the child's fear of life and also something of the child's faith in it and in himself. The old distinctions between good and evil were fading farther and farther into the background. He had been investigating some of the sinister possibilities in himself and what he discovered made him wonder. Dance halls and the steel mill towns on Saturday night. The thin veneer of respectable life.

Sometimes he and Dyster talked till the late hours. Once they sat up all night. Harlan went to breakfast the next morning, after a dash of cold water in his eyes, without having lain down. He felt released as from a heavy emotional tension. Neither he nor Dyster had been drinking anything but coffee. No, it was just the night and their restlessness.

Harlan went into Dyster's room about eleven and started examining some questionable literature. He sat in an armchair beside a bridge-lamp with a fancy shade. Every now and then he let his eyes stray around the room. It was an exposé of Dyster's tastes. The picture molding was adorned with tobacco tins of every known brand. There was a case full of books, ranging from analytic geometry to pornographic novels in Spanish. Pictures of lovely women in startling poses, clipped from art magazines, were on the walls. Musical instruments were scattered about. Dyster could play anything he turned his hand to.

Dyster didn't say much until Harlan had been there a while. He took out his guitar and began strumming softly. Often before when Harlan was studying late at night he'd heard him playing low, melancholy chords in the same way. He'd wondered then what the man thought about. A mystical effect in that music in the dark house late at night. Dyster now was looking over a new book of folk songs. Here and there he played a bar. Then he cast the book aside and strummed as fancies came to him, odds and ends of pieces that he remembered. Sometimes he talked and Harlan replied.

Dyster told Harlan about some of his love experiences. There was a girl at Berea College in Kentucky whom he had visited one spring. They'd lain out on a meadow high in the mountains all one morning. Well? Nothing had happened, according to Dyster; he was talking realistically now. The girl had thrown him over. Her picture was on the desk at Harlan's elbow. He wished he hadn't seen it because he wanted to think of her as lyrical and charming and of Dyster as a dark, slim faun.

Dyster said he'd never possessed a woman who was not for sale. This topic was depressing to both of them. Dyster went on strumming; he was puffing a pipe and filling the room with dense, odorous clouds.

After a long silence they talked again. Dyster's home was a prison, he said. It was easy to see he had not yielded without some struggle to the lethargy that had swallowed him up. He had never been a strong character and his mother had made it easy for him to be weak. That was why he had never gone out into the world, never done anything for himself. In his own vague fashion he tried to explain himself now. Harlan thought he caught the drift—a little. Dyster had developed all sorts of pretenses. He was unable to do physical labor on account of an accident suffered during his adolescence, he didn't know what he wanted to do yet, he would study some Spanish at the college and put off going to work a while. He had grown from a boy into a man thinking these same thoughts, feeling the same restlessness, but again and again seeing it subdued by fear and indolence. Now he would probably never leave his child-world.

Yet in a sense he'd already escaped. Of this world of escape that he had found he was talking now in quick words. He knew all the riff-raff of the town. He had gone into partnership with a Mexican laborer who bootlegged on the side. His study of Spanish had led him to this particular venture. Spanish was the one study that had fascinated him. The Mexican had a negro wife—a chubby woman with a round childish face and glossy black skin. Their place was also a house of prostitution on a small scale. Dyster had heard and seen some queer things. Once he'd gone to a wedding in the Mexican quarter of a nearby steel mill town. He'd become tight on wine and nearly got knifed for his advances to one of the chaste daughters of his host. He had a few friends among the students of the college, odd sticks all of them. Always he sought contact with out-of-the-way people, foreigners, dregs of humanity.

Was Harlan himself like that? Of a sudden he couldn't say *no* definitely.

At times Dyster seemed almost eloquent, then he would become very silent, strumming his

(Continued on page twelve)

CAROLINA DRY CLEANERS

PHONE 5841

"Student Service to Students"

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A NIGHT SCARE

(Continued from page nine)

jumped back, I knew I must not attack the beast except in self-defense. I also remembered that no animal will ever attack a man unless cornered, hungry, or extremely frightened. With these thoughts flashing through my mind, I stood crouched and ready, but the beast scuttled up the nearest pine. As soon as he had done this, I knew he was not dangerous, for no wild and dangerous beast ever scuttles; it leaps, either at you or away from you. All this happened so quickly that I had not even pressed the button of my flashlight. I did so now, and the beam flashed in a white streak through the darkness. When I flung it up the tree, I was able to discern a shadow blacker than the surrounding darkness.

I slept no more that night. Instead I wrapped myself in a blanket, vigilantly watched the tree, and waited for the sun to rise. It came about four in the morning, and as soon as enough light appeared, I looked up the tree. Imagine my surprise and disgust and relief when I saw that which had startled me, was only a huge, mountain raccoon. He sat there, crouched in the crotch of the tree, almost frightened to death. Although I felt strongly tempted to fling a few rocks at him, I resisted the impulse. Instead I stood there, all dishevelled and ruffled up, shouted and waved my arms at him, gave him a thorough 'cussing out,' and then seeing him sitting so forlorn and scared on the limb, I was forced to grin and chuckle at the sorry figure he made. Finally I left him to his home and peace; and with the rising sun as my companion, I wended my way westward.

In all afterthoughts whenever I recall this incident, I am forced to grin not only at the sorry figure the poor raccoon had made, but also at the one which I too, perchance, had made.

CRUEL FATE

(Continued from page ten)

Then in stricter tones of business the old gentleman spoke, "You should have come to see me in my office. But it's too near closing time now. Just a question or two. Are you single?"

"Yes, sir. I've never been married before!" Whew! Did the man think he was a bigamist or widower or what?

"Do you have any of your family to support?"

"No, sir."

"And your income is—?"

"That's what I called you up about."

"To be sure."

"Now, young man, do you think you will enter into this institution with interest?"

"Yes, sir. Absolutely." So, some people still considered marriage an institution!

"And do you think you can come up to her ideals?"

"I certainly hope so." This marrying business was quite a serious one it appeared.

Then Larry's questioner, for a parting word, told him, "Very good, you may come around tomorrow and receive your instructions."

"What instructions?"

"We always give our salesman—"

"Salesmen?"

"Yes, you called me after seeing my ad for a salesman? Well, the Summit Company believes that a man can sell its products more readily if he is thoroughly acquainted with the line."

"Yes, sir," Larry blurted into the phone just before his new employer informed, "And your salary begins tomorrow."

"And," asked the boy, "your name is—?"

"Smith. Goodbye."

"Goodbye," he murmured meekly. He turned and stared at the passing crowd. Hundreds of them. Probably four per cent of them were Smiths. Oh, well, if it hadn't been for Betty's having that name he would still be among the unemployed.

Betty! What news he would have for her tonight! Liberal minded, he bought himself a ten-cent drink instead of the usual five, and drank to health, happiness, and home!

DYSTER

(Continued from page eleven)

guitar. The house was cold. Harlan went to his own room, got his bathrobe and came back. About two o'clock they had some coffee.

They talked on. Dyster returned often to the same themes—women, Spanish, the fascination of bumming around with odd people, particularly those who belonged to the fringe of the underworld. Some of the older man's feeling had crept into Harlan. He remembered some remote contacts of his own, sensed again the unique glamor that sordid, hidden ways of life hold for boys brought up in respectable Puritanism.

Three in the morning. Dyster's eyes glancing furtively through a haze of smoke. The twang of his guitar sounding deep, melancholy chords. Harlan closed his eyes. He thought he understood Dyster then. He'd known him long ago—known him in Harlan himself.

"To put down 'love those that revile you' is nothing more than a vain display of ink."

—Joseph Hergesheimer.

It is a sore thing to have labored long and scaled the arduous hilltops, and when all is done, to find humanity indifferent to your achievement.

—R. L. Stevenson.

No good work whatsoever can be perfect, and the demand for perfection is always a sign of misunderstanding of the ends of art.

—John Ruskin.

"Literature should be either instructive or amusing, and there is in many minds an impression that these artistic preoccupations, the search for form contribute to neither end, interfere, indeed, with both."

—Henry James.

'Tis more to guide than spur the Muse's steed; Restrain his fury than provoke his sped; The winged courses, like a generous horse, Shows must true mettle, when you check his course.

—Alexander Pope.

"We shall never lack vanity, even in the completest absence of any reason for having it."

—de Stendhal.

Mabel

By VERNON B. CROOK

I

*Little Fairy Mabel,
How my heart is throbbing,
How my blood is surging,
How my hopes are rising,
Little Fairy Mabel!*

*Pause a moment;
Speak to me.
Melody is in your voice;
Civility is in your voice!
Pause a moment.*

*Charming Fairy Mabel,
With your lovely smile
You have made me happy
For a little while.
I begin to like you;
Even fear I love you;
Charming Fairy Mabel.*

II

*Ah, the spell has wrapt me 'round.
I'm in love; in love am I;
And I'll love you till I die
And go down into the ground.*

*How sweet love is!
Intoxicating as the wine
Of Gods. 'Tis like a dream divine.
A halo circles 'round the earth
Enriching all. 'Tis man's new birth.
How sweet is love!*

*It stirs the soul
Like music from some harp of gold
Touched by an angel's hand
In God's celestial land
Down wafted through the hanging blue
Doth stir the soul of man.*

*O bliss divine to love, be loved
By such a lass as thee.
'Tis proof enough that there are Gods
Who do their best for me.
The world is such a happy world;
All things are good and fair;
And surely such could never be
Were Gods not watching There!*

III

*O Mabel, haste not thus away!
'Tis cruelty to rend the strings
Which bind my heart to thine. I pray
Of thee, turn not away. It brings
Me misery with pains far more
Than Tantalus has ere endured
Or Prometheus become enured.*

*You will not stray? Alas, already gone!
Then with you passed all love I've ever known.
Such cruelty, unmerited, must be
The work of devils. There are no gods to see,
But devils only. The world's so bad a world
Naught else could ere explain its cruelty.
No halo, but the mist of hell is furled
About the earth. Its vapors strangle me!*

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Can English Become The Universal Language?

By E. C. METZENTHIN, Ph.D.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second of a series of articles being written for the magazine by University professors who are actively connected with the literary world of our own time. Dr. Metzenthin is a professor of German. The second part of his article is continued to the next issue of this sheet.)

PART I

Does modern youth really do its own thinking? Sometimes, surely, but only too often without the necessary background of knowledge, which cannot be gotten without serious work. Do we all, young and old, really want the truth, the whole truth—for which we are clamoring—even when truth hurts, as it usually does, by upsetting "sacred traditions," inherited superstitions, and sentimental prejudices? For example, how many students would add voluntarily to their schedule "History of the English Language," as an elective, if there should be no credit—but labor—connected with it? And yet, one should suppose that a serious thinker would be interested in the vehicle of all thinking; that is, in language. At least so far as—not being satisfied with what he learned in the public school about the wonderful mother tongue—to take up the study of critical books on the English language. Moreover, if he dares to be progressive and is not afraid of being called "radical," he might go so far as to read publications by the "Anglo-Saxon spelling reform organizations," in Great Britain and in the United States. However, it might mean too great a shock for him, fed up as he is with the sweets of mother tongue orthodoxy, to hear or read unaccustomed and revolting views about the real character of his native language, with its feet of clay: the spelling and the pronunciation.

Therefore, it is with a feeling of awe and fright that the writer reproduces here a few characterizations of the English language, especially of its orthography—of course, not his own heresies, but unorthodox views of men whom even the orthodox pedagogues cannot belittle. For who can risk, in spite of our boasted freedom of thinking and speech, to say anything unorthodox on his own account, under his own name, if he cannot add some names of "acknowledged authorities"?

(NOTE. Warning to all progressive writers: If you ever should strike an original idea, or such an idea should strike you, for goodness sake don't confess that crime, or publish your find, without adding, as a "note"—to give it a scholarly aspect—two or three names of author-

The End

By J. C. WILLIAMS

*Down by the edge of the surging sea,
Hard by the side of the weeping willow,
Worn by the lash of the rushing billow,
Stands that which sadly used to be—
An old building.*

*Marked by time's unerring hands,
Rocked by the wind's relentless sway,
Fast crumbling—crumbling away,
The tottering structure stands —
An old building.*

*Here the peasant—man of yore,
Tired by life's incessant test,
Sought the healing balm of rest,
'Til the death angel came and left no
more—
Than an old building.*

*Now the summer season's past,
All nature's beauty goes,
As fades the blushing rose,
And winter settles fast—
Upon an old building.*

*One by one the rotten timbers fall,
Hard by the side of the weeping willow,
Worn by the lash of the rushing billow,
Leaving nothing, nothing at all—
Of an old building.*

ities—no matter how irrelevant—who wrote something similar fifty, or better, five hundred, years ago, even though you have to spend weeks of your "valuable" time in searching for them through the oldest volumes in the library.)

As the editor is very strict in the allotment of space, and because the writer is too considerate to expose the authors to the wrath of self-complacent orthodoxy, the names, titles and professions of these star witness are here omitted, as well as the names, dates, places of the publication in which the statements appear;

1. "How truly vicious our present spelling is, anyone can see for himself. (The present writer, a 'doubting Thomas,' can't help adding here his question mark.) It is unworthy of a practical people."

2. "The spelling of English is now more foolish than that of German or French, partly because English has, unfortunately, suffered more than any of the other modern languages from the evil influence of uneducated printers and of half-educated pedants."

3. "The anomalies and perversities of English spelling are obvious enough and call loudly for regulation."

4. "That which Lord Lytton called, aptly enough, our accursed spelling."

5. "It is strictly true that the foolishness of our English spelling exerts a poisonous influence on our whole primary education." (The gravest indictment, but only too true.)

6. "Propriety was disregarded, etymology perverted, and every principle of orthography defied."

7. "Our orthography is not only an insuperable difficulty to foreigners, but an eternal source for dispute and perplexity for ourselves?"

And last, but not least, a statement, the phraseology of which smacks of a rough rider, dated "Oyster Bay, N. Y., Aug. 27, 1906," in which the writer expresses himself as being sincerely in favor of the endeavor "to make our spelling a little less foolish and fantastic."

If that is what prominent Anglosaxons in England as well as in America are thinking about their own venerated mother tongue, what must be the judgment of "foraners" (or furriers?) about that "chaos, called English orthography"? And how can progressive members of all other nations be expected to agree to the use of English as the international language, as long as the acquisition of its "absurd" orthography would mean a waste of one to two year of their lives?

The 100%ers will, of course, feel offended by such rough (speak: ruff) criticisms. But what if the latter are 100% just and based on thousands of facts? Anyhow, what is the proper thing to do? To fight the physician, who discovers the disease, gives the correct diagnosis and prescribes the best remedy,—or fight the disease? In our linguistic "case" a book could be filled by facts proving the correctness of the "diagnosis."

Only a few of the facts will be offered here. They indicate a lawlessness that should be eradicated by the too numerous "reformers" with the same energy with which they, as champions of the "sanctity of law and order," attempt to stamp out the lawlessness of other people.

Keeping in mind the basic law accepted by the linguists that each sign must always indicate one and the same sound, and, vice versa, that each sound must always be represented by the same sign, let us now enjoy the following specimens of English ortho-graphy:

To, two, too; no, now, know; now, but snow; blow, but plow; lo, low; sow, sew; bear, but

(Continued on page four)

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(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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Sunday, February 22, 1931

Whither College?

RECENT years have witnessed many well nigh idiotic investigations into American college life, some of which have accomplished even less than might have been expected. One investigation which has been conducted not without considerable alleged diligence stands out as perhaps a little less demented than the rest. Reference is made to the widespread inquiry into the reading habits of college students. The inventory in point deals with reading done outside the prescribed, compulsory course requirements set up by college teachers and seems to indicate, —doubtless without the slightest relation to true accuracy—that less than fifteen percent of college and university students read annually even as much as one book which would fall into any classification other than "light fiction". Inaccurate as this report probably is, there yet remains cause for appreciable measure of head-wagging and tongue-clicking, because even generalities contain some truth—a truth which is lamentable in this instance.

One professor, whose prestige is far from negligible, has said that there is more leisure time in a college career than ever thereafter in a similar length of time, in spite of all the extracurricular functions which necessarily form a part of the wise student's education-getting. He contends that these extra moments should be consumed by research into the various fields of knowledge lying in the sphere of one's interests. Such advice looks sound in printed form, but it lacks the support of experience.

American college students no longer spend their spare time in searching the dry pages of forgotten books. Extracurricular activities and places of public amusement have solved the spare time problem. Is this a wholesome situation, you make ask? Time alone can tell. Yet the fact is that this change in student inclinations has come in response to conditions existing in the social and economic orders. The old timer is right when he laments the methods employed by education-seekers of our time. Honesty compels the most modern of the moderns to admit that the whole aim of college education has gone off on a tangent. College students of the incumbent order crave a lighter intellectual diet than did their forefathers. To brand this fact as better or worse than former educational habits of students is as yet a waste of time and effort. There can be no doubt, however, that the reading habits of college students of today move the sensible man to wonder what a college is for, after all.

Books and Authors

TO CHOOSE a good book from the veritable hordes of printed matter which are leaving the printing press daily is indeed a difficult task. The physical effort involved is to be seen in the vein of the extreme. But when one has at last found a book which bears the marks of having been well thought out and carefully written, the satisfaction derivative of his efforts is most gratifying.

If one is in quest of a book the writer of which has compiled with the above stipulations, then Katherine Bellamann's *My Husband's Friends* is worthy of more than passing, casual consideration. This new Southern writer is of the "deep South" in breeding,

tradition, and sentiment—which seems quite natural in the light of her having been born on a remote plantation in the southern portion of Mississippi, from whence she removed to South Carolina to live for twenty years.

But one sees in her *My Husband's Friends* the reflection of something far more than her southern breeding and tradition. This latter fact is doubtless due to her having been educated for the major part in London, Paris, and New York. Yet, remarkable as it may seem, foreign residence and extended travel to the most removed quarters of the globe have not in any wise placed a cosmopolitan stamp upon this amazingly quiet, leisurely, soft-spoken woman. Even in the mad, unaltered rush of New York City, Mrs. Bellamann has managed to retain something of the comfortable tempo of the South.

My Husband's Friends is the printed spirit of its cultured author.

Sonnet Award

The *Carolina Magazine* silver cup, which is awarded annually for the best sonnet appearing in the magazine during each academic year and which was won by Dorothy Mumford last year, will be awarded to this year's winner at the annual awards night ceremonies late in the spring quarter.

A committee composed of the editor of this publication and two faculty members (whose names will be announced in a later issue) will choose the winning sonnet shortly before the date of presentation.

Any student in the University may submit sonnets for the contest. Persons who are interested in the matter should submit their work as soon as possible.

French and Spanish Pictures

Through the efforts of Mr. E. Carrington Smith of the Carolina Theatre, students of Spanish and French in the University are afforded the opportunity to see and hear bi-monthly pictures—the scenes and the talking being Spanish and French.

The Spanish and French departments heartily endorse these pictures, knowing that students profit greatly from them. The provision of such means of cooperative education and amusement is to be encouraged.

The All-World Eleven

By BERT HAYWOOD

ACCORDING to the prevailing belief among the psychologists today, day-dreaming is a positive indication of introversion. I am justified then, I think, in believing that we are becoming a race of introverts, for in the past few months the good people of the United States have indulged in day-dreaming to great excesses. At least, if the daily papers and weekly magazines of our country are to be relied upon as representatives of the public actions, such a conclusion is valid. Never have I seen such a flood of idealistic football teams as our news organs are containing every day. Our people seem to have gone wild over the idea. If it doesn't happen to be an All-State selection that meets the eye over the hurried cup of breakfast coffee, it will probably be an All-Southern pick. If the players listed don't fall within these groups, the choice may be called any of the following: The All-Midwestern, The All-Southwestern, The All-Missouri Valley and Big Six, The All-Eastern, The All-New England, The All-Farwestern, The All American, The All-Opponent, The All-County, The All-City. And so far into the night the linotype operator runs off the selections so that that football-crazy American public may see the result of the "comprehensive" balloting. It may be the choice of one particular genius. Perhaps the latest pick is "Chick" Meehan's All-Unpronounceable eleven. At any cost, each paper must equal its rival publication in the choice of mythical teams. The public sits by and dreams how wonderful it would be to see such an "all round" eleven playing on the field. The public is not content merely to see the choices in the papers. They must have their comment. The result is that the teams that get into print are only a few of the mythical elevens. The barbers and soda-dispensers get little recognition of their day-dreams. Except for a few customers, who are kind enough to listen, no one ever hears of those "well-balanced" teams. Those that read and hear the choices of others are not satisfied. Each man must try his hand at this fad. Just as the great games of football seem to have capitvated all sections of the country, so this day-dreaming tendency seems to have swept over the nation.

Certainly, it has swooped down hard on me, for only a mythical all-time, all-world eleven will satisfy my dreams. It is my earnest desire that my selection will please a few of our football enthusiasts. We have been doing football in a big way, and I think that day-dreaming in this field should be done on somewhat the same paramount basis. I realize at the outset that it will be difficult to please all of the barbers and shoe-shine boys. I will always attempt to keep in mind the whims and fantasies of many of our pig-skin loving Americans. No creed or rank shall bar a man from my all-time, all-world eleven. Proven ability is the sterling requisite for every player.

The first player is one for whom we have all professed great admiration. He is the idol of

our nation. At right-end I place Mr. "Slim" Lindbergh. I choose him primarily for his fleetness. It took him only thirty-three hours to fly over to Paris. He has the idea of speed imbedded in his thought processes. He should be able to get down under any punt in time to down the safety man in his tracks. Those lanky legs should be able to cover much territory. Swift-ness is not Mr. Lindbergh's only desirable trait. Perseverance has caused this young man to stand out. The fighting spirit has always been manifested in the "flying colonel." Courage has been foremost in his brilliant career. On the gridiron he should not lack any of the good old fashioned "guts," when there's need for blocking. Still another quality possessed by the "lone eagle," which justifies his position on this great eleven, is his admirable modesty. His attitude toward praise and publicity removes the common danger that good football players must face. This danger is over-confidence resulting from conceit. There would be little chance of such a reaction's developing in this young man, and this is something that cannot be said of many really great players. Then, too, there is another slant to the great aviator's selection for a place on the mythical team. There has been a seemingly high premium on the close connection that the high governmental officials have with the gridiron. No big game is really great unless the governor or the president is there to add color to the occasion. When a relative of one of the "big men" is playing there is a great "scoop" for the newspapers. Since it is rumored that Mr. Lindbergh's father-in-law is to be the next President of the United States, it is nice to have a tie-up between officialdom and the gridiron. When the governor's son makes the all-state and receives such a flood of publicity, certainly we "football-crazy" Americans would relish this as a capitol headline: "President Sees Son in Burst of Glory."

Playing next to right-end Lindbergh, we find Captain Kidd holding down the tackle position. For his dash and alertness, this famous character is placed on the mythical team. All opposition to the rushes of this man failed for years and years. To any team Captain Kidd would add pep and fire. He could be depended upon to get through and get his man, for his courage and audacity have seldom been surpassed. It has been said that "as the tackles go so goes the team." With Captain Kidd in the line-up you could count on raising the flag of victory after every encounter. He would have the real drive, for never has a "harder" man lived. In addition to these qualifications, the pirate could manifest other attributes of the ideal football player. His physique has withstood the winds of the seven seas. The gridiron would be his paradise island. Grappling, diving, rushing at men—that would be great sport to Captain Kidd. You could depend on his "sinking" his opponent when he hit him, for few men have ever possessed such brawny arms and legs. He mustered also a trait which few linesmen display.

(Continued on page four)

Once, I Saw a Negro Burn to Death

By PHILIP LISKIN

ONCE,
I saw a Negro burn to death.

A sudden movement of his arm
Had overturned a burning lamp
Which stood above him on a shelf.
The blazing kerosene had poured
Quickly over his head and body,
And turned him into a mass of flame.
The Negro shrieked, turned, and ran
With wild precipitation through the door
That opened to the field beyond.

One frightful moment we gaped,
And stared with wild dismay at one another
Seated there about the table.
Then, with one accord, we sprang upright
And madly ran to catch the human torch
That blazed its way before us.

From time to time we heard,
Above our pounding feet,
Over and over again,
A single sentence.
"Oh God! I'm burning! Save me!"
"Oh God! I'm burning! Save me!"

The tortured human flame then reached
The top of some small knoll
Not far ahead.
It stopped,
And there beneath the startled sky,
The Negro formed a blazing torch.
A torch,
From which there issued forth again,
"Oh God! I'm burning! Save me!"
Before it spun about,
Once,
And toppled to the ground

We sank upon our knees
About the smoking form
And heard,
As though it came from far away,
"Oh God! I'm burning! Save me!"
And as the last word mingled with the darkness,
Death took possession of the body.

That night I did not sleep;
But lay awake and wondered
Why God had let him die.

Could it have been that God was too intent
On governing His universe
To hear the single cry of anguish
That tried so hard to reach him?

Or was He too absorbed
In watching on the tiny globe below
The moves of kings and subject pawns,
To listen to a single voice?

Could it have been that God
Had watched the sinful practices of man
Too long;
And turned His back in anger
Just when a son of His
Had raised his arms and cried,
"Oh God! I'm burning! Save me!"
Or had He heard his plea

(Continued on page six)

CAN ENGLISH BECOME THE
UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE?

(Continued from page one)

spear; poor, but door; beer, but beard, and heard (-herd) from hear; cleric but clerk.—

Bear (an animal)—bear (a verb); read (speak: read)—read (speak: red); lead (a noun)—lead (an imperative).

Compare: "the gold mine" with "the gold is mine"; tear (speak: tare—a verb) with tear (speak: teer—a noun); roe with row, beau with bow; shear with sheer (nonsense); I with eye; lie (in bed) with lie (while standing)!

"They ate eight pairs of pears" are five different writings for one sound, and in "let, head, heifer, leopard, says, said, many" seven for one sound. There are even instances of over twenty writings for one and the same sound.

Indeed, amazing is the unbusinesslike waste of time, labor and money, caused by the continuous use of many unnecessary letters, written, but never spoken, in thousands of cases. One linguist estimates that this item alone costs the American people, reputed the shrewdest business people on earth, millions of dollars every year. The following combinations of letters could and should be reduced to a single letter each: *ea-e, oo-o, ou-o, eo-o, ui-i, ua-a, ue-e, wh-h, wr-r, sw-s, st-s, mn-m, mb-m, gn-n, kn-n, bt-t, dg-g, etc. ad infinitum.*

And how about the sensibility of the following official rule: "Doubled consonants are pronounced single." Why waste in this case 50% of our valuable time? And "time is money"!

The Russian language has only one letter which has become silent. How does English compare with that barbaric tongue? Is not the whole system, or better, complete lack of system, of our so-called *orthography*, a flagrant misnomer, altogether a tragicomedy, comical for the outsider, but tragic for the millions of helpless school children and their either foolishly scolding or wisely pitying teachers?

Let us finish with a comic aspect—which is, anyhow, the only aspect that makes life tolerable or worth while:

A PUZZLE

*When the English tongue we speak
Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak?"
Will you tell me why it's true
We say "sew" but likewise "few;"
And the fashioner of verse
Cannot cap his "horse" with "worse?"
"Beard" sounds not the same as "heard;"
"Cord" is different from "word;"
"Cow" is cow, but "low" is low;
"Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe."
Think of "hose," and "dose," and "lose;"
And of "goose" and also "choose."
Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb;"
"Doll," and "roll," and "home," and "some;"
And since "pay" is rhymed with "say,"
Why not "paid" with "said," I pray?
We have "blood," and "food," and "good,"
"Mould" is not pronounced like "could."
Therefore "done" but "gone" and "lone?"
Is there any reason known?*

—From the *Fortnightly* of the South,
Philadelphia Girls' High School.

In order to prevent any misunderstanding

and to soothe any bad feelings, aroused most probably by the "authoritative" statements given in the first part of this treatise, it might be the part of caution and wisdom to add here briefly the writer's own convictions in regard to the whole problem of a world language:

1. An international language must come, and will come, because of its desirability and growing necessity.

2. This universal language can be neither Latin or French, which had their time, nor Russian or Spanish, with their high per cents of "illiterates," nor German, to be excluded—in spite of its being the second highest of all civilized languages in the number of "literate"—on account of its complicated declensions, its senseless distinctions of gender and other deterring difficulties.

3. The problem narrows down to a choice between English and an artificial language, to which even such a critical linguist of international reputation and ardent admirer of English as Professor Jespersen, Copenhagen, has been converted,—this language to be created, controlled and enlarged by a committee within an improved League of Nations.

4. English would be preferable to an artificial language, because of its being a well-established language and the living speech of the greatest number of educated people, surpassing all others in its simplicity and its clear, logical syntax, *provided that*

a. the English people are willing to renounce the direction of the development of "Anglic," as this new language has been named by its first sponsors in Sweden, and to transfer its control to an international committee, composed of the best linguists of all civilized nations, and possibly attached to a "League of Nations";

b. that this committee or board has the power, courage, and energy to simplify in a radical way the spelling and pronunciation of "Anglic."

The treatise up to this point has attempted to point out, in a rather sketchy manner, both the necessity for and the difficulty of the task which the committee proposed under *4a* and *b* would have to face. The other extremely delicate question, whether the English speaking nations would agree to the self-denial and self-abrogation necessary for the change from an individual language to a universal language, deserves, with its nationalistic, psychological and sentimental aspects and ramifications, an exhaustive study.

(Part II appears in the next issue)

Let Me Dream

By JOHN WARDLAW

*Green—light green eyes,
A light that shines so bright;
The sparkle never dies,
Even at night.*

*Lips—a touch of bliss,
So soft—so sweet;
Memories often repeat
A kiss.*

*Those eyes—that kiss—your love
Were only dreams
From above it seems.
Let me dream!*

THE ALL-WORLD ELEVEN

(Continued from page three)

He was versatile in the art of trickery. He would fool the opposing linesmen and keep them baffled about what was going to happen next. For his keen eye, Captain Kidd has been chosen. Seldom would he miss a trick. He could be depended upon to pounce on the ball whenever the opposing team fumbled. Off the field, too, the Kidd is deserving of the praise of many football fans. He could "hold his liquor well," and to a great many of college students every good football player should be able to do this.

At the side of this great tackle I place the mightiest of all men. Mr. Sampson is a right guard—a guard which any team would be proud to boast of. This man's brute strength would let no man pass. Hitting this guard would be like running into a stone wall, reinforced with concrete and steel. Such teams as the "Bears," "Tigers," and "Wolves" would mean little to him, when we recall what this great man did to a certain lion. Sampson deserves this choice too, for he always possessed the fighting spirit. He was not even afraid of death, we recall. Like all good football players, women were his weakness. Sampson had an unusual advantage which caused us to pick him. He had extra protection for his skull. His fine, thick hair would prevent his getting mental injuries, and he could avoid having the professors' saying those things which are customary when speaking of the star guard. To the lion killer, then, goes the position of right-guard.

At the center post Mr. Atlas seems to be the logical candidate. He has had more experience in "holding up the center" than any other man in the world. He has the strength and stamina that a good center needs. Mr. Atlas has the advantage, too, of having already been immortalized in the minds of many. This experience places Mr. Atlas at an advantage. There would be little danger of honor's making this man over-confident. The quality of dependability is another of the attributes which caused Mr. Atlas to be chosen. He has proven his reliability for centuries, and with his passing the ball between those massive legs there could be little doubt about success. Sure-footedness and carefulness are two traits which Atlas has never failed to maintain. His massive shoulders, which have so long realized their tremendous responsibility, would block off with ease the rushes of the opposition.

The opposition would find great difficulty in getting by on Mr. Atlas' left, for none other than the great Hercules has been chosen for the other guard. Like his running-mate, Sampson, Mr. Hercules has strength that astounds those who watch him. The brawny arms and legs of this hero would be great barriers to the opposing backs. Not much could tire this great linesman. His stamina has been the marvel of the ages. He could withstand thrust after thrust and still be active. This man, too, has had some experience with being immortalized. I am anxious that the men chosen shall not suffer with the greatest plague of the gridiron, which is called over-confidence. A few headlines would not trouble this man who has been honored by the poets

(Continued on page seven)



THE BOOK WORLD



Physical Purity

THIS PURE YOUNG MAN, by Irving Fine-
man. Longman's, Green & Co. 1931.

In *This Pure Young Man*, the author relates the story of a young man whose ideals and uncompromising loftiness of spirit lift him above the sordidness and licentious materialism of the age—lift him to the pinnacle of achievement in physical purity; even his interests, activities and emotions are elevated to an idealistic level, freed from the contaminating and degrading influences of utter worldliness. Idealistic dreamer that he is, he is brought into open warfare with society, brought under the searching eye of the world and condemned. Ostracized for daring to be an individual, he is set apart—saliently alone.

Now, I am of the opinion that the author's purpose is neither purely didactic nor merely descriptive. If the purpose is to teach a moral, that moral must be to show the futility of an individual's struggling against the all-compelling forces of crass materialism and the unmitigating dynamic of public opinion. Man may rise for a while to the summit of individualism; but he has risen only to totter and fall before the buffets of a conventionalized society. If the purpose is descriptive, then it pictures, from the viewpoint of an alien, the struggle of an individual against an incompatible environment. Finally, it may be that the author condemns American society for its hostility to the higher, esthetic and ennobling ideals of the almost extinct puritanical spirit; or, he may be simply showing what is acceptable in American life.

Although I have always supposed that most of the great works in the realm of art are, in most cases, produced by individual and usually unsocial people, I am persuaded "that they are in their effect and result social rather than individual." They are shared by society rather than by a few isolated people. "As for the present book and its hero, it seems incredible that an attractive and successful young man could find no one in all Philadelphia who could live on the same lofty plane with himself." Truth in art, beauty and purity are not to be enjoyed and appreciated only by a few; in fact, "are not they the result of social refinement rather than the product of solitary isolation?" It seems that the author ventures the opinion that ideals of purity of life are to be found only in exceptional cases, that they grow out of individual rather than concerted effort.

It is the author's emphasis upon the hero's capacity to appreciate the value of purity, which capacity is not the heritage of the mass of the people, that makes this question imperative. The impression is left that the young man is too good to live in a material world. Even when he dies, one feels, with his wife who later marries, that his demise only draws the curtain across a life filled with utter loneliness.

—Clyde Shreve.

Whistling Stranger

By VERNON CROOK

*WHISTLING stranger stoops to drink
From a silver, bubbling spring
That gently leaps like a thing
Of life and meanders away from its brink;*

*A spring, with a tail like a shooting star
That bursts its celestial belt
And falls on earth to melt,
To flow in crystal streams afar.*

*The stranger arises with silent thanks
And smilingly blessing the stream,
Whistling some happy theme,
He follows along its winding banks.*

*Around the stranger nature plays.
The leaves are whispering above;
The birds are chanting of love;
The sun is winking with golden rays*

*At the insects tumbling under the trees.
Flowers bowing to the wind
Forth their fragrance send
And play at courting with the bees.*

*And the brook goes murmuring, gurgling by,
Leaping the stones in its path,
Glad with the strength it hath
To race on toward the meeting of trees with sky.*

*The stranger is glad with what he sees
And hears. Things speak to him
And he can understand them.
The leaves that whisper in the breeze*

*Tell him the secret of life's joy.
The birds awake his heart,
Instruct it in the part
Which throughout life it should employ.*

*The rays of the sun warm up his soul.
The flowers give him beauty;
The bees teach him duty;
And the brook leads him on toward a happy goal.*

*The stranger walks on by the stream
As day fades into night,
But his heart is merry and light.
He is whistling some joyous, happy theme.*

America's Civilization
---and Rome's

ROMAN HOLIDAY, by Upton Sinclair. Published by the Author. Pasadena, California. \$2.50. 290 pp. 1931.

Once again—this time in *Roman Holiday*—Upton Sinclair takes a gigantic kick at the buttocks of American civilization. In the *Brass Check*, he showed American journalism in its true light; in the *Goose-Step*, it was the American college that suffered; in *Oil*, American politics got its due; in *Boston*, it was American justice that received the darts of his vicious

pen. And in *Roman Holiday*, Sinclair rids us of most of our childish and naïve beliefs in the impeccability of the United States.

Against the background of an interesting love story, Sinclair draws an amazing analogy between the Roman republic after the destruction of Carthage and America since the World War. We are not accustomed to think of any close parallelism between present-day America and Rome at that time, but Sinclair succeeds in showing that there is a similarity between history's two greatest republics—and a close one, at that.

Luke Faber, the hero of this unusual story, is a twentieth-century capitalist. He is a good capitalist, and believes firmly in the republican form of government. He believes in freedom of speech, thought, and action so long as it does not harm his business. He is all for prohibition, but keeps a goodly supply of liquor in his spacious cellar for his guests. He goes to church—to create a good impression—although he would much rather lie in bed on Sunday morning. He is faithful to his wife, and keeps a mistress on the side. Notwithstanding all that, he firmly believes he is a good citizen.

He gets into an automobile accident, and is knocked unconscious. When he awakens, he finds himself in Rome. His parents, his wife, his political friends, his factory workers, all are there but all dressed in Roman clothes and all speaking in Latin! For three weeks he lives in Rome, and at the end of that time awakens to find himself in an American hospital, where his doctors tell him that he has been in a coma for three weeks.

And then a great awakening comes over Luke Faber, for the America he now sees before him is the same as the Rome of two thousand years ago! During his three weeks stay in Rome, he had seen the same things that he had always seen in America. Labor revolts and strikes, "red" conspiracies and deportations, the problem of the starving farmers, divorce, feminism, prohibition, and business depressions—all these questions were the big problems of Rome. There was the same struggle between capitalism and labor in Rome as there is in America today. The same city slums, the same exploitation, the same crooked politics, the same graft. America since the World War—the Roman republic since the destruction of Carthage—where is the difference, Luke Faber asks? And he cannot answer.

American literature has refused to give Upton Sinclair a place in its ranks. He does not write for art's sake; and therefore he is not a great artist. He is a mere propagandist. He deserves no place in American literature. There are those, however, who hold that art should have a definite purpose—that propaganda is the aim of art. To those—and there are many—Upton Sinclair is a great artist.

—Philip Liskin.

An Eye for An Eye

By ALDEN STAHR

HULDA was not naturally bad; she was just a little simple-minded, and when the object of her love did not find her to his liking, she conceived what she thought was a very effective means of getting him for her husband. Her first move was to arrange an "accidental" meeting with Hjalmar at Björns' small affair, and then, on a wild black night a few days before the party, she muffled herself so that she could not be recognized and slipped stealthily into the obscurity of the back streets. The gusty autumn wind blew fitfully, wailing in the narrow alleys and sending puffs of dust and paper swirling about, while the dark, hooded figure of Hulda flitted from shadow to shadow—an evil sprite scurrying before the wind. Down near the docks the figure paused by a great gloomy warehouse—waiting, peering, until another uncertain-legged shadow came reeling past her, mumbling incoherently. Then beckoningly, the silent woman reached out a hand, and with a whispered word to the astounded sailor, drew him into a dark passageway and under the building to a place blacker still.

In an hour, perhaps a little more, the two came out of the passage again—the sailor sober now, but exhausted, and Hulda muffled so that he could not see her face. She left him abruptly and once more moved furtively in the deeper shadows, holding her veil tightly against the inquisitive wind.

On the night of her "rendezvous" with Hjalmar, she fashioned herself to be more than usually seductive, sparing no art in her preparations. To relieve the plainness of her features, she dressed to accentuate the eye-arresting curves of her womanly form and instinctively assumed for the occasion a gait of such graceful voluptuousness that no man's eye could see without that it wanted, too.

This Hjalmar, the man she loved, was a quiet, thoughtful fellow with the deep quizzical eyes that bespeak the student of human nature, and besides being good to look at, he was so wealthy that every eligible girl in Olsholm coveted him. On this account Hjalmar had remained single, because he had an odd idea that he was to find a woman who would love him for himself and not his many crowns. Instead of brooding over this in solitude as he preferred to do, he violated his natural reticence by attending many affairs so that he could search the faces and minds of all these different women in his quest of the ideal love. It was for this reason alone that he accepted Björn's invitation, and he was deeply disappointed to be paired off with this Hulda; the attempt at match-making was only too obvious, so Hjalmar maintained a cold reserve throughout the evening in an effort to discourage her. Hulda had evidently foreseen this, for according to her instructions the other guests went out two by two into the garden, and presently he found himself quite alone with her, in a closed, dimly-lit room. For almost an hour, then, she played upon his passions and exerted every wile to arouse his carnal instinct, but he only repulsed her coldly.

In spite of this she so contrived to dishevel both herself and him, that when the other guests came in they looked knowingly at each other, in that maddening way that evil-minded gossips have. He wanted to shout at them and curse them, but he knew his rage to be futile; so he kept his usual silence and wished them to the devil. When she asked him to drive her home in his carriage, he did so, but he drove in stony silence—that was his way when angry, and he had been not a little annoyed at the compromising situation she had gotten him into. He forced a short "Good night," but there was something ominous about the sweetly smiling way in which she said goodbye—it suddenly occurred to him; could this simple-thinking creature have planned to ensnare him? The thought troubled him for perhaps a week, only to be forgotten in the face of other happenings. Besides, he reflected that no one would be such a fool as to do a thing like that.

In the course of the next half-year Hjalmar did at last succeed in finding this ideal lover for whom he sought, and his greatest bliss was in knowing that she conceived her passion for him while still ignorant of his wealth. Hjalmar loved Hedwig with all the quiet ardor his nature possessed and passed many contented days with her in the pastoral country to the north of Olsholm. They wandered about in the Spring looking for flowers and birds, and he looked mostly at her, in whom he stored his greatest joy. Quietly, thus, they walked and talked, and planned their wedding and the number of rose bushes they should have in their garden. Then there were the parting times, when he would earnestly renew his vows and leave her lingeringly to hustle about in the city at business.

A few months later, on the tenth day before his wedding, a constable of the law came to his apartment and served him a summons issued by the court, saying that he must appear to answer charges of seduction made by one Hulda. Then his rage and despair knew no bounds, but as it was his way when deeply moved, he kept silent. He went to this court; there was that damnable creature, Hulda, slatternly now, with an infant in her arms, and about her those maddening gossips—those guests still looking knowingly at him, even resentfully. The crowded room buzzed with their subdued slanderings; people looked pityingly at Hulda, and then with a sudden change of face they would be scowling angrily at the seemingly emotionless defendant. There was trouble in the very air, and Hjalmar knew his doom before it was ever pronounced. Had he been at Björns' party on the evening of September tenth? "Ja." Had he been alone with Hulda? He could not deny it. Now those prattlers testified as to their disheveled state when they reentered the room—

"Hulda, is this man the father of your child born out of wedlock?"

"Ja."

That one word closed the last door on Hjalmar's earthly existence; he knew the law—the circumstances and this woman's, any woman's, word in a case like this would be weightier than his. Besides, he was so enraged at this insane trickery that he relapsed into silence and would say no word. That was his way. The

Prophecy

By VERNON CROOK

*Famine, the advance guard of death,
Hastens over the wide world today.
Drouth leading him, is scouting the way,
Withering, parching, stilling earth's
breath.*

*Silently kneeling preachers are there
Praying tearfully "God, send the rain."
Bowed farmers are praying for rain,
Praying and cursing, cursing in prayer.*

*Thousands are dying; thousands are dead.
Nothing slackens the dread drouth of hell.
Death, pitiless, ringing her knell,
Starves the earth that hell may be fed.*

*The time will come—'tis almost here—
When men will put aside the tear,
With the hand of science touch the sky
To bring the rain or to keep earth dry.*

*Farmers will road up into the blue
Reeling heavenward, rain-bound and
proud;*

*Soon back again towing a cloud
Spilling it gently where it is due.*

ONCE I SAW A NEGRO BURN TO DEATH

(Continued from page three)

*And thought it better that he should die
And come to live with him
In a kingdom free from care;
Free from the sin and wickedness
That overran the earth below?*

*Could it have been that God
Had been so weary from his task
Of caring for this sinful world,
That he had bowed his head in weariness
And failed to see this man who called
So piteously for His help?
Or could it be that God—?
And then I knew no more.*

*For God,
A little angry at my questioning
And, perhaps,
A little conscience stricken,
Had reached far down and closed my eyes
In sleep.*

court decreed that he must wed this Hulda, and without redress; he did, for it was the law. After writing to Hedwig, who believed him and died for love, Hjalmar closed his affairs and carried off Hulda and the bastard offspring of her hell-born inspiration, so that they might never again be seen by man.

Many days distant from Olsholm lay a desolate region of swamps, foul with putrescent vegetation, and it was there that Hjalmar took his bride on that funereal nuptial journey. The land they traversed became unwholesomely dreary, with no sign of human habitation, and occasionally they passed trees dying from no

(Continued on page seven)

THE ALL-WORLD ELEVEN

(Continued from page four)

for ages. With strength, stamina, and the right psychological outlook as his major qualifications, the right-guard position goes to Hercules.

Next to the mighty Greek, I choose to place Attila, the Hun. For his ability to fight and charge this man has been chosen as tackle. As the outstanding member of his race, Attila had his Barbarians ever anxious to charge on to victory. This great leader did not stay behind and send orders ahead. He was a great physical aid in every attack. With a bit of this savagery and flash, the Hun could break through and nail the opponents like a demon. Always, the backs playing opposite this man would look with fear at those sparkling eyes and that bearded face. No one would relish running into those arms that seemed to swell with power. This towering, fearless individual would have little trouble making "wagon holes" for his backfield men. As he fearlessly led his men on the field of battle, so the barbarian would lead "the march down the field."

The next man that I have picked might be classed as a conditional choice. Perhaps it will surprise you to see that Mr. Andy Mellon gets the honors for the left flank. Every "well rounded" team needs an end that can catch passes consistently. Mr. Mellon can qualify on this ground, if he can have this illusion ingrained into his thought processes. He must be made to think that the pigskin flying through the air is, for the moment, an American dollar. The treasurer would never miss a pass that came within twenty yards of him. If we failed entirely to establish this illusion, Mr. Mellon already possesses some qualifications which would place him high among the candidates for the end position. He is slick and fast. These are certainly two qualities which any end would be proud to possess. Few ends ever dream of possessing them to the extent that Mr. Mellon has developed them. Mr. Treasurer gets about nicely and his motions seem to be well "oiled." In addition, Mr. Mellon has a luscious sounding name which does not detract from his popularity. A good football player should be versatile when facing "tough" situations, and in this capacity our left end would be particularly adept. He always has been able to extricate himself nicely from rather precarious positions. A few troublesome linesmen would not interfere with his getting down under the punts, I think. You could depend on Mr. Mellon to devise some economical way to get the opposing tackles out of his way. Hailing from Pittsburg gives Mr. Mellon a distinct advantage. According to the Pennsylvania sports writers, they turn out real football players up there. Congratulations to the oiliest and slickest of all ends—Mr. Andrew Mellon.

For quarter-back I have chosen the great Napoleon. This man has few equals for "daring." All of Europe will bear out my testimony. To accompany this quality, Mr. Bonaparte possessed one of the greatest scheming brains of all times. He loved the taste of victory and his appetite was satisfied time and time again. As he carefully planned his campaigns, so he

Who Will Remember?

By PHILIP MILHOUS

*The cedarn winds are sighing
For the white moth slowly dying
And the little tree frogs crying
Shrill and high.*

*But the morrow soon will dry
Every tearful forest eye
And the winds no more will sigh
For the moth.*

*Now the sad round moon is rising
And the forest owls advising
Where the night winds are devising
A sable bier.*

*Let him lie down softly here
Silence to his pride is dear
No more will any creature fear
The fallen moth.*

*Where the white dogwood is fading
Where the falls is still cascading
Bring the body tired of raiding
It is decided.*

*Soon the flood will have subsided
And the drought have long resided
Then the whole will be divided
The powdered moth.*

would call those plays that were most needed at the time. "Headlines" is not the only qualification which earns for him the position of signal-caller on this all-time, all-world eleven. Napoleon was stockily built and was fast. He was able to keep his head in time of stress. As safety man, few fumbles would be made by this field general. I have given the captaincy of this mythical eleven to Napoleon, for I knew that he would never play unless he could run the entire show. He would have perfect discipline on the field. There would be little whining about the plays that he called. The plays would be tricky to his opponents. They would be constantly wondering what the Corsican would have his halfbacks do next.

The halfbacks which I have chosen constitute two reasons why the opponents should always be worried. They are: Alexander, the Great, and Julius Caesar. The only difficulty for Mr. Alex. would be the size of the gridiron. The hundred yards would not be enough ground for this great conqueror to gain. Napoleon could call on him to pass, too. The training in throwing the spear would enable Mr. Alex to place the pigskin wherever he wished it to go. Caesar would have very little trouble in skirting the ends with long sweeps. The Gauls were unable to stop his advances with all their masses. The Emperor would have little difficulty in sidestepping, for he dodged the thrusts of his enemies for a long time. Napoleon could count on Caesar's punting and passing. Caesar's excellence in the latter ability is one of the chief reason for his being chosen. He must have had a great arm, for we recall from our high school Latin that he "pitched his camp across the river." The versatile Caesar could be counted upon to plunge through the line quite often.

(Continued on page eight)

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

(Continued from page six)

other apparent cause than sheer desolation. Hjalmar drove, saying no word, and at length stopped in the marshy outskirts of a dank, fetid swamp, where he got down and put boots on the woman and himself, so they could plod ever deeper into the thicker nastiness. The mire dragged at their feet, making hungry sucking sounds in the perfect quiet, while all about them now stood denuded trees—some dying, some dead, the great skeletons standing out in the crepuscular light, silhouetted against their darker fellows. At their feet was neither water nor land, but the mixture, and, as if from these upright bones, human heads had been severed, grassy hummocks protruded from the ooze below like matted wet hair.

Hulda now began to doubt her good fortune, and the simple happiness she had experienced from marrying the man she adored began to give way to a creeping fear. She spoke timidly to him about the child he was carrying, but the sounds were dead and flat in there, and he chose not to answer. Soon they stopped before a sullen, stagnant stream, and crouching down, he dragged forth from the growth by the edge, a scow-like boat in which they penetrated deeper. Slimy gnarled roots clutched at the bottom and rasped along the sides as he poled the scow along, peering ahead for landmarks or looking absently at the decaying matter all about them. Presently, in the most isolated spot of this manless waste, they approached a tiny island on which stood a newly-constructed house, without windows and with sides that sloped, making the whole quite featureless. In the half light of the swamp, the isle and its hideously superimposed bulge formed just another monstrosity in this unworldly realm of the grotesque, and it was with a chill in her heart that she entered through the thick door. Every moment all this was seeming less and less like a caprice to her.

Inside was a single room, long with a semi-arched ceiling and perfectly devoid of anything conspicuous. The low, squat furniture was of the same dull black as the walls and ceiling and the thick rug, and equable soft lamplight spread over the room in harmony with the universal drabness. In that tomblike chamber were all the necessities for living, so that Hulda could do her housewife's work, and Hjalmar could read, or pretend to, at least. For all her waking hours of six consecutive days all that the woman would be conscious of would be the man's inscrutable eyes shining in his pale face—endlessly looking at her and following her about that single room from which there was no escape. Never a word did he utter during that period; he just looked at her, not harshly, but with a certain quizzical interest as if he were studying her, and his unblinking gaze went always straight into her eyes, searing her soul. She would putter about with cooking or cleaning, and always, when she looked up, his eyes were upon her from above his book or from some corner where he stood watching her intently. Soon she forgot things of the past: how she had come there, who she had been—her whole consciousness realized only a growing horror of hearing nothing, and

(Continued on page eight)

THE ALL-WORLD ELEVEN

(Continued from page seven)

The gladiatorial contests afforded him much pleasure, and he had little thought for the unfortunate ones. With the spirit of not giving a "hoot" for the other fellow, he would not mind blocking and "piling up."

In the fullback position I have placed Mr. Thor. In him we see displayed three outstanding qualities. He has drive, speed, and stamina. Thor would have little difficulty in getting by the opposing linesmen, for he has been driving since time began. Constant thrusts would not sap his strength for his centuries of driving have conditioned him well. The countenance of this fullback would instil fear in the opponents at a mere glance. Whenever his team threatened, Mr. Thor could rumble straight through the line to score. A team such as this would threaten often, I think.

Obviously, however, a great many Americans would take issue with me on my choices. I realize that I have not pleased all of our good football fans. Many great men have been left out, and I shall be severely criticized by my fellow day-dreamers. Perhaps I should list the "appendages" which belong to my ideal football team. By doing this I may be able to have someone agree with me on one or two points. Even if I fail in that, it will show the sports-writers that I can dream just as much as they can.

For coach of my team I would have Professor Einstein. I have chosen him because he is the brainiest of men and is one of the greatest of all scientists. Football is a scientific game now, you know. The handling of the men would be largely in the hands of the professor's assistant, Mr. Hindenburg. This man has proven his ability to discipline men. He is probably the best line coach that has ever lived. At least the line that he tutored held up the youth of England, France, and the United States for months and months. For manager of this team I would have Mr. A. Capone. By so doing perhaps Mr. Capone will allow me to live after completing by day-dreams. By so honoring the great gangster I have hopes, too, that he will not be too harsh on the habitual day-dreamers—the sports-writers. For assistant manager I choose Mr. Herbert Hoover, as he has developed a great power for helping the greater forces above him. He should be able to give Mr. Capone a great deal of help, for he has, as rumor says, given the best of cooperation to the business cycle in aiding it to reach the bottom in the present depression. If, after all, Mr. Hoover could not cooperate with the forces above him he would still make a good assistant manager, for our stadiums are becoming entirely too small and there is always need for a good engineer—even in football. For water-boy, I recommend Bacchus. This choice will suit most of the college students, I think, and I know that it will please many of the members of the all-time, all-world eleven. For cheer-leader I choose Mr. Mussolini. If his ideals are carried out there will be plenty of young Italians to help him yell. There is little doubt in my mind about this man's ability to deliver pep talks to the stands.

Choosing the dictator for cheer-leader reminds me again that my day-dreams will please a small minority of the football fans in America. In making my choice for the man to put in charge of the tickets, I have considered carefully the whims and ideals of this group of fans, and it is my sincerest hope that here I will get some agreement. To handle the coveted pasteboards requires a man of great ability. For that reason when the all-time, all-world eleven takes the field, the tickets will be in charge of our good friend, Mr. Santa Claus!

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

(Continued from page seven)

seeing nothing but eyes, tireless gleaming eyes which followed her by day and haunted her by night. In like manner he, in his obsession, gave himself over completely to his psychic frenzy and directed every energy to the accomplishment of his diabolical purpose. On every seventh day he would go with her out of the house to take in the supplies left by his agent, and he would talk to her with forced congeniality as they walked several times around their tiny wooden pyramid, viewing their utter desolation. The first few times, these days of respite relieved Hulda and breathed her strained mind, but soon even these brought only added anguish, for no torture is so exquisite as that which is momentarily suspended, only to be renewed more cruelly than before.

The first sign of her mental disintegration was in a wasting away of her body, for her fear of his eternal, inexorable watching disquieted her whole being and made food nauseating. The flesh on her face thinned; the skin stretched tightly over the cheek bones, sagging hollow beneath; and the pasty lips receded from the yellowed teeth. Her atrophied form became bent, as with a terrible weight, but with her head kept curiously erect, held there by the mesmeric fascination of his haunting stare. Slowly the unnatural light of madness came to replace the hunted look of her sunken eyes; from time to time she would back into the corner farthest from him and look wildly, imploringly, at him, her body trembling as with the ague, and again she would bare her teeth further and make low animal sounds, like a surly cur when beaten. At such times, when it seemed likely that she would go into a frenzy, he would smile suddenly and inquire amusedly as to the state of her health—he granted more frequent respites now to prolong his grim enjoyment.

Gradually Hjalmar began to feel more and more annoyed at having this animal look at him like that, and so steadily. Her mind had slipped completely now, and she could do nothing but keep her eyes fast to him in a strange optical union of souls—her very life seemed to depend on it. And he had become so obsessed with his desire for vengeance that he could do nothing but watch her and stare—and she likewise, and then like a slow-starting avalanche, his own reason, which he had carried so high up the mountain of his intellect, was loosened by the treacherous thaw of insanity and went crashing to bits in the chasm of instinct, of the instinct to destroy.

Crouching like beasts, they glared and snarled, neither eating nor sleeping; and their eyes grew red with a ferocious flame. Soon, too weak to stand, they hunched forward on the ghastly black chairs—staring, straining, in the dying lamplight. Slowly, they drew closer the better to see, and as the last gloomy, moribund ray faded into utter blackness, the grotesque masks touched—the mad, searing eyes dilated in a last tremendous effort to pierce the impenetrable dark, but they strained in vain—those glaring, staring, mad, searing eyes!

A low flat scow laden with two large baskets pushed its nose against the island, and the oarsman turned around to see. A quickly stifled cry escaped him when he saw the previous week's supplies untouched, and running to the door, he first knocked and receiving no answer forced it open. When in the feeble light of his lantern he saw their bodies, he shrank back in horror, for they had fallen together with heads touching, the eyes open wide, glaring even in death. And far in a corner he found the rotted body of a child, her child, whom they had long since forgotten. Then man improvised a torch then, and going from corner to corner, he set a fire to the place, inside and out and pushed off slowly in his ghoulis craft, for it was dark when he left. From far off he sat watching the pillar of flames leap upward, shedding a lurid unaccustomed glow over the desolate retreat. For them not a shaft of marble erected by loving friends, but an inferno of leaping flames, at once a monument and a pyre—for Hulda, a simple woman, and Hjalmar, the man she loved.

College

By W. HOPKINS

*But God never meant for a college to be.
I think that college shall bring to me*

*A bit of insanity.
Each moment is with duty pressed;*

*To a collegiate there comes no rest.
I look to rules all day*

*Being careful what I say.
Outside the voice of nature calls me*

*Inside, exams drive to insanity.
Poems are made by fools like me,*

Nocturne

By S. S.

*'Tis night, and from the balcony I see
A long low lawn, a languid lake of light
Which restive lies a veritable sight
Of liquid loveliness, a mystery
Of shapes and shadows shifting bush or tree
Indefinitely cast, mocking the height
The moon in golden strength with all her might
Tries to surpass through boundless ethereal sea.
The wind winds slowly through the weltering
leaves
With weirdly warning softness seems to tell
Me there is something strange in snow white
clouds
Thus fleeing ever on before the breeze.
Far distant o'er low hills a church's bell
Comes faintly tolling death's encircling shrouds.*

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Can English Become The Universal Language?

By E. C. METZENTHIN, PH.D.

(Editor's Note: This is the second and concluding part of Dr. Metzenthin's article on the subject of a world language. The possibility that English will be adopted by all nations is fully discussed, attention being called to the preliminary demand that so-called "absurdities" be discarded.)

PART II

IT WOULD be easier and more satisfactory for the contributor of this article to write a whole book about the complicated problem of a world language in general, or a smaller one, in particular, about the delicate topic of the probable outcome of the most recent attempt by Swedish scholars to prepare and induce mankind, the English themselves included, to adopt a radically simplified English, that they call "Anglic," as the new international language, instead of a new, artificially created language.

But consideration for the editor of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE and for its readers has obliged the writer of these articles on the "World Language of the Future" to the harder task of condensing a mass of material, all the "pros" and "cons" of this world-wide problem, into two relatively short articles. The matter is, therefore, presented in a very sketchy way, only a few of the many aspects being pointed out. Contributions to this magazine are, anyway, not intended to show the characteristics of "Ph.D." dissertations, but are expected to be written in such a way as to arouse interest, and, if possible, call forth contradictions. Writers for magazines are apt to enjoy a lively "literary scrap."

It is natural that most of the leading exponents of a "World Language" are bilinguals, or multilinguals, themselves. Such men feel more and more the necessity of repudiating the narrow viewpoint of the "one country, one God, one language" type. (Beware of the dangerous misinterpretation that this innocent sounding slogan expresses the fine principle of the whole world's being one in speech and religion. It is just the opposite its propagators are working for: each country to stick to its special God and to its separate language.)

Scientifically-minded people, mastering a number of languages and comparing them with one another, will surely enjoy finding many fine points in every kind of human speech, but are bound to detect also, more and more, weak spots, even absurdities, in these same languages; while the peoples who inherited those languages

are naturally clinging to the traditional view that their own language is almost faultless, at least superior to any other human speech.

At the same time, all men who know history, especially that of modern Europe—if they are not lulled into a pleasant dream through honeyed phrases coined by clever diplomats—have observed the rising tide of nationalism in all countries of Europe, as well as of Asia, Africa, and last, but not least, of America. This nationalism, steadily increased by the oppression of minorities, is concerned not only with *political* frontiers, but also, and even more so, with *linguistic* boundary lines. And, so far as its leaders restrict themselves to fighting for the rights of minorities against cruel attempts to impose by force the language of enemies and oppressors on helpless groups of human beings who want nothing but the sacred right of using "their mother tongue,"—all friends of real democracy and humanity ought to understand, encourage, and help those leaders, the more so as the "L. of N.," which still proves itself to be mainly responsive to the pressure of the biggest armies, navies and money bags, prefers to remain deaf and indifferent to the pleadings of outraged humanity. All friends of a world language and of world peace must recognize that as long as this linguistic struggle, with its deadly fury, is raging, there can be no world peace—nor world language.

Whoever scans intelligently the political horizon of present-day Europe must admit that neither French nor Italian, neither German nor Spanish, has any chance of being adopted as the World Language by the rest of the European powers. Only for the English language exists such a prospect, on account of its surpassing flexibility, and its wonderfully rich vocabulary, but not less due to England's wise international policy after the World War, especially since the ascendancy of the Labor Party, which has shown a tendency to try being farsighted, conciliatory, humane and relatively honest.

Besides the Russians, as long as their policy remains anti-British, there are only the French, who seem to be averse to English as world language, partly because they cannot forget the time when French was almost a world language, partly because their present policy is obviously concerned with consolidating a block of their slavish vassal states in Eastern Europe as a rival union against the "British Commonwealth of Nations" or the so-called "menace of Anglo-Saxon supremacy."

Thus the question: "Will the other civilized nations be willing to adopt English as the international auxiliary language?" may be answered

affirmatively, at least so far as there seem to be no insurmountable obstacles, provided always that, as stated in the two preceding chapters, its spelling has been radically simplified, that is, made thoroughly phonetic.

Much more complicated and delicate is, however, the second question: "Will the English people show themselves willing to allow their own native language to serve—and to be sacrificed—on the altar of humanity?" There is no doubt in the writer's mind that the sacred right of "freedom of speech" includes also the natural right of the use of one's *native* speech, or of any language one prefers. This latter natural right precludes any attempt to impose upon another nation, no matter how small and weak, in regard to its individual speech. Nor could the writer conceive of the idea of other nations changing English radically for the purpose of making it suitable for a world language without the English people in some way having a say in the whole transaction. However, right here the first difficulty would arise: how can an official, documentary, representative expression of the attitude of the English people be secured? Of course, no such expression would be necessary if their language would be taken over as a whole, intact and "immaculate." But this is out of the question, because, as Brander Matthews, professor at Columbia University, asserts, quoting an "accomplished historian of our noble language": "English is now the most barbarously spelt of any cultivated tongue in Christendom. We are weltering in an orthographic chaos in which a multitude of signs are represented by the same sound and a multitude of sounds by the same sign." Therefore, the English people must at least be consulted about their willingness to agree to an English shorn of its "absurdities."

Of course, the writer would not attempt to foretell what the English people would, or should, think and say about their "reformed, improved, rationalized" language, to be used as the world language under the name of "Anglic." How difficult any such attempt would be becomes obvious after studying the attitude of individual members of the English-speaking nations, Americans included. On the one hand, many of the best scholars agree that English can become the world language only if it is purged of its unnecessary, often senseless and ridiculous, impediments. It may be appropriate to quote here the opinion of Sir William Ramsay, who said even as early as 1912: "English is bound to be the universal language if its

(Continued on page four)

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Sunday, March 29, 1931

The Campus Literary

NOW that the 1930-31 volume of the *Carolina Magazine* is drawing to a close, part of the editorial page may well be devoted to a consideration of such matters as student approval and campus interest.

The prevailing opinion that the magazine is not widely read by students is correct. We venture to say that no literary publication specializing in creative writing has ever punctured the circle of undergraduate interests on this campus. Honesty prompts the writer to comment further that the rather unwholesome situation described above is not peculiar to the students of the University of North Carolina. Editors of student magazines throughout the length and breadth of the United States report a striking dearth of student readers for their publications. These editors and the local editor find solace, however, in the fact that the small percentage of students who contribute to the college magazine and read it are intensely interested in its policies and in its printed pages.

One of the first drifts of campus sentiment that we heard upon coming to this university as a student took the form of harsh criticism of the *Carolina Magazine*. From that time until now criticism of the same order has been the rule, rather than the exception. One feature of this criticism has been too obvious to be overlooked. Reference is made here to the fact that most of the critics of the magazine are those who know least about it, those who have never read it. Critical comment emanating from such sources is worthy of condemnation on grounds of its destructive intent and its ignorant nature.

Thus far the *Carolina Magazine* of the present academic year has striven to provide a workshop for students evidencing talent, without regard to political, social, or financial status. The scope of the publication has been widened, embracing elements heretofore excluded. The success of this policy must be determined by the student body. The fairness of it is obvious without subjection to special scrutiny.

Many of the articles which have appeared in the magazine to date have weathered the painstaking examination of the English department. Some of them have shown a finish which is not characteristic of student writers. Some have worn the marks of the beginner. Yet campus criticism is consistent. The best and the worst draw the same comment, comment which is ridiculous when one acquainted with the magazine examines it. Critics who don't take time to acquaint themselves with the objects of their criticism are, to put it mildly, acting unwisely.

Intelligent criticism is the life of any publication, but ignorant criticism is its death.

J. C. WILLIAMS.

Moonlight and You

By JOHN BARROW

THE saffron moon is peeping
Up over the Garden's wall,
As if to bend its tawny ear
To the nightingale's sweet call.

The moonbeams are slowly sifting
Through the lazy, clear, cool sky
To bathe nature's beauty in gold
Before it soon shall die.

Upon the old and weathered fence
Flows golden moss with ease,
As if some deft rich brocade
Upon a sheer thin sleeve.

The beauty of the roses
Is faintly tinged with gold,
As if some rare treasure to hide
Beneath its every fold.

The golden leaves are covered
With a glistening golden dew;
The pansies bend their lazy heads
With their shaded golden hue.

A jutting stream of solid gold,
From out the fountain's spout,
Is spouting up into the air
And falling all about.

The weeping willow with golden leaves
Is swaying to and fro,
As if to tell the adamant world
Some tale of rue and woe.

The very air is sweet and cool,
And nature in all her ways
Seems striving to bring again
Arcadia and its golden days.

The Creosonian world is bathed with gold,
To her it must surely seem
That suddenly she has been bestowed
With Midas and his golden dream.

Alone, alone, all alone
And the moon seems lonely too,
Alone, in solitude a thinking
Of the moonlight and of you.

There was once another moon like this,
And the flowers were blooming too,
Oh the happy hours that then were mine
In the moonlight and with you.

The moon was beautifully golden
And the moments were golden too,
Oh that I could live them over again
In the moonlight and with you.

In the moonlight the golden tombstones stand
Like golden sabres drawn,
As if awaiting some word of command
At the rise of the millennial dawn.

Our golden moments are buried
Among the thin shades of the past,
But maybe some day they too will rise
And live again at last.

The graves will give up their dead
And open their jaws to the sky,
So will the past give up its moments,
Because they can never die.

Whenever the moon is shining
With its brilliant golden hue,
Remember that I am still a thinking
Of the moonlight and of you.

"Drama is the poetry of conduct, romance
the poetry of circumstance. The pleasure that
we take in life is of two sorts—the active and
the passive."
—Stevenson.

Country Life

By SPEC McCLURE

MEMORY is past life bathed in a silver sheen of moonlight. No harsh features of landscape or life surge through my mind as I sit and think of days past. The worst of my life is like a gigantic cliff or a dead pine tree that is ugly and harsh in the daylight of reality, but whose ruggedness appears smooth and soft in the moonlit world of memory. So it is that when I recall the part of my life spent in the country, the days of toil and dirt in the fields of growing corn are gone. I remember only the smell of newly-mown hay and the tinkle of cowbells in a green pasture at twilight.

Spring colors the country with the pink of peach blossoms and wild azalia. The woods are masses of fresh green foliage and white dogwood blossoms. Uncultivated hillsides were blue with violets and dwarf irises. The gaudy wings of dragon flies were reflected in a shimmering pond's surface. Birds were returning from somewhere in the South. And the song of the mocking bird in a wild cherry tree rang over the fields. The lusty shout of farmers was answered by the saucy voice of a flying blue jay. Hidden by the broad leaves of a tulip poplar, a Carolina wren warbled so melancholily that one was led to believe that perched behind another nearby leaf, a female wren was critically reviewing his swelling throat and the musical qualities of his liquid voice.

It was in the springtime that the country people roused themselves from the sluggishness of winter. They breathed deeply of the warm air and grasped the wooden handles of plows firmly to make the bare fields receptacles for sprouting seed. The muddy banks of the creek were receiving their first marks of the barefooted tracks of youth, and many were the tall canes that were cut down for fishing poles. The hum of bees and cackle of chickens were fused strangely into a barnyard melody. The country was alive—moving and growing.

I remember summer as a time when boys wearing overalls sat at nightfall beneath a clump of willow trees to watch with anxious eyes the effect of water rising on a recently made dam. Whippoorwills called in the dark woods, and lightning bugs flashed over the water. It was the only time of the day, or even of the year, that the boys did not talk. They were contented to sit in silence or sprawl out on the grass and listen to the buzz of night insects. A dead twig snapped by a wild rabbit's foot sounded loudly in the night. But finally the pond was filled with water. The dam broke, and the summer twilight changed to the light of a harvest moon. Autumn had come.

Fall brought to the country leaves turning to yellow and scarlet colors. The fields were dotted with brown shocks of corn and orange pumpkins. High up in the poplar where the wren sang in the springtime there were clusters of black muscadines that the autumn had brought. The boys that had watched the pond rise in the summer pulled off stiff, new winter shoes to climb in their stockinged feet to get

(Continued on page four)

Doubt

(From the French of Paul GERALDY)

By BORIS

*You said: "Oh, I have thought of you
Throughout the day."*

*But less of me, if you spoke true,
Than of love's way.*

*You said: "My eyes, lashed wet with tears
Cannot forget you through these years,
Long open are they, wide with fears
Before I sleep."*

*But your cold laughter my heart hears,
Harsh in my ears.*

*A kiss you want that disappears,
Not love to keep.*

*You never lash desire all sore.
You know, blind to what lies before,
That this endures until we die.
But love is need for something more.
Would you find less here to adore,
Were this not I?*

Lieutenant Kopek's Valor

By ALDEN J. STAHR

AN INVITING yellow light glowed in the windows of the tavern, and sounds of revelry could be heard faintly in the street. Lieutenant Kopek descended the three steps, paused with his hand on the door; and quickly, on an impulse, he stepped inside. The bright light blinded him for a moment, but as his eyes became accustomed to the glare, he could see a group of his new officer-friends making merry around a table with those quaintly costumed peasant girls. He approached the table hesitantly, even timidly, and as soon as they saw him they set up a shout—"Hail, to the valorous Kopek!" Already they knew him for a timid one and teased him unmercifully. He sat down and drank rather sullenly—then drank more—and still more, until the fiery vodka gave him courage. He lurched upright, "You, you," he cried thickly, "you are crazy! I am afraid of nothing."

"A wager, a wager," one of them shouted. "I will wager a hundred rubles that we can find something you will be afraid to do."

"I add a hundred"—from another.

"And I"—from a third.

And all in the tavern wagered eagerly and put together such a sum as he had never seen.

"You are not afraid of spirits, even?"

He started a little at that. "No, dogs, tell me what I must do," he roared.

"It is this: today there died in this city the Captain Muznerowski, and tonight, according to our religion, his body will be left alone on the pedestal before the altar of the cathedral, Jasna Cora. Then as the bell in the tower tolls midnight, you must plunge this dagger to the hilt into his heart."

Kopek's intoxicated condition overcame his natural superstition, and besides—that consid-

(Continued on page eight)

Dramatic Comment

By V. NICHOLAS GAROFFOLO

A Review of *Playthings*

Anthony Buttitta's *Playthings*, a comedy of illusions in three acts, presented at the Playmakers Theatre, February 28, assumed martyric proportions in its compelling attack (one is almost tempted to say "successful assault") on the smug, bromidic complacency of the tobacco-chewing, bucolic, chitterling Playmakers' productions. The play, along with its more positive merits, comprises a definite and unavoidable challenge to the highly questionable folk-dramas that the Playmakers have been lustily dishing out as tradition.

Presented to a guest audience as an experimental production, the play at the very rise of the curtain assimilated those across the footlights as a definite part of the swift-moving mental and psychological complications. Mr. Buttitta throughout the entire evening, and more specifically the final gestures of Busch moved, challenged, excited, and completely baffled his audience. Notwithstanding, the play's bond defiance of critical analysis, it is, paradoxically enough, with all its obvious flood of ideas, peculiarly brilliant—a play of the intellect.

Ingenuously utilizing the play within a play technique, the comedy becomes vigorously involved in a dramatization of a philosophical concept. The vitality of illusion is keenly contrasted with the intolerable stupidity of reality. Briefly, the first act is the illusion of an illusion; the second, an illusion with a suggestion of reality; and the last, a complete dominance of illusion with all its vitality and grandeur over commonplace reality. The entire play is sensibly devoid of any hysterical sensationalism and coarse melodrama. Despite certain repetitions and concentricity, the drama is sensitively orchestrated and profoundly moving. And, as it should be, the dialogue with its distinct cosmopolitan flavor and dynamic intensity has been handled in a spontaneously craftsmanlike manner.

Considering the amateurishness of the three actors and the professional demands made by the composite parts, Brickman, Bauestone, and Bissell did a surprisingly fine job. They are to be congratulated. Mr. Bauestone, whose diction has a tendency to be rough and Brooklynese, made a very impressive figure in the roles of Busch, the playwright, and Stanley, the scenic designer. Mr. Bissell is an actor of promising histrionic ability; his interpretation was a restrained and moving one. In the concentrated parts of Sonia and Sarah, Miss Brickman displayed a definite and intelligent talent for the stage; and despite lapses into sentimentality, she is deserving of high praise. The technical staff, with emphasis on the electrical effects, is to be commended. Mr. Pearson did an excellent job. Director Walter Grotjohann put movement and balance into a play that seemingly has no external action.

(Continued on page eight)

CAN ENGLISH BECOME THE
UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE?*(Continued from page one)*

spelling is simplified. If not, other nations will do their best to oust us with Esperanto and other artificial languages. Every foreigner says that English would be the easiest language to learn if it were not for the spelling. At present he has to learn two languages, the spoken and the spelt one." On the other hand, the "vox populi," as expressed in many newspapers, editorially and in "correspondence," denounces in the sharpest style any attempt to reform anything in the "English language." I cite only a few:

The Birkenhead *News* in England referred to the reformers as "a band of brigands" and "a cage of fiends."

The Sheffield *Daily Telegraph* (England) wrote: "The fact that school teachers want to abolish our English spelling is the strongest possible argument for hanging on to it as long as possible."

Some of the Australian newspapers, notably the Melbourne *Argue* and *Age*, saw in the proposals to simplify spelling an "intent to Americanize Australia and the English language."

We close with the pious wish of a lady correspondent: "I want the psalms just as David wrote them." How much would this lady understand of the Hebrew, in which of course David wrote the Psalms,—if he wrote them?

In order to show how modern English looks, even in a very limited kind of phonetic spelling, a passage as proposed by the "Simplified Spelling Society of Great Britain" may be inserted here: "English is very eezy tu reed. A chield ov foer yeez oeld can be redily taut tu give the egzact sound ov eny word prezented tu him. Aafter he haz acwierd familiari with glosic reeding he can lurn nomic reeding aulmoest without instructshon."

The writer must confess that he, *not* an Englishman, feels a shock and irritation when reading this specimen, and he wonders what the reaction would be in a genuine Englishman, who, as a practical business man of this world represents a marvelous, often inscrutable, combination of ultra-conservatism and energetic progressive-ism (compare the typical picture of King George reading obediently and "faithfully" his "throne speech," composed by his socialist Premier).

But suppose the English (and American) scholars, thinkers and progressives should succeed in making their peoples able to understand the immense advantages for humanity, the English included, and the wonderful possibilities to be derived from the establishment of a world language, and in inducing them to accede to a reform of their language,—the first problem would present itself immediately in the question: "Which of the two English languages is to be the basis of 'Anglic,' the spoken or the written English?" As far as the writer can derive from printed, written and oral expressions of English views, the conviction seems to be prevalent that the *spoken* English should be the basis. But right here a number of new

difficulties would arise, as, for example, the following: While the spoken language would be sufficient for use by the international radio and in telephoning, for personal meetings of individual scholars and international conventions,—how about international correspondence, about international newspapers and magazines, and about books on arts or sciences destined for an international public? The only answer would be: the international phonetic system should be used for the writing of 'Anglic,' which system is, anyhow, according to most linguists, highly preferable to the English spelling.

It is not infrequently heard that, even though 'Anglic' might be adopted by the other nations, the English could, and would, in their remarkable tenacity, stick to their unreformed and unsimplified native language, and the Americans with them. This seems to the writer utterly improbable. He can only indicate here, in the most sketchy form, what, according to his subjective thinking, or perhaps his fantastic optimism, would happen in England: The students in colleges and in high schools would notice that what all the world condemns as impractical, unreasonable, yes, absurd in the English language is forced upon them through their whole school life by teachers, who penalize them for infractions of senseless and illogical rules, and who forbid them to accept what the rest of the world, through its leading linguists, declares to be the only reasonable thing. Year by year they would read the transactions of the world language "areopag" in the simplification of English with increasing disgust at the methods of their own taskmasters and the waste of valuable time and energy, until they, in colleges first, in high and public schools later, would rebel against the antiquated system. The parents would begin to wake up to the recognition of the cruelty inflicted on their children and to protest louder and louder, until the school officials would be forced to abandon the "double standard" of English and "Anglic," and to first allow, then demand, that the teachers adopt the "single standard," which would surely be the international or world standard, to the ultimate and lasting benefit of the whole world, and of the English speaking people in particular. "Quod dii bene vertant."

In conclusion: the writer affirms again his hope that enlightened leaders in different countries will eventually succeed, during the next ten or one hundred or one thousand years, in winning over their people to the acceptance and use of an international language, whether it be an artificial language or a radically re-formed English, either of them to be established, directed and improved by an international committee of the world's leading and progressive linguists, for the ultimate benefit of all mankind.

The question arises why our universities do not take the lead in the discussion and positive solution of this whole pressing problem. Is there truth in the statement made a few weeks ago by the President of the University of Chicago, a "radical," well remembered on this campus for his "Utopia" lecture: "The universities hold back until the public agrees"?

Song for the Point

By JAMES DAWSON

Oh, place where vivid waters meet, I am
returning;
Years with your mist in my eyes I have scattered your days,
Years have I run to the ends of unsatisfied ways,
And never found again the gold, the morning's
burning
Of sand in the crucible, like to the crimson that
stays
And palely flames your river's edge, with fire-
lines turning.

*(Dreams that have followed me, now will I find
you again,*

*The cypress, the shadow, the river, the green
and the gold.)*

Yon, river, pierced my eyes with spars, the
pennon's whipping
From truck-top and mast-head have cut to the
bone of my soul;
Smoke of your funnels has blinded me, hiding
my goal,
Far nights have whispered me the sound of
ratline's slipping
And whining again. The old songs that your
river-mist stole
From lips and heart of me sing now in all your
shipping.

*(Dreams that have followed me, now will I
find you again,*

*The song of the hawser, the river, the black
and the gold.)*

In lands where I have run in hope your sun's
bright flying
Has cracked the tropical skies with nostalgic
delight,
Bringing the smell of your sunsets, the ache of
your night,
Your cypress- fostering, battered knees, the
heron's crying,
The weak-fisted arm of your winter. In all of
my flight
These have so cried through all my days, past
my denying.

COUNTRY LIFE

(Continued from page three)

these black muscadines that hung from the
tough vines twisted around the poplar limbs.
Friendly smoke rose from the chimneys of farm
houses when the sun set early, and the cool air
was permeated with a tang of dead leaves and
ripe apples.

Winter in the country was a time when people
sat around a fire roaring in an open fireplace.
The crackle of popping corn laughed at the
howl of the wind on the outside of the house.
The muscadines of the fall were gone; so the
boys stretched out on the floor and read about
the adventures of Tom Swift and Deadwood
Dick until the last log had burned into two
black chunks that fell from the fire-dogs into
the ashes, and a shower of sparks went up the
chimney.



THE BOOK WORLD



BINNEY'S WOMEN. By Gladys Knight. The Century Company. \$2.00.

Binn McElroy loved two women and only two—his daughter, Joel, and his second wife, Georgia. Binn was fifty-two—a man who had risen from the slums of New Orleans to an enviable success in the business world. The stamp of poverty, nevertheless, and its accompanying derogatory influences were written indelibly upon the pages of his life's history, which threw a damper over his every effort to enter the snobbish society there. Joel was seventeen, self-reliant and old for her years. She loved her father with all the strength of her nature. Georgia was twenty-eight, beautiful and worldly-wise. She was several degrees above the McElroys socially and she knew it. This Joel knew also.

Although Binny's two women were all the world to him, they hated each other with a relentless hatred. Joel looked upon Georgia as a vile intruder, a suavely smiling fiend. She knew that Georgia did not love her father; she had only married him for his money. To Georgia, Joel was an impudent, incorrigible wretch; but, for Binny's sake, one she must tolerate.

Tragedy—stark and cold—stalks in the background behind Binny's back. A fight to the finish this battle between women—even to Binny's death. While the struggle goes on, he is all oblivious to the evil his well meant intentions is working against all concerned. He had desired to bring only happiness to those he loved and he brought only sorrow and agony to his devoted daughter.

Binny's Women introduces a new southern writer whose power to create original characters is truly uncanny. The plot of the novel is exceedingly weak and there is nothing about the style in which it is written to distinguish it from the average modern novel. The writer's characterization of Joel is well done. Strangely appealing is the story of Joel's battle with life. Joel, grimly determined, grimly fighting, baffled by the world around her, fights on—fights against love itself, only to capitulate to love's imperious sweetness in the end. Her lonely battle with life will be remembered long after most figures in modern fiction are gone.

—Clyde Shreere.

Autumn Aspiration

By GEORGE BROWN

Steeped in the glow of a dying sun,
As far as eye could trace that gleam,
The gilded earth around did seem
To glisten as a molten stream
Of lava gold—as day is done.

Then climbing out one burning beam,
I strive to gain the Evening star,
And fail—for it is yet too far;
But failure has not strength to mar
My life ambition—goal supreme.

A Poem to Burn

By JOHN WARDLAW

*Oppressed, suppressed, with moods possessed
That cannot ever be expressed.*

*A rainy nite, a rendezvous,
Dim fire-lite, I wait for you.*

*Restless raving, romance, passion,
A glowing trance now cold and ashen.*

*Fruitless longing, useless craving,
Something's wrong in paths I'm paving.*

*Now you're gone; to work I turn;
But nite comes on, and you shall learn*

*Of dreams, soul's fire, heart's blood,—all,
Tensely waiting for your call,*

*From one till four, that never came;
But say no more, you're not to blame.*

*Halt! God of Passion, Demon Devil,
You set reason afire and revel,*

*Stirring my soul with dark emotion,
Every time you have a notion.*

*Magnetism, drawing power,
Growing stronger every hour,*

*Drives me mad, insane to hold you
In my arms and to enfold you*

*Ever thus, for heavens meant, dear,
Just for us, let me vent here*

*All the wrath of Hell on luck.
I learned too late, now I'm stuck.*

*Didn't realize till today,
That I loved you so this way.*

*Oh! the anguish when your charms
Nestle in another's arms.*

*Lips that quiver soft and warm
The only kiss that starts a storm*

*So deep, so different, soon you'll know
What it means to love you so.*

*Long dark hair, the brightest eyes,
And other charms that shame the skies*

*Of all their heavenly splendour above;
My perfection; Goddess of Love.*

*But something tells me as I wait,
"She will not call, it's not in fate."*

*The firelite dims, the room grows cold.
I feel lonely, sad, and old.*

*The radio's soft and plaintive croons
Turn to crackling static tunes.*

*Outside, the rain has ceased to fall.
My watch says "four," she didn't call.*

*I start to nod, then fall asleep.
And dream she came, our date to keep.*

*Her gentle charms of soothing fire
Blend with all my wild desire.*

*Oh! Perfect Bliss! but dreams will fade,
Yet from these is heaven made.*

*And something whispers as you go,
"Life is real," 'tis better so.*

Screen Notes

*"Outward Bound" Director Hunted Long to
Find a Producer for International
Stage Hit*

One of the most interested spectators at the premiere of "Outward Bound," at Warner Bros. Hollywood Theatre in New York, was Robert Milton, who directed the filming of the picture. Satisfaction seemed to radiate from the director, as well it might, for the screening of the picture concluded a cycle of ambitions Mr. Milton had been nurturing for Sutton Vane's play for several years.

Some seasons ago Mr. Milton, who was freelancing in the theatre, got hold of the manuscript of "Outward Bound." It had already been read by several producers who rejected it for the reason that they felt the public reaction to it would be anything but box office. It had too revolutionary a theme, they thought. It was just the type of play, however, that appealed to Mr. Milton. He has always been strong in the belief that there is an audience for the unusual type of play. He had just produced "The Bride of the Lamb" with Alice Brady, and the play scored just because it dealt with a theme the average producer is afraid to handle. The play dealt with an evangelist who was altogether too human to meet with approval.

The producer felt that in "Outward Bound" he had a manuscript which would make a fine play. The problem facing him was to find a producer with the courage to do it. Succeeding in this, the next step would be to produce it on the screen. The difficulties in bringing this all to a head had nothing movie about them and the climax to them all came in the screen showing of the play.

When Mr. Milton left for Hollywood to direct the picture for Warner Bros., it was with some misgivings. These were quickly swept aside and he came back East enthusiastic over his experiences.

"The Warners gave me carte blanche," says Mr. Milton, "and couldn't have been more liberal in their treatment. 'We look to you to make a good picture,' they told me and allowed me all the latitude I asked.

"It is the fashion to compare the stage version of a play with its picture production, and the comparisons have not always been favorable to the screen. In the case of "Outward Bound," the picture is more effective, the mood more in keeping with the theme of the play than we were able to create in the stage version. For one thing, I found the picture had more breadth, more room for expression. I could show more. On the stage in order to show something it would have been necessary to have had a change of scenery and we therefore had to depend a lot on mere suggestion. In the picture I was able to actually show the scene."

Alone

By R. K. FOWLER

THE STAIRS squeaked like tortured rats and stale dust rose from the scraps that were flung across their scarred surface. Old Jason Glover was toiling painfully to his room. His slow, shrunken feet fumbled upward with dragging determination; his wrinkled fingers pressed hard against the banisters. Old Jason knew his way perfectly. He had forced his decrepit body up these steps so often that each separate strand of carpet had a hideous familiarity. With eyes half shut and weary mind drifting he continued his awkward progress. A pause on the second floor landing, down to the end of the dark, narrow hall and then the doorknob which fell into the curve of his clutch, cold and unsentient. His cot was near the door, and he sat upon the edge of it for a moment, wheezing slightly from the effort of his climb; his fingers plucked at the rough blanket and bits of wool clung to his nails. Having caught his breath he mechanically rose and touched a match to the evil-smelling oil lamp. Ghastly, yellow light spread slowly over the room. The pitiful wrecks of two chairs and a table were duplicated on the wall in angular distortions. Pitted boards of the table stretched out barely under a dab of sardines in a violet bordered china saucer flanked by a half loaf of bread. Old Jason mumbled a blessing and drew them toward him.

When his supper was finished he laboriously bent his back and loosened the strings in his shapeless shoes. The cot again received him. He lay motionless, limbs drooping like wilted weeds, only his ragged grey head shifting for a more comfortable position on the stony bosom of the cot. To him these quiet evening hours were at once the most pleasant and most disturbing of his feeble existence. His body grew lax and floated in a semi-conscious trance of restfulness. Each exhausted muscle seemed to tingle soothingly and fall into a calm sleep. But his mind—that always gave him trouble. As his body numbed and shrank away from its functions, his mind perversely became more keen and logical. Its aging facets lost the dullness born of his daily work; ease and repose polished it into a state of comparative brilliance. Thoughts of self pity, killed by the drab routine of day, now brought maudlin tears to his eyes; regrets and hopeless wishes beat against his temples; hazy but bitter memories cut through his brain like acid. Rising far above and sternly dominating this confusion of mental worries, one word pounded and stabbed its uncompromising message: Alone, alone, alone. Old Jason shivered and put a trembling claw over his feverish forehead. It was this word and the harsh fact that it stood for which turned these periods of rest into fiendish torments. All alone. Flung into a squalid room in a tenth rate lodging house. Drifting along in a huge, heartless city where no one even knew or cared what his name was. Cast contemptuously into a far, forsaken corner by an unsociable God. No relatives, no friends, no person to toss him a cheerful salutation. The tangle of thoughts fled swiftly and left the one

Wanderlust

By VERNON CROOK

*Let my life be spent on a pilgrimage
And ne'er confined to some hermitage.
Let me view the things that the gods have done,
Pursue the rays of the sinking sun
When they steal away from the web they've
spun*

'Round the clouds in the evening sky.

*Let me follow the sun beyond the trees
Where it ever shines and one always sees.
Let the daylight shine and the night ne'er fall
On my pilgrimage. Let the dark ne'er call
To my eyes vain sleep that will slow me at all
In my quest with the lighted sky.*

*For my hope in life is to see the world
And the handiwork of the gods unfurled,
To enjoy the things that man has made*

horrible word hammering home its infernal theme: Alone, alone, alone.

Old Jason snapped his bony frame erect. He shed his clothes with surprising agility and allowed them to settle in a soiled pile on the floor. The lamp flame struggled uselessly with his breath and darkness ruled the room. Moonlight slid its incongruous beauty into the scene an hour later and outlined in silver a silent huddle under the patched sheet. He was asleep. A green rowboat idled in a creek under the shimmer of moss hung oaks. Two young men in queer, old fashioned garments fished lazily and smiled at each other. The creek gave way to the dusty main street of a country village. A man passed down it, his arms filled with bundles. Heads nodded; voices blended: "Howdy, Mr. Grover. Evening', Jason. How's your wife gettin' along, Grover?" The picture faded. A group of middle aged men sat in a warm, spacious store. Low toned argument brushed against the vegetables hanging from the rafters. "Well, Jason. You figurin' on goin' Republican?" The sound of mocking laughter. The contours of old Jason's sleeping face softened in the moonlight; his dry lips parted in a contented smile. Dreams.

II

The following morning at nine o'clock a strange figure hobbled dispiritedly down Pearl street. Stiff canvas frames lettered in garish red with the announcement of a wrestling match swung over its shoulders and threatened to hit the sidewalk. Above this ungainly cloak a head projected abruptly into the air. The face was seamed, the eyes bloodshot, the nose a travesty; yet in spite of this it was not ugly—no face can be really ugly when a suggestion of kindness lurks behind it. The only visible pieces of clothing were the broken, mismatched shoes and a topless straw hat through which the breeze made furtive snatches at a mane of shaggy grey hair. The figure ambled passively forward, its head swinging aimlessly, its bloodshot eyes scanning the trodden slabs of cement. Old Jason was earning money for more bread and sardines. If he was able to carry the galling framework until sunset without fainting in the street, he might get enough to afford a little apple jelly. He had a fanatical fondness for apple jelly. As

he visioned the small glass jar packed with the sticky crimson stuff, he unconsciously licked his lips and quickened his gait to a ludicrous shuffle. Perhaps if he walked faster, sunset would arrive sooner. Encouraged by the agreeable sensations the imaginary jelly had given him, he toyed with other pleasant ideas. He saw himself holding an attentive child on his knees while he initiated her into the mysteries of the Forty Thieves. He preferred a girl with short ash blond hair; there had been such a one in the back pages of his life. He saw himself answering a knock on the door of his room and admitting his old crony, Tobe Starret. Tobe had died several years ago, but the idea was nevertheless a gratifying one. Something struck the front side of the canvas and whirled the old man around. He had walked into a loafer who was blindly engrossed in the morning paper. The fellow threw down the paper and stuck out a combative, purplish jaw. Seeing the pathetic, battered apparition before him he retrieved his paper, sneered widely, snarled—"Watch your step, you old fool." The intended apologies clogged up in Jason's throat; he stalked off with tragic dignity. For weeks he had been hoping that some chance passerby would speak to him, and now—"you old fool." The phrase rankled.

Noon came and the sun flayed the pavement into a fierce carpet of heat. The worn soles of Jason's shoes offered no resistance; he endured the torments of the bastinado. Streamers of pain crept up his legs and diffused to every part of his skinny body. The faces of the joggling throng became nebulous; here and there a bulging eye or a gold tooth detached itself and stood out repulsively on a background of pasty mist. Buildings, trees, cars, began to move in dizzy, black circles. Jason lurched drunkenly to a bench in a frowsy-looking park, extricated himself from the leaden canvas, and collapsed weakly. The signboard leaned stiffly against the bench. It had the alert appearance of a guard set over a dangerous prisoner. Petulantly he kicked at the board and it slithered flatly out on the parched grass. Tall, red letters sprang up at him: "Kid Cynowsky, who alone has defeated the present champion." One word shoved the rest aside and seared its meaning into old Jason's very soul. Alone. He was still exhausted, but rather than face those five staring letters he caught up the gaudy sign, adjusted the straps, and plunged back into the heedless crowd. Alone, alone, alone. The word was everywhere. It set itself to the music of the thousand feet that stamped past him.

Late that afternoon he succumbed to hunger. It had gnawed at him unremittingly, and though he strove hard to ignore it, the sharp teeth finally ate away his power of denial. He had no money with him but felt sure that the store where he purchased his scanty supplies would credit him until the next day. He placed the canvas frame outside the shop with great care and timidly entered. A pimply clerk threw his mild query back at him scornfully. "Give you credit? Naw, we don't charge nothin'."

Old Jason's mouth dropped miserably; his step faltered as he turned to the door. "Spe-

(Continued on page seven)

ALONE

(Continued from page six)

cially to the likes of you," the clerk added with needless sarcasm. But Jason did not hear. His eyes were riveted on the pavement; his head shook in dumb incomprehension. Some idle moron with a knife and a lust for destruction had ripped the sign to shreds and flung the fragments half way off the curb. The pimply clerk was vastly amused by the events that followed. "Yessir," he related to an acquaintance that evening, "when he seen that busted billboard he dumped hisself right down in the street and commenced bawlin' pitiful as hell. I went out and ast him how come an' he sniffled sompen about not gettin' no apple jelly. I reckon the old bird was balmy but he sure was plenty fun."

III

A week passed and Jason Grover found happiness. It was night and he had reached the fourth step on the way to his dingy shelter. His foot struck something soft and yielding, a shrill, plaintive cry caused him to start violently. Stooping down he ran his hand over the frayed matting and touched a hissing ball of fur that crouched distractedly in a corner. With a frightened glance behind him he seized the kitten and concealed it under his coat. Mrs. Burke, the slatternly landlady, had an unreasoning hatred for cats. He had seen her rush into her filthy strip of a back yard and hurl stones at the peacefully sleeping pet of a neighbor; he had seen her drown one poor little foundling in a pan of dishwater. Spurning the steps rapidly, he scuttled to the haven of his room. At first the kitten, which was a scrawny mite with dirty yellow fur, dashed under the bed and spat at more or less regular intervals. Soon the intriguing odor of mashed sardines and bread lured it forth and as it wolfed the food, Jason stroked it cautiously with his knotted fingers. When comfortably filled, it toppled over and submitted graciously to any caresses that its new master chose to give. Jason was delighted. He traced every move the lucky orphan made with a proud, fatherly eye. Once it strayed to the far side of the room and he was quite surprised to hear himself call, "Come back, Peggy." A certain girl with ash blond hair had been named Peggy. He refrained from interfering with the kitten in any way. Sitting quietly in a lop-sided chair he experienced a deep joy in seeing the happy living thing in the same room with him. His lonesome soul drifted down and shared in the queer, pointless games that the now sprightly animal was having with the rag rug and the empty spool which it had looted from some obscure hiding place. Two hours later he arranged a heap of old clothes by the window to form a passable bed for the kitten and snuffed out the lamp. He went to sleep almost at once—calmed by a keen feeling of exaltation. He was no longer alone.

Peggy, the vagabond kitten, made the best of her changed surroundings and fluffed out into a golden ball of playfulness. Old Jason worshipped her. Evenings once sorrow laden and unending were transmuted wonderfully by the

A Wintry Grave

By JOHN BARROW

FULL five winters now have passed
And her grave is cold and bare;
Nature must turn a jealous ear,
To the beauty interred there.

There was no stone to mark her grave,
No hand to toll her knell,
But she in the glory of paradise,
Shall forever and ever dwell.

There were no wreaths and garlands,
No shroud of silks and lace,
No, not even a coffin,
Only a rough box in its place.

Neither were there any farewell songs,
Any consolation from funeral lines.
The only break in the calm of death
Was the low nocturn of the pines.

There was no grand funeral procession,
No ceremony with retinue sedate,
No sound of sacred hymnals
To usher her to heaven's gate.

There was no sound of weeping,
No presence of sorrow and tears,
Save one lone scar on a bruised heart
That grows deeper with the passing of years.

She departed quickly and unnoticed
And quietly passed from sight,
But the life she lived was chaste and pure
And cast a glorious light.

I'm thinking of that last sweet day,
God knows I always will,
When so calmly she passed away,
At the end of a day so still.

Her face was hot and flushed,
Her lips were cold and dry,
When she looked up and sweetly smiled
And spoke her last goodbye.

I tried to wake her all in vain,
But a smile lit up her face
As if by the side of the throne of God
She had taken her promised place.

Over her dark, clammy sepulcher
I piled the cold, moist clay,
And God to the heights of his majesty
Bore her lovely soul away.

Though she had no sumptuous funeral,
No soul to toll her knell,
Yet she in the glories of paradise
Shall in happiness ever dwell.

God, send her just one earthly rose,
You know she loved them so,
How can flowers fail to bloom
Where such beauty lies below?

simple magic of companionship. Jason sat like a weather-beaten statue, pointed chin in fist, eyes gleaming with intense enjoyment. Peggy raced around the room in bewildering arcs, a fuzzy miniature cyclone playing enthusiastic havoc with anything that blocked her path. When she paused momentarily to rub an insinu-

(Continued on page eight)

Villanelle

[ANDRÉ BOURDELAS]

Translated by James Dawson

A stick, a stone, a withered leaf
To count a measured, endless rime:
Rich man, poor man, beggar, thief.

A spider to spell the ancient grief,
Three crickets to beat the senseless time,
A stick, a stone, a withered leaf,

A stemless rose, a broken sheaf
Of oats, and the chant of a witless mime:
Rich man, poor man, beggar, thief.

Count not, for days are all too brief
To waste in numbering a lime,
A stick, a stone, a withered leaf,

And holding to a stark belief
That you foretell it as you chime:
Rich man, poor man, beggar, thief,

Mimic. There is no relief
In droning through this bitter clime,
A stick, a stone, a withered leaf:
Rich man, poor man, beggar, thief.

The Sea's Work

By VERNON A. WARD, JR.

The waves were rolling in,
Expelling their continuous din,
Beating on the glittering sand,
Controlled by an invisible hand.

I wandered down the shore—
To find what they held in store.

As inward they rolled,
They began to unfold,
And, I imagine, the story they told
Was many centuries old.

"For many years we've carried sand
To build up this swampy land.
Our mark may even be found
On the very highest mound.
One seldom tells
How we labored with the shells,
How with aid of moon and sun
We brought them in—one by one,
And we wished our work was done,
When we had in truth just scarce begun.
Yes, we piled the sand inch by inch
'Til we had built this sandy bench.
But lo! the wind blew in terrific gale,
And, though we resisted, 'twas without avail.
We were blown in a great tide,
And for two weeks we did thus abide.
All our past labors were washed away,
And we were delayed many a day.
Yet—again we pushed patiently with our work,
Nor once did a single wave a single time shirk.
All nature was a helper except the wind—
The wind was a villain, a terrible field.
Yes, we've worked many days, and weeks, and
years

'Til now, when the end of our story nears.
But at that our given work isn't done;
No, it is still scarcely begun."

The waves came on, and on, and on
Uttering a continuous lone-groan-moan;
They brought in shel after shell;
But nothing more would they tell.

LIEUT. KOPEK'S VALOR

(Continued from page three)

erahle sum of money—he could buy a horse.

"We dare you," they cried.

"I go, even as you say. I shall strike with the hell."

Clumping along the cobblestones just before midnight, Koppek paused now and again to look behind him, apprehensive of his own echoing steps. Now he pushed open the massive door and chilled involuntarily when it thudded softly behind him. The long aisle seemed to stretch away for miles in the eerie half-light which filtered gloomily through the high stained windows, and it was with a wildly thumping heart that he tiptoed down the thick-carpeted walk. Nearer and nearer he came to the ominous shrouded pedestal—he hesitated and turned half about to go back, but the very pews muttered, "Coward," and the deeper darkness behind pushed him back and said, "Coward." He stepped forward faster now, but in an agony of suspense, clutching the dagger in his hand. Far up in the tower the hell deeply intoned the midnight's hollow chime—so mournful was it that he shuddered. In despair he jumped upon the platform before the altar and lunged forward so suddenly that his long cloak swirled about him when he stopped, leaning close over the corpse. Then in a flash, he struck, and the dagger sank deep, through shroud and body, right through the heart.

The crowd in the tavern waited with growing impatience—laughing at him for a coward, cursing him for keeping them waiting so long. Then, with the cold light increasing in the east, they trooped, mumbling and grumbling and hleary-eyed, through the silent streets to the doors of Jasna Cora. They pushed inside and immediately went rushing and racing down the aisle, for a shrouded heap now lay hunched at the foot of the funereal tray. The officers, all aghast, crowded close, straining to see, and their leader spoke in an awed hush.

"You see how he leaped up here and in the darkness plunged this dagger through the edge of his cloak, pinning it to the body—then turning to go, he must have felt a strong tug, and twisting his face about suddenly, he saw the body moving, as though pulling at his cloak. In his state of superstitious terror the shock struck to his heart, and falling down dead, he pulled the Captain's body off the pedestal so that it fell on top of him, as it is now."

"He won his wager—God rest his soul." And he crossed himself.

DRAMATIC COMMENT

(Continued from page three)

The Wildean intoxicatingly rich language, the delicately subtle humor of Pirandello, the glamorous intensity of a Beardsleyan black and white, and an all-keenly verve of a Beerbohm caricature are nervously blended into something strange, intellectual, illusory, cantankerous, yet clear, ordinary, real, complacent—a contradiction of contradictions.

Giants of Earth

By STANLEY STEVENS

*Harken, O Leaders of Men...
Give us no logic;
Truth pierces and blinds us,
Philosophy mocks us.
Thrill us and mold us,
Shape us to action...
Color! Romance!
Shout it with silver throats,
Showmen Triumphant...
Call us with bugles...
Take dreams in your hands,
Like flags of battle
Flaunt them before us,
Surging, we follow,
Shoulder to shoulder,
Up from black ruins,
Through fresh disaster...
Yea... we will follow
The dream in your hand
Waved like a banner.*

ALONE

(Continued from page seven)

ating skull against the old man's eagerly outstretched palm, he chuckled with the complacency of one who has been granted a supreme favor. All his longing for friends found an outlet in the solicitous care he took of the kitten. He had craved a companion, and the worthless bit of flesh and fur satisfied the desire. She could not talk, but she was a splendid listener. For hours at a time Jason drawled out interminable stories of strawberry festivals and elm-shaded roads and stirring battles. Gentlemen bowed, swords flashed, groups of comrades drank deeply of garnet wine, hoop skirts swirled entrancingly, cannon roared over devastated plantations—the yellow kitten dozed with its tail curled around its paws. Wonderful nights!

Jason returned from his rounds one sultry Saturday and noticed several children gathered on the brick walk at the side of the house, gesticulating, babbling excitedly. Having suffered rebuffs from them before he proceeded unobtrusively toward the door. One boy spied him and flashed in his direction. His face twitched with morbid delight, his mouth framed frantic words. "Say, mister! A cat fell out of your winder and an auto husted him all to pieces." The rest of the juvenile investigators spread reluctantly apart and Jason caught a glimpse of a limp, golden body flattened out in a splash of blood. Hours later he found himself sobbing on the floor of his room; he was unable to recall how he got there. A can of condensed milk had rolled from his pocket. He had bought it for Peggy—softly he whispered her name. Then memory showed him the tiny, crushed corpse in the alleyway. His soul went mad. Digging his nails into the carpet, he fought for sanity.

Days of blankness through which he staggered like a disembodied wraith, outwardly living, inwardly dead. Nights during which sleep eluded him and a beast in the form of a word tore at him as he prayed for light to come.

Alone, alone, alone. Of these nights an idea was born. He reasoned desperately. He would never have a friend here in the city; he was old, ugly, dilapidated. Yet he could not return to his friends of the past for they were impossihly far away and doubtless many of them were dead. Dead! The solution overwhelmed him. Vague pictures of a promised heaven where families and comrades were reunited in eternal amity broke through the fog of thick, black misery. Mansions of peace, crowns of light, everlasting rewards for the faithful. Honeyed phrases from the trite sermons of a didactic country preacher swarmed and huzzed around him. All the dead brought together in joyous concord. His mother would be there; he had not the faintest recollection of her but the name sounded beautiful on his lips. A girl with ash blond hair and a trusting smile. A fat, golden kitten. Tobe Starret, his huge stomach wobbling, his eye closed in an evil wink. Judge Macy, Pinkum the druggist, and thousands of congenial souls waiting to receive a man who was friendless and neglected. Reunited for ever and ever! Friends! Companions! Jason rose and shamled to the table; he picked up the bone-handled bread knife with steady fingers and slashed at his throat.

IV

Jason lay prone upon a sloping hill of grey rock; a cold clammy wind flicked at his naked body. There was no sun, but a weird green light hung over the scene like a shroud. Slimy-looking ground, lifting at scattered places into such lustreless stone hills at the one he lay on, stretched maddeningly in every direction. As far as the eye could reach, the landscape held a brooding and terrible sameness. Jason knew he was dead. But where were the angels and the friends who should have come to greet him? Where were the marble palaces, the throngs of happy laughing people he had left the other world for? He ran down the hill shouting: "Tobe! Peggy! It's me—Jason Grover!" No echo came; his voice was swallowed in the immense, tangible silence. Again he screamed shrilly: "Mother, Jason is here!" The sad green light dripped unchangingly, sullenly. The bleak hills marched endlessly into the frightful distance. Old Jason stumbled and fell to the chill, moist sod. "Jesus," he whimpered. "Jesus. There ain't—nobody—here."

To a Dying Ray

By VERNON CROOK

*But yesterday I basked in amorous flame,
Defied the sun to shine as bright as you;
On rapture drunk hissed what the sun could do
And bade it haste to hide from you in shame.
Then Aphrodite, Venus, or the name
Of Guinivere, of Cleopatra, of Helen, too,
Held naught of beauty unexcelled in you.
Yours was the charm to which all charm was
tame.*

*Today a star, the tiniest sparkling star
That hides so far beyond man's native sight
That telescopes scarce catch its rays, obscures
Your tiny glow from me; and now you are
So unappealing and so little bright
I marvel at the brilliance that was yours.*



Edited by J. C. WILLIAMS

BORNETTE

SENIOR CAMPUS LEADERS



Pictured above are W. W. Speight, of Spring Hope, retiring president of the Debate Council and best speaker in the University student body; J. A. Wilkinson, of Pantego, winner of the Bingham and Wright debater's medals and best extemporaneous college debater in the South; and J. C. Williams, of Linden, retiring editor of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE, ex-president of the Debate Council, winner of the Bingham and Wright medals, and most illustrious debater of the present University generation.

WOMAN RETAINS HER POSITION

By TOM LOY

AND, FURTHERMORE," Poke added, "I'm off women for life."

It seemed to be a most logical declaration, when one stopped to consider that the only girl he had ever loved had thrown him down on the eve of the Junior Prom.

To have been treated thus upon the occasion of an ordinary dance at any time would have been enough to make a body give up female companionship for Lent; but, coming at the most dignified moment of our senior year in high school, it required the extreme measure Poke was forced to resort to.

I could sympathize all right, although I had never been reversed in matters of love, although Doris was ever true to me, and although we were to elope quietly immediately upon arriving at years of discretion, I had, nevertheless, felt the uncompromising torture of disappointment. It had been my life's secret ambition to be, some day, president of the Longfellow Literary Society; and I had been nosed out of my very last opportunity for that honor by a mere trifle of a girl.

"Girls," I had said to my father upon consulting him on this general subject, "are quite tolerable in their way, but I don't see what they have to go getting in someone else's way for. Girls have their legitimate functions in life, such as attending Junior Proms and eloping upon arriving at years of discretion; but I simply cannot condone their dicing in politics."

"I see your point, son," he had replied, "and I deem your defeat for office an outrage. It's hard to tell what all these new notions about equality of sex may lead to. Your mother hasn't been the same since they gave her the franchise. Clubs and leagues and campaigns and what not all over the place. No time left for housework at all. I tell you, son, woman's place is in the home. And it's not something to let blow over, either. It's something to ponder long upon and take steps about. I don't believe in being rash. I believe in being rational. But there are limits to all things."

Those were my sentiments exactly. My father was a wise man and inspired respect for his judgment. It was his idea about postponing my elopement until arriving at years of discretion.

My feelings on the female questions were thoroughly aroused. I came to certain conclusions about requirements I would make of Doris. I saw Justice and Destiny off in the distance beckoning to me. I resolved to answer their call, to champion my fellow men, to fight to the finish.

So you can see how, in spite of my success in courtship, I could sympathize with Poke in his hour of depression.

In this hour of depression, which happened to be my study period, I neglected my algebra long enough to console my friend. "My father," I told him, "is a wise man and inspires respect for his judgment. He always says, 'Don't be rash; be rational.' That means you, Poke. You

don't want to sour on the sex. I shouldn't oppose your objecting to woman's usurping the rights of man; but love, you old fool, is something not to be swept aside by an idle gesture."

"Just the same," growled Poke doggedly, "I'm off women for life."

He was not the sort of person you argue with. The black, spiky hair on the top of his head and on his face; the black, spiky eyes popping into my faint heart; the overflowing shoulders that had seen service for four years at right tackle drove smartly home the recollection that my interlocutor was not given to making statements for artistic adornment.

Things have a way of blowing over—especially little things. By graduation, Poke had become his old-time self again. He took his usual part in the track meets, made his usual noise like a frog in Latin classes, and gained his usual two pounds of weight a week. But, sure enough, he manifested no interest in girls.

Now, unlike small things, large things linger long in the mind. My Longfellow Literary Society episode was not soon forgot. I took it up with Poke and Doris at the first opportunity, which was soon, because Poke often went with me to call on Doris. We constituted a sort of triumvirate.

Doris, learning that we were concerned with philosophy about sex, requested that we state our cases individually to save confusion. I went into some detail about the wisdom and influence of my father, about the problem of living before the arrival at years of discretion, and about woman's place being in the home.

Poke expectorated in the fire and announced, "I'm off women for life."

"What you both need to do," was Doris' decision, "is to go to college. It will keep you in cold storage until you arrive at years of discretion, and it may influence favorably your future policy toward your sister organisms."

"I don't know why we selected a coeducational college," I told Poke one night in the dormitory, when we had got a breathing spell from the exacting demands of certain sophomores with low mentality; "I don't know why they have coeducational colleges. Woman's place is in the home anyhow."

Our mistake made, however, we took steps to insure ourselves against complications. I had given Doris good-bye on an occasion when Poke was not present; and it had been agreed that I was not to keep company with co-eds, but was to keep myself pure in preparation for our elopement immediately upon arriving at years of discretion. So, you see, I had as much reason as did Poke to keep off women—during the remainder of my education at least.

The steps that we took to insure ourselves against complications consisted of our passing and signing the following resolution: "I, Poke Lumptz, and I, Horatio Petry, do hereby solemnly swear and affirm that a young man should be never rash but always rational, until he arrives at years of discretion, when he may do as

he pleases; that women should remain in the home and should not be allowed to usurp the rights of men; and that we, in order to punish those women who have usurped our rights by leaving the home and coming to college, will not seriously entertain any women at this place. And we do further swear and affirm, in order that what we mean by 'not seriously entertaining' may be better understood, that we will neither of us ever have two dates in succession with the same woman at this place. May the Lord have mercy on our souls if we break this bond. This resolution becomes automatically null and void when we arrive at years of discretion."

Now I realize that the leeway allowed by this resolution was not exactly keeping off women for life; nor did it altogether prevent my association with co-eds. But then, one can't be too dogmatic at college; and I think the agreement, by guarding against any lasting entanglement, fulfilled the spirit of our intentions and the intentions of her who cared for me. At any rate, boys that have not yet arrived at years of discretion cannot be expected to make perfect resolutions.

Under the plan, we prospered and grew strong. Poke played right tackle on the freshman football team and learned to call his professors by their first names. I devoted myself to my studies and to my letters to Doris. Poke wrote a letter also, once in a while; but he was always hasty to assure me that he was off women for life. In addition, we found it necessary to take advantage of the leeway in our resolution.

One night, in accordance with this leeway, Poke and I had dates at a dance. We were with an upper classman named Galloway, who happened to own an automobile. During intermission, as was customary, we went for a ride. Now, I had for a guest a girl named Bettie Stevens, who appeared to be very nice, so I was determined to put on my best manners.

Therefore, when I wanted to smoke, I asked Bettie's permission.

"I don't mind one bit," she said. "In fact, I rather think I'll take one myself."

"When America was discovered years ago," I said, "smoking was discovered at the same time; and it has been, ever since, a distinctly masculine trait. Women did not discover America. There are many reasons why women should leave tobacco alone. Their constitutions are not strong enough; it is not ladylike; and it is usurping the rights of men."

Although I could not be rude to Bettie, she lost favor in my sight.

After we parked, Galloway got out his flask and used it. I reminded him that there were ladies present and that our drinking in their company was a breach of etiquette; but Bettie piped up about not minding it one bit, and about rather thinking she would participate herself.

(Continued on page three)

(FOUNDED IN 1844)

The new editor of the *Carolina Magazine*, David Craig McClure, is able as a writer and popular as a member of the student body. It is the firm belief of the retiring editor that he will maintain a salient interest in the publication and will strive to give it the recognition which it deserves on the campus and elsewhere.

—J. C. Williams.

If You Knew

By VERNON CROOK

*IF Helen knew!—Deep in her grave
Beneath the seven cities of Troy
With rage her breasts would heave
To shake the earth, earth's peace destroy.
Content not that a city fell
Memorial to her charm, if to
Her came report of this—alas,
What might betide if Helen knew!*

*If Aphrodite knew!—Ah if
The price her loved dared to pay
Had not repulsed the prize
She longed to give, made her betray
Herself to death, then might she know.
By her death her lover learned, 'tis true,
And moulded a memoriam.
Alas, if Aphrodite knew!*

*If Cleopatra knew!—Even she
Who sapped the strength of Rome
As mistress of Rome's greatest sons,
From aspic ether and the tomb
Indignant, jealous, would she rise
To battle till her anger slew
Battalions with her charm. To sleep
Through this?—If Cleopatra knew!*

*If Venus knew!—Down from Olympus
Where she evenoms her arrows with lust,
Down would she come with an army of gods
To trample our happiness into the dust.
To poison our wills, our virtues subdue,
That she might enjoy one moment of this
Down would she come!—if Venus knew!*

WOMAN RETAINS HER POSITION

(Continued from page one)

"Drinking," I broke in, "belongs to the heritage of man." I resolved to forego Bette's friendship in the future.

Galloway's bootlegger was not a good one, and Galloway could stand bad liquor. So long as we remained parked, things transpired nicely; but, as soon as Galloway began to drive again, we could see that our life was in danger. Fortunately, we ran amuck in nothing worse than a sand bank, giving other arrangements an opportunity to be made.

"Let me drive," said Poke. "That wheel needs a steady hand."

However, I had knowledge of how intoxicated my friend gets, so I told him that I should prefer to stay in that sand bank all night to letting him turn us over in a ditch. I added that I would run the car.

"You are drunk," said Poke, "and don't know what you are talking about. I'll get out and walk rather than risk my hide on your chauffeur."

"Let me settle this dispute," interrupted Bette. "I'll steer this ship. I have a certain sense of direction."

"There are several objections," I complained, "to complying with your request. Women should not drive cars. They are just not cut out for it; it requires more strength and more head than they have."

But, inasmuch as we had no alternative, we let her do the operating.

The events of that night opened up many lines of new thought to me. I had never realized how far feminine usurpation had gone. It took all the glamor from smoking and drinking and driving to think that every skirt could do them too. I wrote to both Doris and my father about it and received favorable replies.

"Those two persons are intelligent, all right," I said to myself.

I had a long talk with Poke on the subject of starting a concentrated anti-female smoking-drinking movement on the campus; and he said that what we needed was prestige, that we should have more weight as individuals before we tried to swing the university.

"What," I asked, "is the answer?"

"Fraternity," said he.

I had always been aware of the fact that fraternities add to a man's popularity, but I had held back because I suspected that some fraternities did not have the proper policy toward women. Incidentally, I had never got a bid.

Now, however, Poke assured me that my suspicion was unfounded, and that most fraternity men openly admitted that they were utterly disgusted with women. His athletic ability was of such caliber that Galloway had him invited to join Sigma Xi Pi, the only fraternity in the world that really amounts to anything. Poke is a good scout, so he wangled an invitation for me too. It was uncomfortable the night before we became full fledged members of the active chapter, but the pretty pin I got to send home to Doris was worth it all. Poke fastened his emblem of undeniable brotherhood on the bottom of his vest, and announced that it was there to stay.

We thought it best not to make our resolution known at Sigma Xi Pi, because of a certain amount of narrow mindedness that is prevalent in such organizations; but I began at once to strengthen my prestige and to do a little missionary work for the masculine cause.

Galloway was the first to fall in line. He said, "It's going a little too far when they take the steering wheel out of your hand for no reason at all."

So the three of us—Poke, Galloway, and I—organized an Honorary Woman Haters Fraternity and made ourselves charter members. This club was intended to be a refuge for all male students who had been disappointed in their dealings with members of the opposite sex. Its avowed purpose was to prevent girls from usurping our rights. Although we received a good deal of adverse publicity, our enrollment grew rapidly.

Women could never refrain from copying the ways of men. It is their besetting sin. It wasn't long before Bette Stevens organized an Honorary Man Haters Sorority, dedicated to the advancement of female justice. While I never attended one of their exclusive meetings, I have it from a reliable source that smoking and drinking take place there. When I wrote Doris about this sorority, she was utterly shocked.

Dr. Grumply, the sociology professor, believed strongly in tolerance and free discussion

Biography

THE MILLER OF "THE TIMES." By F. Fraser Bond. \$3.00.

Behind the phenomenal growth of the magnificent newspaper which the *New York Times* is today is the fine personality of a great editor—Charles R. Miller.

This biography of the *Times'* editor-in-chief reveals, as it limns his life and character, the story of the newspaper itself. Closely intertwined with his life is a great deal of American and international politics during the first two decades of the present century. Mr. Miller was acquainted with many of the world's leading men. Here the reader encounters three presidents—Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson. For the first time, memoranda of Mr. Miller's conferences with the great war president are published.

In addition to the importance of Mr. Miller's public career, Mr. Bond has woven into his work an interesting human story—the story of the boy from the New Hampshire farm who became editor-in-chief of the *New York Times*. Truly it is the biography of a great national and international figure whose fight on the stage of action only reiterates that "the pen is mightier than the sword." Mr. Miller's life stands as a monument, challenging those who choose the newspaper field of endeavor to do their best.

—Clyde Shreve.

of questions. At his suggestion, we arranged to have a joint meeting of the Honorary Woman Haters Fraternity and the Honorary Man Haters Sorority once a month—followed by a dance. These sessions proved extremely successful.

My first definite campaign was against the sheik bob. It was pointed out, and indeed demonstrated, that women were copying our style of hair cutting. In regard to this, I made a speech before one of our exclusive meetings, which was so good that I here reproduce part of it as follows: "As I see it, we must not let women get ahead of us. I don't believe in being rash; I believe in being rational. But, if they insist of usurping our rights, it is our bounden duty to usurp theirs. If they insist on cutting their hair short, it is our bounded duty to let ours grow long for spite." That is the sort of speech that goes over where deep-thinking fellows get together, and my conclusion was greeted with a volley of applause.

I began at once letting my hair grow.

Doris wrote that she thought that my stand was a noble one, but she could see no use in my having sex pride enough to let my hair grow. I wrote back that she showed weakness of character common to women.

The next blow that I struck in behalf of our cause was to write a sarcastic letter to the *University Weekly*. I here reproduce part of it as follows: "The trouble with women is, that they have no sense. If they would only refrain from these disgraceful practices until they arrive at years of discretion, they would have better sense then."

(Continued on page four)

WOMAN RETAINS HER POSITION

(Continued from page three)

This letter never appeared in print. I suppose there were women on the staff of that paper. I took my stand at once against woman's entering journalism.

When I went to get a job at home the next summer, I was brought face to face with another problem that I decided to correct. Several girls had already applied for the position I was after.

"If there is one place in the world," I told my father, "that women do not belong, it is in business. Why, they have no head. They cannot be depended upon."

He agreed with me on this matter. He said the only reason for his employing them was that they would work for less money. "That," I came back, "is because they have no idea of the value of money. You are a wiseman and inspire respect for your judgment. I wish others could understand this as you do."

When I went back to school in the Fall, my faith in women was shattered still farther. They gave us a feminine teacher in psychology.

I dropped my course after the first recitation and advised the other members of the Honorary Woman Haters Fraternity to do likewise. I was almost contaminated in the one lecture I did attend. This woman sprang some fool notion about taking the class over to the insane asylum every Thursday afternoon to study psychiatry. She ought to be in an insane asylum herself.

I told her so too. Yes, sir, when she asked me why I was dropping the course, I got right up and aired my views. I here reproduce part of my speech as follows: "Woman's place is in the home. The future welfare of our nation is dependent upon her staying there. Education is of vital necessity to this country and should not be trusted outside the hands of men."

That was giving it to them all right.

This Fall, Poke made right tackle on the varsity football team, and complications arose. "It seems," he said, "that varsity men are extra popular with the women. A skirt isn't satisfied to go to a dance with you once in a while. She wants to be your one and only. She gets peeved because I won't have two dates with her in a row. Me, who am off women for life! Bah!"

"Did you tell her about the resolution?" asked I.

"Naw, what do you take me for—a fool?"

That was true.

But Poke entered with surprising gusto into the spirit of my war against the usurping members of the female sex. On one occasion, he addressed the students' assembly upon the subject, and his popularity caused him a rather favorable reception. A straw vote of those present, however, revealed that we had much missionary work yet to do.

My hair, by now, had grown quite long, and was causing some comment on the campus. I was not able to learn whether the comment was favorable or adverse. The comment it caused in Sigma Xi Pi, however, was adverse. In fact, I was kicked out—a martyr to the cause.

Youth

By LANE JOYCE

"Youth!" You say "Glorious youth!
Ah, would I were young again
To know the joys, the thrills,
The breathless anticipation of future things."
But youth itself, what does it reply?
"Who knows our pain, our hurt,
Our poignant moments of unfulfilled bliss?
Who can shed a tear of sympathy,
Or understand our groping hands
Outstretched toward that intangible future,
That indefinable something that lies before us?"
And so we advance—Youth on its way.
Some bold, forward, eager,
Others shrinking, timid, fearful,
And some in a steady pace,
But all is searching, pitiful bewilderment.
You who have passed along this road,
Have you forgotten the hopeless tears,
The bitter sighs, the baffled hopes,
The thwarted dreams? Ah! yes.
You only remember the days of sunshine
When all the world lay smiling
Like some animal steeped in content.
You do not remember the other days.
But even in our hopeless lethargy
As we stand dazed, bewildered, we see
As through a cloud through which
The sun begins to shine,
The light, the purpose of our being,
And know that God, in His own time,
Will open the gates of our souls,
Revealing the dark, unfathomed mysteries of
life.

Right on top of this, the girls on the campus began wearing boys' neckties. I called a special meeting of the Honorary Woman Haters Fraternity and recommended that we get even with them by starting to use cosmetics.

I, of course, set a good example for them by starting to use cosmetics myself. Almost at once, I learned that the comment on the campus was adverse. Even the boys, whose champion I was, whose dwindling cause I was fighting for, did not seem to appreciate me.

In desperation, I joined the debating society for the sole purpose of promoting the privileges of men, and I turned out a very commendable effort when the big question came up. The points that I made I here reproduce as follows: "Now, honorable judges, may I ask you this question, 'Did any one of you ever know a woman who arrived at years of discretion at any time during her life?' No, of course not. Neither did I. Neither did any one else. It has never happened, and it never will!"

Only the prejudice of the judges and the fact that one of my opponents was a girl defeated my side. Girls should not go in for debating.

In the middle of my sophomore year, I got in my master stroke. This Bette Stevens, wishing to encroach to the limit on our rights, took up a course in civil engineering. She was the only girl in the school ever to attempt such a thing, and a flowery account of her action naturally found its way into the big city papers.

This was what—most of all—I wanted to guard against—feminine propaganda.

I lay awake several nights seeking a solution. It was plain that my cause had been dealt a heavy blow, that an equally heavy counter-attack was our only hope of salvation. One of the most sacred of our rights had been encroached upon; our only hope of retribution lay in encroaching upon theirs; and I was the logical man for the task.

I enrolled in the Department of Home Economics.

The result was gratifying from the first. I was the only boy in the school ever to attempt such a thing, and a flowery account of my action naturally found its way into the big city papers.

But the world never could appreciate a hero. One day, when I was loafing in the upper hall of the Home Economics building in my apron, a bunch of giggling girls came along in knickers; and close behind them were a few of my former fraternity brothers, carrying aloft a fluffy dress. I knew it was meant to be a joke, and I ignored them like the strong character that I am.

But a joke should never go as far as the faculty of a university, and that is just what it did on this occasion. It was a low piece of spite work on the part of that half-cracked female of a psychology teacher. One Thursday afternoon, when she should have been taking her students over to the asylum for a demonstration, she walked with the whole bunch right into sewing class. They stood there for about five minutes, peering at me and taking notes; and then they filed out, snickering.

Then Doris showed the white feather, by writing that she thought I was crazy.

Thus was my patience tried to the limit during the latter half of my sophomore year in college; and it is doubtful if a person with less will power than mine could have stood up under the strain. But I was as impenetrable as a rock, and June found me unwavering in my glory.

Doris and I spent some delightful moments together during the following summer. We attended the dances and the movies and the corn roasts in the country; we walked along the river in the evenings; and we drove in the mountains at night. It is wonderful to be engaged.

During this summer, I changed my mind on a certain matter. Only ignorant persons refuse ever to change their minds. To change your mind, in fact, is one of the most sure signs of wisdom. The question on which I reversed my opinion was the one of women in industry. I looked at that problem from every angle; I considered the millions of girls who have to work to help along at home; I considered the millions of jobs—like working in the knitting mill—that men would not want to do; and I came to the conclusion that it is all right for women to enter forms of employment other than teaching above the elementary grades. Women in industry should, of course, always be subordinate to men.

During this summer, Doris had a job as bookkeeper in a local office.

(Continued on page five)

WOMAN RETAINS HER POSITION

(Continued from page four)

When it came time to go back to college for our junior year, Poke and I got out our old resolution and dusted it off and looked at it.

"That there piece of paper," said Poke, "has done more for both of us than anything else at school."

"Yes," I confirmed, "you are quite right. This business of never having two dates in succession has saved our hides all right. I think we should renew faith in the old compact."

So we shook hands and swore and were solemn for a long, long time.

Then something happened.

It was an unforeseen happening that was very serious and made me very sad. We should have thought of its possibility when we drew up that agreement, but we had not. It was this: Doris, having graduate from high school the

spring before, decided to attend our university.

I was in the depths of woe. With tears in my eyes, I explained my dilemma to Doris. I was crushed to the ground; but, through it all, one thing remained apparent—the resolution could not be broken.

My father is a wise man and inspires respect for his judgment, and he gave me comfort at this time. He said, "Doris must not be rash; she must be rational. She must realize that this bond has done her a great service in the past, and she must be willing to allow for its shortcomings in the future. She must learn to be satisfied with having only your every other date. You may see someone else you like better anyway, before you arrive at years of discretion."

Although his last statement demonstrated that he did not fully understand my love for Doris, his philosophy was soothing and correct.

Doris took up her residence in the girls' dormitory, and we resolved to be as happy as possible under the circumstances.

At this time, my campaign for the rights of men was my greatest consolation. I had grown older, and the first thing I did was to examine my doctrine to see if it all withstood the scrutiny of my more mature judgment. I found that one portion of it was out of date. I found that I no longer objected to college education for women. Even though their minds are not equal to ours, they deserve to be pumped up as much as possible so that the people we have to live with are not bores. Women can get in the home soon enough. It is a wise man who changes his mind.

Early in the junior year, I took up with Poke the matter of dates. It was decided that, when, according to the dictates of our compact, I was forced to be entertaining some one other than Doris, he should entertain Doris. With alternation worked out on this basis, we began our social season.

One of my earliest visits to the girls' dormitory was on Doris' birthday.

"Guess what?" she said. "Papa has given me a car—a new Ford roadster with a rumble seat and all. It should be here tomorrow. A body can't get along at college without a car, you know. . . Why! Why, you don't seem to be very happy. Aren't you tickled to death? I can take you everywhere you want to go."

"Yes, yes indeed. It's just fine. Now, it used to be that I was against girls' driving automobiles; but that was before we had traffic lights to make it safe. There was never a girl with wits enough to manipulate a busy intersecting street, but the electric signs have changed things in that respect since then."

"Isn't it so. . . You see, I'll have lots of running around over the campus to do; because I have been elected secretary of student government, and I am on the staff of the *University Weekly* and a member of the debating team. I shall have to be here, there, and everywhere—all at once."

"Do you think it wise for a girl to be so very active in extra-curricula activities?"

"Oh, yes indeed. You see, I am to be a high school teacher when I get through here; and I must be able to conduct interesting little side lines for my pupils."

Now, high school teaching for women had not previously appealed to me; but at this time, I could see that I was far above high school. I was able to see by comparison with myself just how dumb high school students are. I was able to see that even a female instructor could take care of them all right. And, of course, Doris was correct about being able to conduct interesting little side lines. High school is mostly side lines; they don't know what work is.

The chief feminine regret is a wagging tongue. It is with all due respect that I point to that fault in Doris. If it were wrong for her to be given to gossip—as she was—, then, too, it would have been wrong for her to be a girl. It is with respectful sorrow that I recall that Doris could not refrain from telling her girl friends about our resolution.

"It was just so cute that I couldn't help giving it away to them," she confessed at one of the first dances.

(Continued on page seven)



Pictured above is a part of the famous Arboretum.

Michel

By JAMES DAWSON

I

Prelude

HE HAD a tale to tell.

In his two hands
He caught the flying moon and thirteen stars;
In his two hands he caught a winter mist,
And cracked it like a whip.

But if you looked,
You saw his velvet jacket's edge was frayed,
And snowing white. He lighted cigarettes
With fingers that were shaking. He was young,
But there were quirks in the corners of his
mouth

That cried his age.

He had a tale to tell,
And fine, dramatic ways of telling it:

To begin:

I dare you to hear this,
You who have not seen,
How lovers kiss,
And how their bodies flutter,
Static at lips alone.

—Go hide your faces.

You have not felt your rising flesh keep pace
With pulse in lip, pressing your flimsy clothes
Away from your fire-eaten, writhing body.
You are such tiny things, crawling like worms
Across the breasts of dead and rotten women.
Bleached white your skins, like pale and blood-
less germs

Of a translucent glass plate. You are butter,
Rancid and melting in the summer sun.
You are the posturing actors in a play
Without an audience, striking attitudes
And crying: "See, I hold this fragile woman.
I kiss her. Look at me. I am a lover!
See how I bend and kiss her fingertips!"

But Christ! how can I say these things to you
Who sing such pretty songs, such delicate
poems?

II

Forzando e marcato

The river was fretted into gnashing teeth
In March. The river was shunted into grinding
Teeth by March. The river was tortured into
Sand-crunching teeth with March. Along the
beach

Three river gulls twisted their wings to reach
Peculiar attitudes to fight the wind,
And pensively looked downward.

There she came,
Her head inclined, and all her blowing dress
Whipped behind her, with a graceful way,
Vivace, ma non troppo, and her hands
Half-curved and swinging in their ivory arcs.

She stood beside me, and the vicious wind
Outlined her in green silk. She stood beside
My shoulder, and the venomous wind outlined
Her cleanliness from shoulder down to knee.
She sat beside me, and the driven sand
Drummed out a small, swift rhythm on taut silk.
We said no word. We gilded evenly
The wind's enchantment with our silences
That overlapped like thin and silver leaves.
The wind was up the river, and when she leaned
To kiss me there was salt upon her lips

That grew with fluent tides to something sweet
Beneath my tongue. The wind blew back her
lashes,

And fastened gypsy beads of argent spray
About her vibrant hair. The wind turned back
Her golden lashes, dropping them nomad beads,
And half opened her eyes, with white and blue
Like china, painted with delicate golden threads.

All night the rain sang preludes on the beach,
Marking the sand with pits. All night the rain
Blew songs across the beach, pitting the sand
With pock-marks that the frightened waves
rushed over,

But could not quite erase. A choking bell
Made shuddering circles when it plunged into
The river, and the metal of its frame
Shivered and glistened in the mordant wind.
Holding my breath, I came that way to find
The grooves our bodies made in the morning
sand

Effaced by water. The green and amber tongue
Of the river slopped about the cypress roots.
The pale and yellow lips of river cried
And clucked about the frozen cypress knees.

. . . the wind was up the river, and when she
leaned

To kiss me there was salt upon her lips
That grew with fluent tides to something sweet
Beneath my tongue. . .

Christ! how could she have known?
That this would haunt me most? How could she
know

That whenever wind caked brine upon my mouth
Her ghost would lift its pale, remembered knee?

III

Michel at the Piano

You would not see it, even though I played
As no two hands have ever touched those keys.
You could not ever know how these have stayed,
These memories. Even my hands are afraid
Of finding here the vanished ghosts of these
Old melodies I sang across the world
In nine forgotten tongues. And these have
whirled

All down the years I tumbled through with her.
They brush my ears.

You have not seen her stir
Beside me while Beethoven's strings were
keenings,
Plucking from pit and heart the sound of
spheres.

Broken stars came shifting in,
To powdered song from Michel's
violin,
And we, the singing three, intoned a
phrase:
Morituri, amemus.
Singing softly: shule, shule, aroon.
Such a dim, crying phrase,
Through our days:
Shule, shule aroon. .

You have not seen her sleep, you have not seen
Her hair go touching mine, nor seen her eyes
Draw silver straws across their grey serene.
That night the candles said that days were lies,
And whispered there, with golden pointed
tongues

That dawn would never come. A sleeping fire
Brought sleep to her, and I sang ancient songs
To close her eyes.

Sleep, when the Southern Cross has
gone
To mark the resting
Of crimson discs and shadows fading.
Sleep, when the fire goes sinking
slowly;
Embers and the candle fingers
Light your face. With fire your hair
is ringed
And turned to molten gold.
Then sleep, fold here your hands,
And I shall kiss your silent lips.

At morning, I recall,
She smiled a quiet, early-waking smile,
And turning to me, said: "So have I slept
That dreams were not, but all the quiet while
I lay with death, for this sleep touched upon
His hands."

And when the dusty shaft of sun
Had sucked the motes from carpet and from
wall,

She stretched her arms above her rumpled head
And ran across the floor. If you have heard
Cold water run you know the song it has,
And you can see her, like Andromeda,
Standing beneath a joyous, driving shower
Of silver needles. I, with flashing sword,
And in my hand for young Medusa's head
A pillow, ran and cried: "Perseus am I."
She said: "Save me, O youth." And when the
dragon

Was dead, with steam still dripping from his
spout,
She laid her dampened hair against my cheek
And laughed.

O wind that blew from tree and hill,
I hear your merry whistling still.
The snow that rattled north and south
Was wine and nectar on my mouth,
And sycamores that strode the slope
Of covered knoll were white with hope,
For prescient spring was in their stir,
And all their branches sang of her.

We gave our faces to the blast,
Watching the quiet pellets hiss on river,
And wind fling crazy waves against the stone
Along the shore, and lumbering barges shudder
As they went by with guttural conversation,
Scraping their throats to clear them of the snow,
Threw stones at household ducks that dared
the river

To cast them on the shore.

Then in the dark,
While the old dame still plucked the morning's
goose,
Were candles again, but these were taller ones,
And sang of younger things. And when the
dancers
Had gone there came an olive gypsy girl;
She wandered past the tables, violin
Beneath her oval face.

Estrellita, in your eyes are forest
pools,
Reflecting tiny moons, and flecked
with lilac leaves.

(Continued on page twelve)

WOMAN RETAINS HER POSITION

(Continued from page five)

"Do you think I will be able to date any of them up after tonight, when they know how I am using them?" I asked her point blank.

She recoiled before the question and assumed a thoughtful attitude. It was evident that she saw her mistake—after it was too late.

"Don't worry," I said during intermission, "we may get a break yet." But my heart was heavy.

I smoked a cigarette to divert my mind from the tragedy, and Doris said that her mind needed to be diverted too. In sad moments like that, people learn to understand each other, and truths show themselves as such.

Doris smoked, and I liked her for it.

But one pack of cigarettes did not sufficiently divert our minds, and I was forced to get out my flask.

Doris drank, and I liked her for it.

Back in the light of the dance hall, I saw something I had not noticed before.

"Doris," I said, "there is something changed about you."

"Oh," was her casual reply, "it's my sheik bob."

It was very becoming.

I lay awake that night, wrestling with my policy toward women. Perhaps I had gone to extremes—even though the fundamentals are correct.

The next day I had my hair cut and used no cosmetics. It is better to be rational than rash.

But my grief would not out; and I went down to indulge in the diversion, that afternoon, of watching football practice. Coach Plug Nichols had the squad near the fence close to the portion of the stand in which I was sitting, and he was delivering a lecture.

"Football," he said, "and all other games are more than just contests of brawn and ability, more than just struggles for the honor of the university, more than just easy ways to pass courses. Sports require training and fair play and all the higher attributes of life. A man, to be a good athlete, must be a good clean liver as well. This field of combat is, according to my system, to be a field of morality for you players. I don't care a damn for victories. There is more in the game than just the joy of winning. I want to build men."

That was an inspiring talk all right. It was just what I needed. I was glad to see that I wasn't the only man in the world with ideals. Gazing upon a man who was willing to forego the joy of winning for his principles, inspired me to forego a little joy for mine.

I decided to call up Doris and ask for a date and tell her about my inspiration. Then I remembered that that would be two dates in a

Dogwood

By LANE JOYCE

*Have you never seen the dogwood
In the spring of the year
Against the dark green trees,
Like the face of Athene on a green velvet robe?
Have you never seen the dogwood
White like melting snow on the fir tree,
Or like the web of some Olympian spider?
Have you never seen the dogwood
Leaning over some still dark pool
Like Narcissus of old reflecting its
Shimmering loveliness on the quiet surface?
Have you never seen the dogwood
Swaying in the breeze
Like a stream rippling over rocks,
Or like little white clouds in a still sky?
Then come with me in the early spring
And let us away to the lowlands
To drink in the beauty of the dogwood
And learn the delight of our southern spring.*

row, so I called up Alice, another girl at the girls' dormitory.

"Do you think for one minute," said the voice of Alice, "that I am going to play second fiddle for your woman? Do you think for one minute that you can get away with using me for filler? I should say not. You never did want to see me; it was always just to fulfill your old resolution." She hung up with violence.

Peaches gave me the same sort of refusal. So did Adell. It began to look bad. Maude wouldn't even talk.

I went to bed.

Poke took Doris for a walk that night, and the next evening he told me he was going to call Alice. In half an hour, he was in bed. It was awful. They had thought him to be playing the same kind of game that I was, although, of course, he wasn't.

A week dragged away. No women. Doris and I began to write letters again. That was dumb, but—what were we to do?

One day I went to meet Poke at the locker room after practice. Most of the players had left, and the locker room door was closed. As I was about to turn the knob, I heard a voice from within. It was Coach Plug Nichols delivering a lecture.

"Poke Lumptz," said the voice, "you know my policy, do you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"You know I am not in this game for victories. You know I want clean livers."

"Yes, sir."

"This report about you has gone all over the campus. I understand that not a girl on the hill will have anything to do with you. Am I right?"

"Yes, sir."

(Continued on page eight)

The Guitar

By DUDLEY WALSH

CHARACTERS:

MRS. PHILLIPS—a widow
STELLA DOWNES—her niece.
MRS. HARRIS—Mrs. Phillips' widowed sister
MYRA AGNEW—an actress

PLACE:

New Hampshire

The scene is the sparsely furnished kitchen of Mrs. Phillips' home. On one side of the room is a wood fireplace with high hobs and a great kettle hanging from the hinged arm. On the other side a rude staircase leads to the second floor.

A dark girl of about eighteen is placing a boiler on the hob, and removing the kettle from the hinged arm. She seems nervous and discontented, evidently having little taste for her work. She sits down and takes up a curiously carved guitar. At once her eyes light up and as she places the instrument against her breast, one could truly call her beautiful. After strumming a few chords she begins to sing softly a gypsy song of the Steppes.

When the morning fields were bright,
And the underwood was green,
My fond lover came riding
From his

She stops abruptly, as Mrs. Phillips, a gaunt matron, enters, and goes to the fireplace.

MRS. PHILLIPS: Just as I thought. Not a simmer from the water, but you have plenty of time for them foreign tunes your mother taught you. I wish that guitar were buried with her. Bad blood will out.

STELLA (turning on her sharply): Aunt Carrie, why do you always speak that way of mother? What right have you? Her ways were different from yours. You couldn't understand her.

MRS. PHILLIPS: A lot you know of her, a mere child when she died. I had eight years of her—eight years to hear her strumming that thing. My brother might have stood it, seeing he was foolish enough to marry her. Henry always did foolish-like things anyhow. But I won't have it from you. You're useless enough, God knows, but at least a body would think you could cook a meal.

STELLA: It takes time for things to cook with only six logs for the fire.

MRS. PHILLIPS: What do you want—a forest? I always could do with that much. If you need more wood why don't you spend your afternoons gathering it down Dalton's tract, where it's to be gotten free, instead of galivanting around after travelling play-actors?

(Continued on page eight)

THE FRIENDLY CAFETERIA

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GREENSBORO



WINSTON-SALEM



CHAPEL HILL

WOMAN RETAINS HER POSITION

(Continued from page seven)

"Never before have I tolerated a player who has lost his reputation like that. I hate lewd practices and habits in men. If I were to keep you, you would contaminate my other players; for I am sure they are all clean, upstanding, young gentlemen. I hate to take this step, but you force it upon me. Have you anything to say in your defense?"

"No, sir."

"Then you may hand in your uniform at once."

I turned and fled and did not see Poke until that night at the bowling alleys. He sat in one corner like a heap of old rags. As I approached him and signified that I knew his trouble, he stuck out a friendly paw and smiled faintly.

"It's the breaks of the game," he said warmly as we shook. "That resolution has been good to us all right, and we can't kick when it gets us in Dutch once."

"Why didn't you tell him?" I asked.

"What do you take me for—a fool?"

That was true.

There followed a month of misery, with only my correspondence with Doris to console me. Poke had no consolation at all. He had even stopped writing his occasional letter to the home town. It was surprising how completely he was off women for life.

At the beginning of the second semester, I got the following note from Doris: "A girl has turned up—just moved in from a rooming house—who is broad-minded about resolutions, and is willing to alternate with me in taking you on. We will also look out for Poke, for we have observed that complete isolation from feminine company is degenerating him. This girl's name happens to be Bette Stevens. I don't know much about her, but I am afraid you will find her a bit troublesome regarding the rights of women. If you will put up with her, however, we will be able to have each other again."

I swore violently, but there was no alternative.

Now, strange as it may seem, I found my dates with Bette to be rather interesting. To be sure, we spent our time arguing on the female question; but it is surprising how much brains some women can have.

"There was a time—before history," she would say, "when women were considered superior to men. And who can tell that such a time will not come again?"

"Well," I would say, "I don't believe in being rash; I believe in being rational—especially until one arrives at years of discretion. Therefore I am willing to listen to your arguments,

Bachelorosis

By VERNON CROOK

*ORE pensive sit I pondering as the
calendars grow old*

*Of Bachelorosis suffering with each win-
ter's chillier cold,*

Sit arguing unto myself: "Ah love!

There's no such thing!

*'Tis but a treacherous fancy and with age
'twill misery bring."*

But I'm tired of Bachelorosis

For it's given me psychosis,

And I fain believe it right is

That I contract maritalitis.

*Sore weary am I wandering and moeking
at the life*

*Of men who early chose to take unto
themselves a wife.*

*Yet, even yet, do I contend that love is
but a myth*

*And marriage but the devil's whip that
man is scourged with.*

But I'm tired of Bachelorosis

For it's given me psychosis,

And I fain believe it right is

That I contract maritalitis.

*Sore peeved am I when passion creeps
into my crabbid heart*

*And whispers gently, "I am love; be mor-
tal and play your part."*

*For I know it is but the voice of lust that
will fade like a false echo*

*When it has poisoned with misery old age
to which I grow.*

But I'm tire dof Bachelorosis

For it's given me psychosis,

And I fain believe it right is

That I contract maritalitis.

although nobody on this earth can make me believe a word you say."

With these two girls, Poke and I took turns all during the remainder of our junior year and the most of our senior year. My love for Doris ever increased, and my visions of eloping immediately upon arriving at years of discretion grew brighter and brighter.

Day by day life meant more. Even Bette Stevens ceased to be repulsive. That girl had something fascinating about her, even if she was an engineer with warped ideas. In fact, there were times when I found my mind running on her. She seemed so much more concrete than Doris, so much more solid, sound, anchored; so much more foundation. But Doris, of course, was a dear.

(Continued on page nine)

THE GUITAR

(Continued from page seven)

STELLA: Yesterday's the only time I've been to a play in years. Besides the company is moving on today, and it was my last chance. What's wrong with a play? You'd think to hear people talk around here that plays were works of the devil. It's good there's enough people in the village to keep them going for a few days at least.

MRS. PHILLIPS: Just like your mother. They say she used to sing and dance in Russia, before she came here. I guess New Hampshire knocked that out of her. She didn't do much singin' or dancin' here.

STELLA: No, nothing sings here; nothing except the birds and you can't stop them.

(Mrs. Harris enters, a little woman with a mincing manner.)

MRS. HARRIS: Carrie, what is the matter? Why don't you leave the girl alone?

MRS. PHILLIPS: Leave her alone to strum that thing? No. There's a livelihood to be gotten here, and she's got to work hard to get it. The sooner she learns it and the sooner you learn it, the better off you'll both be. It might be all right for birds to sing, but we're humans and we've got a human's work to do.

MRS. HARRIS: Stella don't shirk her work. You know that. She does more than any girl around here. Last year her preservings brought you close to a hundred dollars. And as for her singing, well perhaps we could learn a lesson from the birds. Life ain't all work.

MRS. PHILLIPS: All you do is side with her. You're like her yourself, Emma Harris. I'm ashamed to call you my half-sister. A body would think you'd try to be some help.

STELLA: How can you say that? You know Aunt Emma is too feeble to go on with her sewing. When I sold the preservings for you, didn't you promise that would go toward her keep?

MRS. PHILLIPS: Oh, both of you are enough to make a saint swear! (She goes to the door.)

MRS. HARRIS: Where are you going now, Carrie? Why don't you rest? It's five now, and we'll have supper at six.

MRS. PHILLIPS: That's the way with you and your kind. Always settin' and waitin'. Some one has to keep things goin', and I have to see Mr. Lapham, the lawyer, about the land I've had for sale. He told me he thinks he can sell it today. Opportunity knocks but once. Remember that. (She goes out.)

MRS. HARRIS: You've had it pretty hard, Stella, slaving and working for her.

STELLA: We've both had it rather hard, Aunt Emma.

(Continued on page nine)

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THE GUITAR

(Continued from page eight)

MRS. HARRIS: She says opportunity knocks but once. Maybe when them lawyers settle my husband's will, I'll have enough to be independent. Then our chance'll come. Then we can call our souls our own.

STELLA: I wish they would settle it for your sake. Do you think there is much money left?

MRS. HARRIS: I don't know, Stella, there couldn't be very much. Heaven knows poor Lem didn't have a lot. You know a railway gate-tender ain't a very good payin' job. But he was the savin' kind, and what with the money he got from his people, I hope to have enough to scrape along.

STELLA: It would be wonderful if you got enough for yourself.

MRS. HARRIS: And for you too, Stella. I couldn't go on without you. In the two years I've been here, I've grown to rely more and more on you.

STELLA: It must have been hard when you first came here.

MRS. HARRIS: This was the only place I could turn to after Lem died. I knew what Carrie was—but what could I do? You know Stella, when you get set in a certain way of livin', it's kind of hard to make a break. Lem and I lived down there on the old farm by the mountain pasture for nigh on to fifteen years.

STELLA: Do you remember how I used to spend all day Sunday with you—that is, days Aunt Carrie had nothing for me to do, and would let me go. Oh it was so wonderful! On the way down I would fill my broad-brimmed hat with apples from Mr. Foster's tree. Folks used to say they had a health-charm. Poor Pa Foster used to be out sitting in his rocking chair sunning himself. "Go to! Take all you want, Stella-girl!" he'd say, and he'd point with his crutch to where the best ones were. Then in the afternoon, after dinner, when Uncle Lem had gone to the gate-house, we'd walk over to the cemetery and read the grave stones. Every Sunday we'd look at the one "Miss Matilda Perkins, 1745-1815." She was the one who lived in the big house, whose lover was a lord and fled to Canada during the Revolution. Remember how we imagined the way she felt, when she was old and alone—placing logs on the fire, hearing the ice and snow crackle outside.

MRS. HARRIS: Yes, Stella, how can I forget? We had such good times together. Other folks wouldn't think there was much fun in spending a Sunday afternoon reading headstones, but we did, didn't we?

STELLA: Except the winter day when it was getting late and we were walking toward the gate, and Chris Stanley's runaway colt came dipping and snorting at us, looking like a shadow through the falling snow.

The Fallen Tree

By J. C. WILLIAMS

I GAZE at the tree, the fallen tree;
The tree, that is no more a tree!
Alas, all its leaves are drooped and dead;
And the bark around it has died,
For the waters have fled,
And the ground has dried!
I gaze at the tree, the fallen tree;
The tree, that is no more a tree!
And I see as I behold the beauty that was
In this tall forest giant,
That something mars
Its look defiant,
'Tis a cut on the bark of the fallen tree;
The tree, that is no more a tree!
I dream of a maid that long has passed;
That maid, she is no more a maid!
The memory is still vivid and beautiful too,
But the years have fled,
And the life that grew
Is faded and dead.
I gaze at the tree, the fallen tree;
The tree, that is no more a tree!

MRS. HARRIS: Sakes! Didn't we run! The poor colt must have thought we were as daft as he was, Stella, I was thinking. You're so like poor Ma. Do you know, after she was first married, I walked through that self-same place with her, the year before you was born.

STELLA: Not right along Cedar Lane where Matilda Perkins is?

MRS. HARRIS: Yes. Right there with your Ma. Sometimes she'd cry. She didn't know much about English, and I reckon there wasn't much left to do but cry. It was hard for her. I knew it would kill her. She was a smart kind, though. It wasn't long before she could speak so's a body could at least understand her.

STELLA: Tell me something about her. Tell me what she said to you?

MRS. HARRIS: She took to me from the first. After your father left her I was the only one she could call her friend.

STELLA: Did she ever mention Russia to you, or ever tell you anything she did there?

MRS. HARRIS: Lord, yes. She used to tell me all about the queer customs they have over there. Such heathenish things they do. You wouldn't think people could be so peculiar.

STELLA (laughing): Oh, I don't suppose they're very different from us, Aunt Emma. But tell me, did she ever mention the stage to you? Aunt Carrie said today she heard mother used to sing and play in Russia—play this very guitar, I suppose.

MRS. HARRIS (hesitatingly): Yes, Stella, but

(Continued on page ten)

WOMAN RETAINS HER POSITION

(Continued from page eight)

This was the state of affairs as the Junior Prom approached. On the very day of that gala event, Poke came to me, a stiff upper lip having replaced his customary long jaw.

"What world," I asked, "are you starting out to conquer?"

"Starting nothing!" he replied. "I've been. The world's conquered. The job's done."

"Enumerate," I required.

"Horatio," he said seriously, "do you remember swearing off women for life?"

I did.

"Do you remember why I swore off?"

"It was because the only girl you ever loved had thrown you down on the eve of the Junior Prom," I recited.

"Suppose," I suggested he, "that she should pick me up again."

"That, I guess, would end life and start eternity."

Poke's seriousness deepened. He began to perspire. He grew dramatic. He said, "She has picked me up again."

Poke was my friend, and I naturally rejoiced in his triumph. I shook his hand and danced about the room with him and agreed with him that life was worth living after all.

Suddenly a thought entered my head. "By the way," I asked, "who is this only girl you ever loved? I used to listen to a lot of raving about her, but you never mentioned her name. I don't believe you ever went with her much, did you?"

He sat down, knit his brow, lowered his head, and began slowly to speak. "Horatio," he said, "you are my friend."

"Yes," I assured, "through thick and thin."

"I must tell you," he continued, "that the girl is Doris."

I felt a heavy, vague, indefinable thump from within—from within my head and my heart and other sensitive vicinities. The floor of my room opened, and I seeped down into the bowels of the earth. Slowly, slowly I sank on a soft cushion of air into blackness of deeper and deeper intensity, where bells that seemed to be at a great, great distance rang faintly but incessantly in my years—tiny treble bells tinkling out a dismal death knell, as at the delicate tap of an invisible tooth pick. Then a voice far, far away, shouting an almost mute whisper in my face. Its volume increased; it was intended for me; it was Poke's voice; and it was saying, "I have asked her to the Prom."

In a fraction of a second, I was myself—my whole self. The first news I had got had despatched my wits, but this second aroused my fullest and most sober consciousness. I am a clear thinker; and, even in tense moments, business and detail find their way into my life. I

(Continued on page eleven)

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THE GUITAR

(Continued from page nine)

I presume likely you wouldn't want to know about that.

MRS. HARRIS: Well, guess singin' and dancin' ain't awfully wrong, but people around here just don't do them. Of course, it was different with your mother, but lots of those play people aren't just well right-livin', if you see what I mean.

STELLA (laughing): Oh, you dear woman! But tell me about my naughty mother then.

MRS. HARRIS (eyeing her askance): Don't speak that way of your mother. I didn't mean her. There wasn't a better living woman. Besides there ain't much to tell. She used to sing and dance near Moscow when she was a girl. She wanted to join the Royal Opera but there was too much string pulling, so she gave us that hope. Then one day when a Danish boat was sailing over here she took a fancy to comin'. She'd heard so many stories about America. So she got together her earnings and booked passage on the ship.

STELLA: Poor mother,—and she drifted to New Hampshire. I remember her singing and playing on this guitar. Oh, mustn't it have been terrible for her, Aunt Emma? Imagine her struggles, her hopes for an operatic career, all to end—where? This bleak place, these people who know nothing of art, of life, of love! I once saw a wren, her wing broken, lying on the snow. She was far from home, and the snow was reddened. When I picked her up I saw some one had shot her. The poor thing was so frightened—so hopeless, it made me think of mother.

MRS. HARRIS (coolly): It might not be our way to like those things you speak of, to appreciate them, as you say, still we have our ways, and they're mighty good for here. (Archly), besides we like purty singin'. I used to sing myself when I was a girl.

STELLA: Of course you can sing! (She runs over and kisses her): I didn't mean to hurt you, Aunt Emma. I bet you were a wonderful singer. And how you could play the melodeon!

MRS. HARRIS: Seems like a mighty long time ago, Stella dear. Well—I better go upstairs now, I've some carding to do. Did you see any of that gray thread lying around?

STELLA: There was a whole heap of it on the table. I put it on the mantel-piece. Wait—I'll get it for you.

MRS. HARRIS: I don't know what I'd do without you. Thank you, dear, thank you.

(Mrs. Harris goes upstairs. Left alone, Stella places some logs on the fire, returns to her chair, and reads the book which was lying on the table. After a moment she rises, gets a pen-

cil from a shelf and returns. She underlines a short passage in the book. Suddenly there is a knock on the door. Stella listens. It is repeated.)

STELLA: Come in.

(She puts the open book face downward on the table. The door opens and Myra Agnew enters—a girl of about twenty-five, gayly and fashionably dressed.)

MYRA: Pardon me, but I was just walking by here and thought I'd drop in. I was feeling thirsty. Could I have a drink?

STELLA (who has been looking at her intently): Why, of course. I'll get you some fresh milk. Won't you sit down?

MYRA: Thank you, I will. (Stella continues to stare at her and Myra notices it.) You seem surprised. Do you know me?

STELLA: You look familiar, but I can't place you.

MYRA: I've only been in town a few days. You see, I'm Myra Agnew of the Sutherland Stock Company, playing in the village.

STELLA: Oh, now I remember. I saw you yesterday afternoon in the play.

MYRA: Yes. I've been playing every afternoon this week except today. So I thought I'd take a trip around and bid a last goodbye to the New Hampshire hills. I'm taking the train in about twenty minutes.

STELLA: But you can't walk back to town in that time! It takes almost ten minutes by automobile.

MYRA: I know. I don't intend to walk. Your local manager, Mr. Sutherland, was nice enough to drive me. But we got a flat shoe at the foot of the hill so I decided to walk to the top while he fixed it. I told him to wait there for me.

STELLA: Pardon me—I'll get the milk.

(She takes a piteher of milk from a chest in the corner, pours out a glass, and hands it to Myra.)

MYRA: Oh, thank you. (As she drinks.) I was just noticing the guitar here. It's a beautiful instrument, isn't it? The carvings are so strange—so foreign. Where did you get it?

STELLA: It was my mother's. She was foreign—a Russian.

MYRA: A Russian! How out of place she must have felt here.

STELLA: I think it killed her. I don't exactly mean the people or the climate. But when you have hopes—you live. When hope goes—you die.

STELLA: Yes. She wanted to be a great singer. She came to this country for what she knew Russia could never give. Then she realized she could never get it here. She turned to father—them. Her duty, she said. But it wasn't for long. I sometimes think we're like water. When it can reflect something higher like the sun at

dawn—it's beautiful, living. When there's nothing there, like a black night—it's dead.

MYRA: I think I understand.

STELLA: You, too, have felt the same?

MYRA: Yes. I put all my girlhood in an operatic career. But somehow I couldn't quite make it. That's why I took to this company. I had to express myself some way or I couldn't have gone on. But why speak of these things? Sing for me, won't you? Surely you've played this guitar. Russian blood—a Russian tune. Here.

(She passes her the guitar. Stella's face becomes animated. Taking the guitar, she sings, spiritedly):

When the morning fields were bright,
And the underwood was green,
My fond lover came riding
From his Georgian demesne.

When the little stars appeared,
And the night wind blew keen,
My lost lover went riding
To his Georgian demesne.

Why he left, I know not,
But the old gypsies say,
He was of the Sons of Alf,
Men who love but for a day.

MYRA (amazed): Your voice is glorious—ah—what is your name?

STELLA: Stella—Stella—Stella Downes.

MYRA: It's a pretty name. Have you ever taken lessons, Stella?

STELLA: No, never.

MYRA: Never taken lessons, and such a voice! You must train.

STELLA: But my aunt—she wouldn't hear of it.

MYRA: Oh, but you *must* do Carmen! It's almost uncanny: but your mother, you know—her thwarted hopes.

STELLA (slowly): I never thought of that.

MYRA: Of course stage folk are superstitious—but you have the talent, I know. And it's the only thing that will bring you happiness.

STELLA (almost to herself): "A dreamer lives forever and a toiler dies in a day."

MYRA: What's that?

STELLA: It was in this book I was reading.

MYRA: "A dreamer lives forever—" It's true. Oh, you must get out of this, Stella! You can't stay here, wasting your gifts.

STELLA: But what can I do!

MYRA: Why not come with me? We need a girl in the company who can sing. I'll see that you're placed. Will you come?

STELLA: Now?

MYRA: Yes.

STELLA: Oh—I don't dare!

(Continued on page eleven)

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WOMAN RETAINS HER POSITION

(Continued from page nine)

had been under the impression that things had been left rather indefinite about the Prom. Of course, we were going to take the girls, but I didn't think there would be any question as to who was to take which.

"Poke," I said, worried, "you had a date with Doris last night."

To have her go to him was, after all, just the breaks of the game; but the thought that he was wilfully breaking our resolution was unbearable to me.

Then a smile replaced his serious look. "That resolution," he announced, "is null and void so far as I am concerned; for I can tell by a queer, clear, wonderful feeling inside me somewhere that I have arrived at years of discretion."

Great was the sigh of relief that I breathed. He was true to me. He was still my friend. We shook hands warmly and understood each other.

Ten years from that time, Bette and I and our children were pitching camp along a quiet little river in the woods, for it was summer, and Bette had earned a vacation from her extensive road-building labors. I was cooking one of my choice dinners on the improvised stove, and Bette was digging trenches around the tents to keep out rain water, when up drove Poke and his family. Two of the Lumpitz kids—little Doris and Poke, Jr.—were fighting over a fishing rod.

"I get that rod," yelled Poke Jr., "because I am a boy, and boys come first."

At this point my oldest son intervened. "My father," he said, "is a wise man and inspires

respect for his judgment. I have heard him say so himself. Let him settle this."

Thus justly flattered, I stepped forward to arbitrate. "Children," I stated in my most sagacious tone, "Let us think clearly about this matter. It is not well to be rash; you must always be rational. Therefore, I should advise you to postpone your fishing until you arrive at years of discretion."

THE GUITAR

(Continued from page ten)

MYRA: You *must* dare! Think, Stella, it may be your last chance—to really *live* instead of rotting away in this place.

STELLA: Oh, I know, I know!

MYRA: You owe it to yourself. You owe it to your mother. (*A slight pause.*) I'm going back to the car. We'll drive up here and pick you up.

STELLA: But—my things—I'll have to pack—

MYRA: A few things will do. That won't take you a minute. Will you be ready? (*There is a slight pause.*)

STELLA: Yes.

MYRA: Good! (*She starts for the door.*)

STELLA: You can use this side door. It's shorter to the bottom of the hill.

MYRA: I'll be back in a minute.

(*She goes out. Stella hurries into next room. Meanwhile Mrs. Phillips re-enters, goes to the fireplace to look at the contents of the boiler, then starts to set the table. Mrs. Harris comes down from upstairs.*)

MRS. HARRIS: Did Mr. Lapham sell the land for you, Carrie?

MRS. PHILLIPS: Yes, he got quite a large sum for it. (*She regards Mrs. Harris intently*

for a moment.) He received news of your husband's will today. It's settled.

MRS. HARRIS: What did he say? Did he give you the letter?

MRS. PHILLIPS: No. He's sending the letter tomorrow, but he told me what's in it.

MRS. HARRIS: Tell me, Carrie, don't sit there like that.

MRS. PHILLIPS: There ain't nothing to get het up over. When his debts were paid there was nothing left except a tract of land in Cheshire and that's worthless.

MRS. HARRIS: Nothing left? Then I'm penniless!

MRS. PHILLIPS (*dryly*): Looks that way. (*Stella re-enters.*) I guess you'd better take in sewing again. That may earn your keep.

MRS. HARRIS: I think I'll go to my room. I don't feel well. (*She goes upstairs.*)

STELLA: Why did you say Aunt Emma would have to take in sewing?

MRS. PHILLIPS: None of your business. You set this table. I'm going to the pasture for the cows.

(*She notices the book on the table. She picks it up and glances at the page which Stella was reading. She smiles caustically. Stella watches her calmly.*)

MRS. PHILLIPS: What did you underline this for?

STELLA: What?

MRS. PHILLIPS (*reading scornfully*): "A dreamer lives forever and a toiler dies in a day."

STELLA (*with pretended carelessness*): Oh, I guess there's something in it I like.

(Continued on page twelve)



The drawing shown above pictures the Wisteria Walk, bordering the South side of the Arboretum.

THE GUITAR

(Continued from page eleven)

MRS. PHILLIPS: Reckon you come under the dreamer class—is that it?

STELLA: Maybe—we'll see.

MRS. PHILLIPS: Rubbish!

(She throws the book on the table and goes out. Stella pauses for a moment, listening to her footsteps, then hurries to the next room for her suitcase. She returns with it immediately, goes to the door and opens it. In the distance, faintly, can be heard the sound of the car taking the difficult grade up the hill. Closing the door, she turns about and notices her guitar. Picking it up, she stands looking at it like one hypnotized, as though it were telling her of the success that awaits her. Suddenly from upstairs comes the aged, plaintive voice of Mrs. Harris singing an old hymn tune, to the faint accompaniment of a melodeon. Clearly the words sound through the room. "When other helpers fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, abide—" The voice breaks. A sob is heard. Then all is quiet save for the sound of the approaching motor. It stops. Stella draws back a step. Slowly her eyes turn toward the staircase. There is the sound of steps at the door and Myra enters hurriedly.)

MYRA: Ready?

STELLA (listlessly): I—don't think—I'm going.

MYRA: Not going? Why not?

STELLA: I can't tell you.

MYRA: Afraid?

STELLA: No, it isn't that. . . You'd better hurry. (She turns to her, holding out her hand.) Goodbye. You've been very kind. But it's impossible.

MYRA: But—Stella—

STELLA: Oh—please—please go! (Myra looks at her searchingly. Then she takes her hand.)

MYRA: Goodbye.

(She goes out slowly. After a pause the motor is heard. Stella slumps into a nearby chair. The guitar slips from her hand on to the floor. She does not notice but stares dully ahead. Nothing interrupts the silence of the scene except the sound of the motor fading in the distance.)

—Boston College Styles.

MICHEL

(Continued from page six)

In your hair the fragrant smell of
night has clung;
The eyes of me are blind to the stars,
Seeing you dancing here.

Painful, eyes closed,
Bending her body to the weaving thread
Of melody.

Turn softly and smile through the
mist and the dark,
Send to me your song for a silver kiss.
Estrellita, in your heart is there no
pain,
Seeing my body grow old for you
When you have closed your hands.

From scrubbing pails we ran
And saw the street lights ringed with feathered
snow.
One by snow-pricking one the windows flashed

Rendezvous

By GEORGE BROWN

Let us away for a night, afar
From thundering crowds with curious
eyes,
To a hidden haunt, a paradise
Of solitude, where no men are..

There let us drink of love our fill,
Do what others dread to mention,
Break life's barrier, sham convention;
Revel madly, as we will.

And then return to lighted places,
Kiss once more, then break away
Fore'er—for love has had its day;
We've lived and died in our embraces.

To yellow squares. She turned to me and smiled.
There were so many windows that the fire
Came back into our hearts, and we went home.

No, leave the page unturned. Only one song
Is left, and I remember it too well.
But at its ending I should find engraven:
"Da capo al fine," and that would mean
That I should play this loneliness again.
I should not sleep. No, leave the page unturned.

Medievalism On The
Campus

THE UNIVERSITY of Oklahoma was created on paper some forty years ago.

Two years later the first classes were held in the upstairs of a stone building on Main Street. It was three years after its creation that the first building was upraised in a wilderness of prairie grass and buffalo wallows on the acreage which has since become known as the campus.

Only thirty-seven years then has our school had a chance for its actual physical development, and considering such youth it is no wonder that the striations of its different cultures are still evident. Most obvious of these layers are those of crudity and sophistication.

The crudity is that of the sons and daughters of pioneers who have retained the rugged traits of their parents and are still bustling with vitality, animal spirits and uncontrolled enthusiasms. (One may look at these enthusiasms kindly or frowningly, but I say they're the most healthful sign in our environment.)

The sophistication of the campus is a second-hand product. The usual observer says that it is the product of money. I say that it is the product of the journey of money to other parts and its return. If you go to the root of the matter you'll find that each new affectation, each new luxury here has been imported by the sons and daughters of the frontier who have gone to eastern schools and returned to share their newly acquired worldliness with their fellow students. If you doubt this assertion try tracing the newest fad and see if it didn't origi-

nate on the campus with the arrival of some particularly choice coed or some ultra collegiate youth just out of an eastern (or sometimes southern) school.

It is not the obvious layers of crudity and sophistication that interest me, however. My interest has been caught for some months past by a more subtle influence here, and one which provides the richest background for our college. This is the element of medievalism on the campus.

Primary insignia of this medievalism is the military training corps stationed here. The quarters of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps resemble a baron's stronghold, a king's camp come to thrive where the buffalo wallows indented the ground. The organization practices the routine of a people at war, and its caste system is as elaborate as that of the court of an emperor. Dress and decorations and titles are the emblems of rank here as they were in medieval kingdoms, and their correctness and precedence are observed as meticulously as in that mythical kingdom of Zenda.

Second in the ranks of medievalism are the black-robed, white-cowled religious sisters who fleet silently along campus walks and attend yet more silently their many classes. In them we have a reversion to the middle ages when every convent and monastery was a sanctuary to which those in distress might flee. Today these orders do not represent consciously such havens of protection, and yet we find that the holy sisters bear the same faces of goodness and benignity that their predecessors have borne throughout centuries of existence. Amid the hurley burley of overorganized college life they personify peace from worldly cares and remind us of the beauties of cloistered solitude.

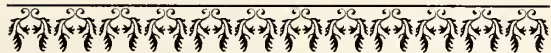
The third symbol of age of which I speak cannot be called accurately medieval, for it antedates the medieval. I refer to the wolf pack. Have you ever on a frosty morning, or better yet, when there is snow upon the ground, been struck by the resemblance of a horde of playing dogs to the wolf pack of primeval days? They are household pets we know when we rationalize, but as we turn a corner and see them suddenly bounding among trees or racing across the oval they transport us momentarily to the savage state when such brutes were wild and preyed upon human life. Instinctive fear seizes us for a moment, and we too may revert to primeval man and seek protection. But these dogs have been civilized, and if we meditate upon the centuries which have taken to complete the process we may realize just how deeply our roots are embedded in the past.

Other medieval influences may undoubtedly be found here. I note these three but as a reminder that all is not crudity nor artificiality upon the campus. They symbolize the older civilization from which we have sprung; they remind us of ancient backgrounds of which we are too little aware. They speak of our heritage of many civilizations and indicate that they are as essential to our final cultural flowering as are many more obvious facts thrust at us from books. —University of Oklahoma Magazine.

"Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content."
—Robert Greene.



THE editor of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE takes pleasure in mentioning the following names for consistent and painstaking work on the publication throughout his regime: Joseph Piper Jones, James Baxter Dawson, Philip Liskin, Vernon Baldwin Crook, David Craig McClure, Mary Black Buie, John Knox Barrow, Clyde Allison Shreve, James Theda Ginn, John Waller Wardlaw, Aubrey Augustus Gurganus, Philipp Klemens Kauffmann, Beverly Cooper Moore, and Vernon A. Ward, Jr.



The River

By J. C. WILLIAMS

SWIFTLY moves the silv'ry stream
Through hill and valley and plain,
Reflector of the starlight's gleam,
Offspring of the swelling rain.

Each tiny speck of foam,
Each glist'ning bit of spray
Seems ever bound for its home
Beyond the cliffs and woods away.

The banks that yonder rise
Like spheres of clinging vine
Often touch the drooping skies,
Oft' the cliffs and crags entwine.

Naught of beginning or of end,
Yesterday and tomorrow the same,
The river flows from bend to bend
Heedless of whence it came.

Winter's chill at length is spent;
The last of the melting ice,
Her wintry garments rent,
Fades from the mounting precipice.

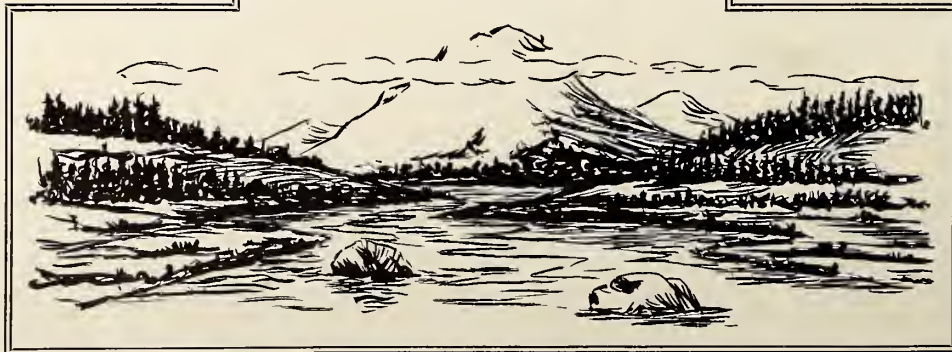
The blooming shrubs on either side,
Emblems of the welcome Spring,
Tokens of the fallen tide,
Have felt the honeybee's sting.

Oft' in the early days of June
I have slept on this wave-swept shore;
The only light—, the new-born moon,
The only sound—, the fisherman's oar.

Hardly have I time to wonder
On the mountain ivy's bloom
'Fore Autumn's wind in magic wonder
Dispels the Summer, brings the gloom.

Once again the winter sear,
Brings the chill and glist'ning ice,
Warning of the coming year
With its frozen precipice.

Each year the seasons come and go;
Still the river wends its way
No man its source can know;
No hand its course can stay.



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The Germ of Drama

Believing that the germ of drama lies close to the essence of music, Mr. Chace analyzes Greek tragedy, which contains elements of both.

By RICHARD A. CHACE

A more or less detailed study of the essentials of the drama, as derived from the extant sources of Greek tragedy, can hardly be considered as beside the point, for here we have the germ of which modern drama has become the belated and too often decadent flowering. Here we have the original impulse projected through the intervening centuries as powerful as when first conceived, and here we have the formal mold first expanding to suit the new needs of the people that dictated it.

It is advisable, at first, to define two terms used constantly throughout this paper in connection with Hellenic art-forms—the Apollonian and the Dionysian. It is in connection with Apollo and Dionysus, the two art-deities of the Greeks, that we learn that there existed in the Grecian world a wide antithesis, in origin and aims, between the art of the shaper, the Apollonian, and the non-plastic art of music, that of Dionysus: both these so heterogeneous tendencies run parallel to each other, for the most part openly at variance, and continually inciting each other to new and more powerful births, to perpetuate in them the strife of this antithesis, which is but seemingly bridged over by their mutual term "Art"; till at last, by a metaphysical miracle of the Hellenic will, they appear paired with each other, and through this pairing eventually generate the equally Dionysian and the Apollonian art-work of Attic tragedy. The Apollonian might further be qualified as the glorious divine image of the principium individuationis from out of the gestures and looks of which all the joy and wisdom of "appearance," together with its beauty, speak to us. The Dionysian, in contradistinction, arises from a sort of spiritual drunkenness and might be called a strong emotional reaction to the force of awakened instinct. Change Beethoven's "jubilee-song" into a painting, and, if your imagination be equal to the occasion when the awestruck millions sink into the dust, you will then be able to approach the Dionysian. Now is the slave a free man, now all the stubborn, hostile barriers, which necessity, caprice, or "shameless fashion" has set up between man and man, are broken down. Now, at the evangel of cosmic harmony, each one feels himself not only united, reconciled, blended with his neighbor, but as one with him, as if the veil of Maya had been torn and

Michel, Lying Awake to Think His Thoughts

By JAMES DAWSON

*His knee upraised. Here in the April dark,
The asphalt scented wind annoyed his hair,
And Mars shot through his window like a spark.
He heard thin seconds sharply drip on air.*

*He whispered: "Spring is an apple in the wind.
Spring is a madness. Spring is this to me
And something else to you. It is the smell
Of rain on pavements. It is Irish lace
On nursemaids' aprons. Spring is in the mind,
Leaving the drifting of the flesh to be
Unchecked. It is a silly, point-eared spell
Spring is a leprechaun with a girl's white face."*

*He heard the shells of breaking minutes fall,
And cursed, and turned his head against the
wall.*

were now merely fluttering in tatters before the mysterious Primordial Unity.

Anent these immediate art-states of nature every artist is either an "imitator," to wit, either an Apollonian, an artist in dreams, or a Dionysian, an artist in ecstasies, or finally—as for instance in Greek tragedy—an artist in both dreams and ecstasies: so we may perhaps picture him, as in his Dionysian drunkenness and self-abnegation, lonesome and apart from the revelling choruses, he sinks down, and how now, through Apollonian dream-inspiration, his own state, i.e., his oneness with the primal source of the universe, reveals itself to him in a symbolical dream-picture.

This, it seems to me, represents the essential source from which the drama arose and which, in greater or less degree, constitutes the germ of all play-wrighting—insofar as the play is symbol of idea. In Dionysian art at its highest man is incited to the highest exaltation of all his symbolic faculties, something never before experienced struggles for utterance. We have such as experience, if we submerge ourselves in the poetry and drama, and allow the music of it all to surge freely through us, in Aeschylus, at his best, for example, THE AGAMEMNON and THE PROMETHEUS BOUND.

Tradition tells us that tragedy sprang from the tragic chorus and was originally chorus and nothing but chorus: and hence we feel it our duty to look into the heart of this chorus as being the real drama. In time the element represented by the chorus became subordinated to the superfluous position of spectator and hence gradually eliminated altogether.

It is in Aeschylus that we first see the protagonist arise from the chrysalis chorus, but it is also in Aeschylus that symbolism reaches its

(Continued on page four)

With Malice Toward None

By JOE JONES

As a restless, bored sitter-on-class I am indebted to many professors of the University of North Carolina both for their tolerance toward habitual back-row occupants and their adeptness in imparting knowledge in an entertaining manner. I wish especially to express my gratitude to Professors Brooks, Caldwell, Coffin, Green, Jones, Cobb, and Heffner, all of whom have rendered part of my classroom life pleasant as well as profitable. Yet, with the exception of Messrs. Coffin, Green, and Jones, I have been disappointed that these men, along with the majority of North Carolina professors, are guilty of the petty habit of attempting, on the slightest pretext, to evoke mirth by simply mentioning the F. F. V.'s.

To hear a classroom obediently force a snicker whenever a professor says f, f, and v, even if he says it eighteen times a quarter, is an annoying experience. There seems to be among North Carolinians an inborn agreement to recognize any mention of F. F. V.'s as a tacit signal for mirth, the implication being that the alleged "first families" are a set of degenerate snobs. The professor depends on the infallibility of this tradition to render his stale innuendo acceptable.

Making the noxious circle of pettiness more distasteful is the fact that many of the Virginians in question aren't such a bad lot after all. It may be true that only three of Virginia's prominent names were outstanding in England, but does that strike anything from the worth of their present bearers? Although not a few of the old families are threadbare today this condition has seldom caused them to be less desirable as friends and neighbors; their life still carries a distinct air of graciousness which neither opulence nor penury may disrupt. Nor do the ones who are well-to-do say, "Look at us; we are F. F. V.'s."

I am thinking especially of a community in northern Virginia where many of these "first" families still reside: the Peyton Randolphs, the Pages, the Lees, the Byrds, the Carters, the Nelsons; living generation after generation in their ancestral manor houses, riding to the hounds, sending their sons and daughters off to fashionable academies, going to the horse fairs, dancing and making love and tending their flower gardens in an Old World way that is almost forgotten in America.

The old mounting blocks are still there, and they are used. There the foxhounds still bell

(Continued on page eight)

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(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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Circulation Manager . . . HAL V. WORTH

Sunday, May 10, 1931

The Pruning Season

Some time back when the great white oak tree growing near Davie poplar was a mere sprout the *Carolina Magazine* was established at this university. But unlike the steadily growing oak, the *Magazine* has grown for periods, became dormant, then grown again. Ever it is a reflection of the student body and student interests. The age-yellowed files of the university publications tell us of students of other days. We can look at the back numbers of the *Yackety Yack* and see what those students were like in appearance. The old copies of the *Tar Heel* tell us what they did. And the *Carolina Magazine* is a record of the most polished thoughts. Some day people will be looking back on the files that we will make the next year. This generation of students will be reflected in those same files, and we are responsible for mirroring in them the best that Carolina has to offer in creative writing. A tradition of fine writing carried out by Carolina's alumni authors should be upheld with the same care and sincerity by the present editorial staff as if it were entrusted with the care of the ivy vines growing around Davie poplar.

Again like a tree, a publication such as the *Carolina Magazine* flourishes like a plant in the summertime. Each year it grows superfluous limbs, decays in some parts, and loses important members in others. Each spring the university has tree surgeons to doctor its trees. Undesired limbs that are part of the tree yet detrimental to its growth are cut off. Cavities are filled, and raw places are healed. Then the tree is ready to grow. The *Magazine* should undergo a like overhauling and revising. Should the type of contributions be altered? The manner of reviewing books in the past may not be satisfactory. Perhaps there should be more

poetry and less prose. The *Carolina Magazine* is in the springtime of another editorial regime. It is the pruning season, and we would like to hear some suggestions for the improvement of the students' literary publication.

REORGANIZATION OF STAFF

With this issue of the *Carolina Magazine* a reorganization of the staff will begin. The staff of this issue is only temporary for the most part, but a definite organization will be made in the near future. Work that was done for the *Magazine* during the regime of the former editor will not alone serve to keep those old members on the new staff.

For publishing an average or superior college magazine it is necessary that we have a large number of contributions from which to select the best for printing. To best reflect the campus in this organ of student creative writing it is necessary that the writings be as varied as the students on this campus in type. This calls for a rather large staff of students from all walks of the campus life. We would like for all of the members of the old staff to continue their work on the *Magazine*, together with anyone else who is interested in writing or other phases of the *Magazine*. The new staff will be made up of those who contribute good material consistently.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

The Germ of Drama RICHARD A. CHACE
With Malice Toward None
(an article) JOE JONES
Very Happy (a story) VERNON WARD, JR.
The Story of Eric (a story) ALDEN STAHR
A Memory To Be Filed
(a sketch) PHILIP MILHOUS
Aunt Beth (a sketch) W. M. HAYES
Black Man (a sketch) PETER HAIRSTON
My Uncle (a sketch) PHILIP MILHOUS

POETRY

Michel Lying Awake To Think
His Thoughts JAMES DAWSON
From An Open Classroom Window
JOHN W. WARDLAW
Seascape ALLEN STANHOPE
Now That Spring Has Come
BROOKES FRYER
Phantasy GEORGE BROWN
Jazz PRELUDES JAMES DAWSON
Bondage ELEANOR KINCAID

DEPARTMENTS

The Book World
Book Chat ROY CHAPIN
The Pruning Season (editorial)

BOOK CHAT
By ROY CHAPIN

Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel* (Charles Scribner's Sons), has been banned by the Irish Free State Censorship Board. Somebody must have told the board that the book is not so devotional as its title might lead one to believe.

* * *

Arno Dosch-Fleuret, formerly European correspondent of the *New York World*, has written a book entitled *Through War to Revolution*, which John Lane is publishing in London. Mr. Dosch-Fleuret was the only American correspondent who was in Russia during both the revolutions of 1917. He remained in Russia two years. His book contains an eye-witness account of the revolution and sketches of Kerensky, Lenin, Trotsky, and other leaders.

* * *

The last installment of the English translation of Remarque's new novel, *The Road Back*, as finally revised by the author, has reached the office of Little, Brown, & Co., and the book is now definitely scheduled for publication on May 11. There is a possibility that Remarque may come to this country. The Universal Film Corporation is to film *The Road Back*, and Carl Laemmle, Jr., is trying to persuade the author to come to Hollywood and associate himself with its production.

* * *

Edgar Wallace has become so tired of the rumors that he employs ghost writers to do his books that he has offered a reward of 5,000 pounds to any one who can prove that he ever employed a ghost. To make it more emphatic, he announces that ghosts are eligible for the reward. Mr. Wallace's American publishers, Doubleday, Doran, & Co., will doubtless be glad to forward to him any communication concerning his offer.

* * *

There are three ways to see France, says Robert Gordon Anderson, author of *An American Family Aboard* (McBride). There is the tourists fly-by-night way; pleasant, of course, but sometimes inducing "traveler's indigestion." There is the more leisurely and expensive way of sojourning for a considerable time in a famous city at the high-priced carananseries, and moving in American circles. But the third way is the delightful and highly profitable method of installing oneself in French families or pensions. This way one learns conversational French more quickly, and becomes really acquainted with French ways, customs and attitudes. Mr. Anderson did more than this. For the greater part of the year he spent abroad he lived with his family in a French student pension. Here he found not only many French students from the Sorbonne and other University of Paris schools, but students from every quarter of the globe. So this family of five not only saw Paris and France, but the entire world.

Very Happy

By VERNON WARD, JR.

Somehow he was glad his wife died. He thought it was a lucky break. He hadn't ever loved her. He didn't know why. Sometimes he thought she was too good for him—too damn good.

Anyway he did all he could for her. Buried her beside a stream in a valley in the mountains. She liked the mountains. She would be happy there.

He went home. There was nothing for him, nothing to keep him there. There was nothing to hope for. He couldn't understand why. He had a headache from thinking, from trying to understand that she was dead. He wanted to forget. Why did he want to forget? He didn't love her.

He would go to Mary. She would understand. She always understood, knew how to make him happy. He should have had Mary always. He was a fool—a damn fool. But people would talk about him and Mary, would say he didn't love his wife. He didn't. But he didn't want people to talk. Why did people talk anyway? What difference did it make? He didn't care if people did talk.

He felt pretty bad, wasn't sure what he was doing; but somehow he got to Mary's. He blew his horn. She came out to the car, got onto the running board.

"Hello, Dick."

"How are you, Mary?"

"All right."

"My wife died, you know."

"Sure. I know. Too bad, Dick."

"Not so bad, though."

"You weren't too crazy about her, were you, Dick?"

"No. I'm glad she died."

"Never did love her much, did you?"

"Somehow I couldn't ever."

"I know."

"Sure."

"Anything I can do?"

"Nothing new."

"What'll we do?"

"Don't know. Nothing much."

"Anything?"

"Sure. Get married maybe."

"No. That would spoil it."

"Sure."

"We'd get tired."

"I don't know."

"We'd get damn tired."

"Think so?"

"Sure."

"Guess so. Guess we'd beter go on without it."

"Yeah."

"Love me, Mary?"

"Damn right."

"You understand me, Mary."

"Sure. I understand you."

"She never did understand me like you."

"I know."

"I'm damn glad she died."

"Me too."

"Sure."

"Feel pretty low, don't you, Dick?"

(Continued on page seven)

From An Open Classroom Window

By JOHN W. WARDLAW

*Orange and red, purple and green,
These beauties of color are only seen*

*When the breath of springtime blows
around,
With its rustles and murmurs; even the
ground*

*Sends forth an essence to tint the air
As it chases the clouds in the sky to share*

*The floating bliss which they sense above,
When the world below turns to thoughts
of love.*

*Dancing beetles and buzzing bees,
The butterfly swoops for the flower he
sees:*

*All nature's chirping, purring, and
playing,
The things the birdies and kittens are
saying,*

*Are magnified in this world of ours.
Hearts dance and sing: Spring brings
forth powers.*

The Story of Eric

By ALDEN STAHR

As jagged lines were losing their harshness in the softly-changing shades of twilight, I was walking slowly along the half-observed roadway at the foot of a perpendicular cliff. I walked on a little farther, and, having reached a point removed from its base, I turned around to enjoy more fully the naturally harmonious perspective. Mere memories of the sun's glaring rays still diffused a pleasing half light over the surface of the cliff, and, fascinated, I watched a solitary spot of shadow shift gently upward with an almost imperceptible movement. As it reached the lip of the precipice I was about to go, but suddenly the last rays showed brighter against the white garments of a figure which appeared as if from nowhere—a pallid unearthly vision. I doubted my eyes at first, but as I watched, it moved—stretching its arms high above in supplication and turning a hoary, white-bearded face heavenward; I could see only the snow color of its beard and robe lined against the roseate sky. No sooner had the shadow reached its face than the spectral form vanished, and I remained several moments staring—more than a little mystified and inclined to doubt my senses.

My curiosity grew stronger as I neared the little village a quarter-mile from the mountain, and as I ate my evening meal in its antiquated tavern I tried to engage in conversation one of the heavy rustics who frequented the place. Leaning together against the bar over steins of foaming beer, we talked and smoked, while I casually led around to the apparition I had seen. He talked volubly enough about other matters, but when I told him of my experience

A Memory to be Filed

By PHILIP MILHOUS

I know a place where my first loved river, a smooth-bouldered, angular stream, has slipped out of a tall oak and hickory forest and cut its way through sheer limestone cliffs. I think nobody ever goes there now, and it isn't a place you'd like the first time. It's not especially dark there, but you can't see much of the sun, and there are all sorts of noises such as I never heard anywhere else and wouldn't want to, even if I were not alone and a stranger there.

In all the times I've been there I've never seen anyone about. But I waded that place one day with a real sportsman who was glad to teach me things because I was glad to learn. Perhaps there was another reason. It keeps occurring to me now that there was. And my mind won't rest or let me for remembering little things he said that hadn't any significance to me then, but might now if I could be sure.

He was a fisherman such as makes one proud to follow the sport and almost want to capitalize it when he mentions it in print. He carried his knowledge with an ease and grace that made his every act a sort of demonstrated proverb and one that you could understand.

He's gone now. Took his own life, though it can't be said why. It really doesn't make much difference that I can see, but I hate to hear the smaller souls around him making their dam fool comments on the thing.

"Poor Charles!" they say as if it were any concern of theirs. If only they knew how poor they are themselves and how incapable and unworthy of such an end!

There were trout in the rapids between those cliffs, and he always found them. I dare say few others could have. I couldn't until he taught me.

And so, I still go there looking for them. They and the stone cliffs and the strange noises are about the only things I have to remember him by, except the scarce used Montreal he gave me.

It is quite strange to remember now the time he got into the yellow jacket's nest and the things lit on his bald head and stung him until he broke the split bamboo, his prize rod that he got in Tokio years ago before I was born.

It is quite strange to remember that.

he became suddenly non-committal. He said solemnly, "My friend, that is not for us to talk about, but for the keeping of God above." He then stuck the stem of his pipe in his mouth and puffed in silence, by way of changing the subject. I did not press him further for information, but instead decided to go and seek it at first hand the next day.

The ascent of the cliff was terribly steep; it took me perhaps an hour to reach the summit, but the reward was worth the effort; a beautiful kaleidoscope spread out beneath me. I stood for a while enraptured, looking so intently at the doll-like houses of the village that I did not notice the old man's approach. I looked around at the sound of his voice, but it was so subdued and gentle that it did not startle me.

(Continued on page six)

THE GERM OF DRAMA

(Continued from page one)

highest point, by means of the fallow myth, the universal symbolism to be found in such a conception as that of Prometheus, eternally suffering god. The chorus, by now, has become the ideal spectator in so far as it is the only beholder, the beholder of the visionary world of the scene, and, even as tragedy, with its metaphysical comfort, points to the eternal life of this kernel of existence, notwithstanding the perpetual dissolution of phenomena, so the symbolism of the chorus already expresses itself figuratively this relation between the thing in itself and phenomena.

As well shown in the great work of Aeschylus and Sophocles, the Dionysian excitement can impart to a whole mass of men this artistic faculty of seeing themselves surrounded by such a host of spirits, with whom they know themselves to be inwardly one. This function of the tragic chorus is the dramatic phenomenon: to see one's self transformed before one's self, and then to act as if one had really entered into another body, into another character. This function stands at the beginning of the drama. Here we have something different from the rhapsodist, who does not blend with his pictures, but only sees them, like the painter, with contemplative eye outside of him; here we actually have a surrender of the individual by his entering into another nature. This enchantment is the prerequisite of all dramatic art. In this enchantment the Dionysian reveller beholds the god, that is, in his transformation he sees a new vision outside him as the Apollonian consummation of his state. With this new vision the drama is complete.

The chorus of Greek tragedy, the symbol of the mass of the people moved by Dionysian excitement, is thus fully explained by our conception of it as here set forth. We have learned to comprehend that the scene, together with the action, was fundamentally and originally conceived only as a vision, that the only reality is just the chorus, which of itself generates the vision and speaks thereof with the entire symbolism of dancing, tone, and word.

In the view of things here given we have already all the elements of a profound and pessimistic contemplation of the world, and along with these we have the mystery doctrine of tragedy: the fundamental knowledge of the oneness of all existing things, the consideration of individuation as the primal cause of evil, and art as the joyous hope that the spell of individuation may be broken, as the augury of a restored oneness.

But coming to Euripides we have a different matter. Already Greek tragedy is degenerating into what we now know as drama and the beginning of the end is foreshadowed all too plainly. Euripides is primarily the thinker and the preacher, the logical contemporary of Socrates—and so the Euripidean drama is a thing both cool and fiery, equally capable of freezing and burning; it is impossible for it to attain the Apollonian effect of the epos, while, on the other hand, it has severed itself as much as possible from Dionysian elements, and now, in order to act at all, it requires new stimulants,

Seascape

By ALLEN STANHOPE

*The dingy tramp,
Bound for Rio,
Plows doggedly through a piling sea.
Again and again she dips her blunt nose under
As she wallows, lurches sou'east.
The darting gulls scream piercingly
About her dirty superstructure.
Leaden sky, slate sea, and gray haze stretching
away.
She leaves a dark smudge hanging listlessly
Over her foam-flecked wake.*

which can no longer lie within the sphere of the two unique art-impulses, the Apollonian and the Dionysian. The stimulants are cool, paradoxical thoughts, in place of Apollonian intuitions—and fiery passion—in place of Dionysian ecstasies; and, in fact, thoughts and passions very realistically copied, and not at all steeped in the ether of art.

From Euripides on the drama becomes less ideal and more studiously human, more superficially real. The essentials have been lost. We now observe the victory of the phenomenon over the Universal, and the delight in the quasi-anatomical preparation; we actually breathe the air of a theoretical world, in which scientific knowledge is valued more highly than the artistic reflection of a universal law. The movement along the line of the representation of character proceeds rapidly: while Sophocles still delineates complete characters and employs myth for their refined development, Euripides already delineates only prominent individual traits of character, which can express themselves in violent bursts of passion.

But if we ask by what physic it was possible for the Greeks, in their best period, notwithstanding the extraordinary strength of their Dionysian and political impulses, neither to exhaust themselves by ecstatic brooding, nor by a consuming scramble for empire and worldly honor, but to attain the splendid mixture which we find in a noble, inflaming, and contemplatively disposing wine, we must remember the enormous power of tragedy, exciting, purifying, and disburdening the entire life of a people, for we now understand what it means to wish to view tragedy and at the same time to have a longing beyond the viewing.

All question of technique aside how far does modern drama go toward fulfilling the old concept of tragedy? The drama of all ages is a genuine reflection of the races and peoples involved in its creation. In Greek tragedy we find the subtlest literary development of the human mind. What have we today in its place?

CONTRIBUTORS THIS ISSUE

Joe Jones, Richard A Chace, James Dawson, Vernon Ward, Roy Chapin, John W. Wardlaw, Alden Stahr, Philip Milhous, Allen Stanhope, Howard Nahikian, W. M. Hayes, Brookes Fryer, George Brown, Peter W. Hairston, Eleanor Kincaid.

Black Man

By PETER W. HAIRSTON, JR.

I can hardly remember Marse John as I look back now and try to visualize the old darkey sitting at the door of the cabin in which he had lived all of his ninety-nine years. I recall a white beard, an old and shrivelled face, and a corn cob pipe, from which there went up a narrow thread of smoke. He smiled and showed me how to climb up in the peach tree for the fruit that was just ripening, pointing with his stick. It is just a child's impression, but it is a happy one.

Marse John hadn't been any too easy going in his younger days, but he had lived on his laurels for some years before he died. Each year, the laurels became a little larger and far more elaborate. The band of ten Yankees, who had once held him up and asked him where he had hidden a certain trunk of silver which he had buried, increased to a hundred. Whereas they had originally threatened to hang him up by his thumbs, their threat eventually devolved into hanging by the neck.

He was fond of telling how he was descended from an African king, and his tales of his master's prowess were almost innumerable. He had been coachman and body guard to a major in the Civil War, and it was his silver that the Yankees had demanded. It was a matter of personal pride with him that he knew every southern general in North Carolina and Virginia. He had, he said, slept in the same bed with General Lee "one night." I have always been just a little incredulous on this point, but it is an established fact that I have to combat since Marse John said so, and anything that he said was "bound to be true."

His dignity was such that even the owners of the plantation on which he lived obeyed him. He "owned" the whole place and everybody on it. He had raised the masters and "misses," the "po' white trash" was beneath him, and all of the negroes looked up to him as though to a monarch.

He could remember when the manor house was built, the "big house" as he called it, and what the one before it was like. He knew all the signs of the weather. If a less experienced negro was uncertain about what he should do, it was always to Marse John that he went for counsel, and he never came away ignorant from that seer.

But Marse John is dead now. He is dust and over his head is a mat of periwinkle and honeysuckle. "I'se got shoes an' you'se got shoes, an' all God's chillen got shoes. I'll put on the shoes what fitta me bes' an' shout all roun' God's heaven"—he must be still singing it somewhere.

But human bodies are sic fools,

For a' their colleges and schools,

That when nae real ills perplex them,

They mak enow themselves to vex them.

—Robert Burns.

Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it.

—Emerson.



THE BOOK WORLD



Coming Writers

NEW COPY 1931, a selection of unpublished work from members of the writing courses at Columbia University. Columbia University Press, 218 pp. \$2.

In *New Copy* for 1931 we see creative writing approached from a new and very interesting angle. The stories and the sketches have never before been published and were selected by a committee for their real merit. Surprisingly well written and with well developed topics, the essays are truly worthy of great praise.

The topics chosen by these new writers are of a very wide and diversified field. Perhaps a few of the titles would show this better. *Four Young Men Look at a Corpse*, *In the Church*, *The Mediterranean Trip*, *Hot Chocolate*, *The Turkey Farm*, offer us some of the more interesting themes.

The authors themselves are gathered from the whole country, thus affording the reader with an idea of the material offered in the various sections. North, south, east, and west are all represented.

Who's Who in *New Copy*. Benjamin Appel is a native of New York City and has had published a book of verse and a one-act play. . . . Ethel Braxton Baker works have appeared in *Contemporary Verse*, *Star Dust*, *Better Homes and Gardens*, and many other equally note-worthy publications. . . . Katherine Dinwoodey was born in California and has studied abroad. . . . Dorothy Flanagan is a native of Kansas. . . . Lillian Gilkes is from Florida. . . . Lois Leary lives in Maryland. There are many others of equal note and from an equally wide-spread district.

New Copy 1931 will be undoubtedly one of the foremost college publications of the year. Each story is well thought out, carefully written, and very interesting. It should appeal to all readers and would be of special value to college students who are interested in writing.

—Roy Chapin.

Bennett's Last

IMPERIAL PALACE, by Arnold Bennett. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co. \$2.50.

With the death of as eminent an author as Arnold Bennett there generally comes a demand for his last work. Unless some unfinished piece is discovered among his papers, Arnold Bennett's last work is *Imperial Palace*. It is a novel worthy of the honor of being a memorial to the author, for it stands equal with, if not higher than, his best novel, *Old Wives' Tale*.

Imperial Palace is a mass of romantic detail dealing with the great luxury-hotel of today, and therefore chronicles one of the outstanding features of present-day civilization. Bennett was an artist, and these minute details are not thrown at one like so many items on an inven-

tory list. They are woven together to make such a freely romantic story that one marvels at the amazing civilization that we are building today. As one of the characters says: "The luxury-hotel stands for the age, just as the pyramids did for Egypt—I mean as an organism. It's marvelous, and there has never been anything like it before."

The hero of the story, the hotel-manager, Evelyn Orcham, is depicted with amazing skill as a perfect executive. He is tireless—working from eighteen to twenty hours every day and thinking nothing of it. This perfect man brings into the story a bit of so-called "human interest" by his having a love affair with a perfect woman, Gracie Lavott, who decides that he is not as perfect a lover as he is a managing-director. Evelyn later has his wounded heart healed by a much more human-like person, Violet Fowler, head-housekeeper of the palace. There are some eighty-five other speaking characters in this story. These eighty-five complete personalities depicted in Arnold Bennett's style make *Imperial Palace* a most delightful novel for reading.

—Howard M. Nahikian.

Canine Anthology

HERE ARE DOGS, a collection of essays selected by Ollie Depew. The Century Company, 328 pp. \$2.50.

The literature of the dog is limitless. A single shelf would hold all that has been written about the cat. A library would hardly suffice for the prose and verse dedicated to the dog. From "Gelert" to "Rab" and "Bob, Son of Battle," he has dominated ballad and fiction. Few are the poets and few the men of letters who have not paid some measure of tribute to him.

It is a rare person—and one who has suffered a considerable deprivation—who has not at some time loved a dog that acknowledged him master. The subjects of these twenty-four essays range from the humble, furtive-tailed cur, to the proud, pampered, thoroughbred dog. Every reader, therefore, should recognize, in one of these, a resemblance to his own particular "friend." Every dog, as every person, has his individual characteristics, his own assortment of ideals, fixed convictions, and crotchety humors.

The co-ordinate purpose of the contributors to this canine anthology seems to be to show the almost human qualities of "man's best friend." Among the better known members of this sympathetic group are such names as W. H. Hudson, Dorothy Parker, Christopher Morley, and Booth Tarkington, and what they have to say about their dog or dogs is well worth the time spent in reading it.

Lest the collection seem unduly biased in favor of the mute beast, we would suggest a dose of Agnes Repplier's "The Idolatrous Dog." It is a wholesome anodyne to such sentiments as that vicariously expressed by another

contributor, summing up in a few choice words the general attitude—"The thought which comes more earnestly than any other to my mind is—may I never break faith with a dog."

—Roy Chapin.

Revenge Novel

GIN AND BITTERS. By A. Riposte. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. Price \$2.50.

Gin And Bitters—a novel about a novelist who writes novels about other novelists. The title of this sophisticated little novel by 'A. Riposte' might possibly be more suitable if the 'Gin and' were left out, for the book is bitter—Plenty! However, the author of a recent novel of not unlike title dealing rather unkindly with the life of an eminent English author can hardly raise a howl if he is forced to take a dose of his own medicine. The whole affair has become quite a game—you hit my friend, and I'll hit you—until the only one left to enjoy the show is the innocent reader.

'Riposte' begins his story with a quaint little scene in which we are introduced to the hero, Leverson Hurle, in bed with a wife; incidentally she is not his wife but that of his employer. The outcome of this affair is an exchange of job for wife, and the reader is left with the impression that the ex-husband has come off best. By the end of the second chapter we leave off speculating and are fully convinced of whom the author might be writing if he hadn't plainly stated in the beginning of his book that he wasn't drawing his subject from life, for Hurle takes a taxi for Lambeth to visit his former mistress, Lizzie!

After 'Riposte' knocks the lid off the pot, the reader can settle back to a comfortable afternoon and pipe, because there is nothing especially startling throughout the rest of the book to keep one from catching twenty winks occasionally. With great gusto the author clears the decks, and volley after volley of vindictive spleen is fired at his victim. Murle is pictured as a lover of a trusting employer's wife, as a man who leaves his mistress because she loves him too well but foolishly, as a husband who deserts his wife, and as an author living on the hospitality of people in Singapore and India and using them and their affairs as subject matter for his books. Finally Hurle is finished off with ironic satisfaction by dying of pneumonia without a friend in the world except the faithful Lizzie who nurses him during his last few hours of life.

A pleasant bed-time story guaranteed not to keep one awake nights.

—H. Nahikian.

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well
expressed.

—Alexander Pope.

"If you would have a rainbow, you must have the rain."

—Thomas Hardy.

THE STORY OF ERIC

(Continued from page three)

"Welcome to God's middle kingdom, my friend. May your probation never be as long as mine, nor your crime as great!"

We walked in silence nearer to the edge of the cliff and sat down facing each other, on two flat rocks. He had the simple unaffected features of a child in odd contrast to the beard of a man, and his slender body was enveloped in a flowing white robe, which, oddly enough, had all the seams in the back. He carried a short piece of crooked stick which he kept constantly twisting in his thin, blue-veined hands.

"What has been your sin, young man, that you, too, are here between heaven and earth?" he asked sympathetically.

"My sin!" I exclaimed. "Must one have sinned to come up here?"

"Ah, I understand, my boy," he said soothingly. "You do not wish to talk about it, and I shall not ask it again. God put me up here, because I sinned against Him and myself and Nature." He leaned forward tensely and said solemnly, "I killed myself!"

I tried to look aghast at his statement, for I wished to hear all of his story. He continued, "Every day God marches by me, and His shining face watches me to observe my penance and to purge my soul of guilt. Down below on the earth"—He stretched out his arm toward the town—"are the abodes of wicked men whom God watches, too, but I dare not watch them, for I have sinned greater than they. At night I can see the lights in the dwellings of the city of God, and I know I am near, for I can sometimes hear the rumblings of the Pearly Gates when He comes forth in anger, His eyes flashing at the evil down there. Then I implore His mercy and pray until I have appeased His wrath; I hear Him going back, and listen for the faint rumbling of the Gates as He closes them behind Him. Sometimes at night He shows a duller face, thinking to catch me unawares, and on other days He hides craftily behind fleecy veils, but He'll never shut me out of Heaven. I'll get in—" He paused and drew stealthily out of his garment a short stick of wood crudely fashioned in imitation of a key. "Look," and he stuffed it quickly away again. "It is the key to the Pearly Gates. Some black night, when He is asleep, I'm going to—" He stopped suddenly and looked down at His feet, which were already covered by shadow. He arose, stretching himself to his full height with arms reaching skyward and remained quivering with emotion until the sun disappeared. He was now seemingly of my presence, and as I did not wish to spend the night on the mountain, I was obliged to go back to the village, more curious than ever.

Circumstances obliged me to leave that part of the country the next day; I had to give up my quest temporarily, but planned to return sometime in the future.

Several years later I was on a train riding through this same section, and my seat mate was a congenial old man with whom I picked up a conversation. The country we were passing through reminded me of the patriarch of the

Now That Spring Has Come

By BROOKES FRYER

*Now that Spring has come
With mystic scents
Of lavender and lilacs
And the gay rhythm
Of twittering melodies,
With romance breathing
In the ballade of every song bird;
With white blossomy bowers,
And green and gold symphonies,
And dreams of
Far-off, enchanted purple hills,
And silver breezes
Whispering wistfully
Among daffodils,—
I feel more keenly,
More poignantly,
The loss of you;
The aching loneliness
That haunts me constantly;
The loveliness of you
That I once knew;
The bitterness of dreams crushed
Like flowers beneath
Unkind footsteps.*

*Now that Spring has come
With a thin new moon,
And strange yearnings
For the soul's fulfillment,
And the witchery of soft blue nights
Pulsing with the gypsy tune
Of myriad mysteries,—
I miss your hand in mine,
Your voice,
Your eyes,
Your laughter,
All the sweet beauty
And grace of you,
And the happy dreams
We spun together.*

*The world is joyous
With melody and bloom,
And the majesty of stars and clouds;
But it is not
So beautiful to me,
Knowing that I must
Forever walk alone
In Spring's golden ecstasy
Without you.
Sadness, inarticulate
And voiceless,
Steals into my heart,
And gathers to my eyes,
Now that Spring has come.*

cliff, so I remarked, "Some years ago I had a curious experience in the next town. I was walking below a high cliff near the town, and just as the sun went down I saw an—"

"Old man dressed all in white," interrupted my friend.

"Then you, too, know of him?"

"Why, yes," he answered, "I'm on my way to visit him now after a lapse of many years. I used to be his most intimate friend in the university."

"Then perhaps you can satisfy my curiosity.

You see, I inquired about the town, but none of the people there would tell me a word about him. I shall be much obligated to you, sir."

"It will take quite a long time, for to understand his present state you should know something of his past life. Shall we retire to the smoking car? A story is always the better for a pipe."

Seated comfortably in lounging chairs, we puffed quietly for a few moments before he began.

Eric, that's his name, was brought up in a family of ministers which kept to old-fashioned methods of child raising in a more modern thinking society. As a result of his strict breeding he has always been reticent and has had a feeling of mental inferiority—his life is an example of the wrong good people do through ignorance.

"At the age when young boys begin to take a tremulous delight in cursing Eric was withdrawn from the supposedly demoralizing contacts of society and made to play alone or practice music or study books far beyond his years. He had no playmates to impress with his oaths, but they were certainly more fervent than the curses of the street children. Whenever he rebelled at home the only satisfaction he could get was, 'Well-bred little boys did not talk back to their parents' or 'Mother knows best.'

"When Eric reached adolescence his parents did not explain sex to him; instead he had only misinformation from children like himself. His was a nature that rebelled only inwardly; so he vented his dissatisfaction in brooding and excess. Clandestine meetings with harlots were his only contacts with the other sex, when he became old enough. His mother had expressly forbidden him to have anything to do with girls, and his other incentives to wrongdoing were orders against drinking, smoking, and cards."

The old man paused and drew at his pipe without result; he relit it and continued:

"Eric got to hate his home with its air of bigotry and got out of it on every pretext. His mother began to hear gossipy exaggerations about him; so she tried to repress him even more severely. She realized that her control over him was slipping; so she took her displeasure out in petty meanness which merely served to make him hate her more. He found that he had to relieve his pent-up emotion in some way; he became very moody, and tried to forget his unhappy existence in much liquor and bad women.

"The university came into his life as the result of an impulse. He didn't care what happened to him—anything was better than remaining at home. He packed up his effects and left his home with only a surly, half-hearted farewell."

"Did you know him before he went to the university?" I asked.

"Yes, I knew him slightly then, but I lived with him at the university. When he started school a radical change took place in his life. He stopped drinking and gambling and kept regular hours—and strangest of all, he forgot about these women. The university placed no restrictions on him; so he had no incentive to

(Continued on page seven)

VERY HAPPY

(Continued from page three)

"Feel like hell."

"I know. You need a drink."

"Damn right. Get in."

"Sure."

He drove fast; so it wasn't long before they got to a place. It was a good place, back from the road on a hill.

"Good stuff."

"Damn right."

"Like it?"

"Sure."

"Me too."

"Makes you forget."

"I like to forget."

"Me too."

"Damn right."

"What in th' hell?"

"Don' know. Love me, Mary?"

"You're damn right I love you."

"Come here."

"Sure."

"You're damn hot."

"Think so?"

"Sure. Damn hot."

"You're not bad."

"You're damn nice."

"Love me?"

"Sure as hell."

"What we goin' do?"

"Anything."

"Sure."

"Want to?"

"Sure."

"Where we goin'?"

"Don' know. Hamilton."

"Sure, damn right."

"Good hotel."

"Damn good."

"For me an' you."

"Sure. You said it."

They wound around little hills, and down in little valleys behind the hills, and beside little streams in the valleys. Then somehow they stopped winding.

"Mary."

She didn't want to talk.

"Where are you, Mary?"

She didn't say anything.

Everything was dark, very dark. He couldn't see. Then he did see. There was Mary. She was white and lovely beside him. He wanted her. He reached for her.

"You're cold, Mary."

She was dead. The car was all smashed up. He must have run off the embankment. She was still lovely, but she was cold. She wasn't any good for him. He reached for the side pocket. It was very dark down there. Nothing was any good to him. He got his hands on the little revolver that he was looking for and shot himself. He tried not to think. Then he tried to think, but he couldn't.

He was very happy.

There's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms as rum and true religion. —Lord Byron.

"Trust nobody but thyself, and none other will betray thee." —James Branch Cabell.

Phantasy

By GEORGE BROWN

Ah—run thy fawn-like fingers through my hair;

Now o'er my cheeks, my throat, with palms so smooth

Their petal touch revives me, tends to soothe

My anguished, weary, mind; restore peace there.

Ah—let me nestle my head on thy breast; Envelop me so gently with thine arm As doves are wont; conceal me from the harm

My tortured soul foretells; ease my unrest.

Ethereal lady!—hum me some soft tune; A lullaby perchance, that I may creep Into the make-believe, thence to sound sleep,

And thus dispel my care; evade my doom.

Couched in thy love my sorrows I waylay, And sweep the clouds of reality away.

Aunt Beth

By W. M. HAYES

Apparently very little light entered the room through the two windows. Possibly they were too small for the vastness of it. Long ago it had been the bar-room of a country tavern. It had a large fire-place which stretched across almost half of one side. The house had been built when wood was so plentiful that it was burned to get it out of the way. The large joists overhead supporting the floor above had been hewn with an axe and had been decorated with hand carvings. The walls were a dirty, smoky brown; even the cobwebs were sooty. The room was unceiled and the logs used in its construction had been hewn smoothly and the cracks between them were chinked with lime mortar.

A large four-poster bed, made before the advent of machine-made furniture, stood in one of the darkest corners of the room. Almost hidden by the enormous size of this bed and propped up and surrounded by a great pile of pillows, lay a very old lady. Her face was bony, yellow, and wrinkled; her eyes were sunken, but they gleamed with an unnatural light that frightened me. She was not the same cheerful old lady that I always remembered as walking in her flower garden out in the sunshine. I had been sent to inquire after her health. I timidly asked her how she was. She raised a withered, bony hand and pushed the strings of white hair from her forehead.

"It doesn't matter, child, I'm tired; more tired, I hope, than you will ever be. I have looked at this old room and counted every crack and knot in the walls until I am so tired and sick, darling, that I want to get it over with."

I got out of the room as soon as possible and hurried home and told mother that Aunt Beth said that she was tired.

"What did she mean, mother?" I asked. "She has been resting there in bed ever since last year."

THE STORY OF ERIC

(Continued from page six)

err. He led such an exemplary life that he himself often wondered at the change.

"I didn't see very much of him socially; he was always buried in his books. At first he did it in an effort to redeem himself for the lazy, wayward life he had led before, and later studying became such an obsession with him that he could do nothing else. I kept remonstrating with him about it, but it didn't do any good until a sudden change came over him in the fourth year. He tried to come out of his erudite shell, but it was too late—he had already forgotten what society was like. When at last he looked up from his dusty volumes, he found the world disapproving. He was not accepted socially; so he took to drinking heavily again. I well remember the last time I was with him in the university." He looked out of the car window with a reminiscent light in his eyes, filled his pipe, and lit it.

"We were sitting in a corner of a Rathskeller with an empty bottle and innumerable half-burnt cigarettes on the table between us. Eric was disheveled and had a look of gloomy despondency in his eyes. I was pleading with him to refrain from his excesses, and he answered, 'Oh God, Hans, what have I to live for now? For four years I have been buried in nothing but books, trying to make the most of my opportunities. I have pursued learning to the exclusion of all else—'

"I interrupted him. 'That's just the trouble, Eric; you refuse to take time to live. A book-worm doesn't live; he merely exists.'

"'Yes,' Eric said. 'I know. You have been telling me that for several years now, but I didn't realize it until just a few days ago. Every time I have gone to see my betrothed she has seemed to slip further from me, until the last time she broke off our engagement. She told me that she did not wish to marry an encyclopedia. And to add to that I am never invited to affairs any more; because I am a bore and do not know how to comport myself. I have lost my fiancée, my friends and I have no money; and even these books I loved now seem suddenly abhorrent to me, as the evil genii that stole my spark of life. My remaining two friends, nicotine and alcohol, are both Judases who would sell me to the Devil and make me pay my own fare to Hell!' Eric paused to drink deeply and light another cigarette. 'I think the best thing for me to do is to die, very unobtrusively, in some quiet spot. No, do not try to stop me,' he said, as I objected; 'I can never live again. A toast to the Devil and then goodbye. I am sorry, Hans.'

"Eric disappeared after that, and no one knew what had become of him until a friend of mine said he had seen him in these mountains, apparently demented. Incidentally, here is my station. Do you care to stop with me and go up the cliff? I can finish my story on the way."

I assented, and we walked slowly toward the cliff while he talked. "I came out here, of course, to investigate and wished to place him in an asylum, but the villager here treated him so kindly, and he was so harmless that I decided

(Continued on page eight)

My Uncle

By PHILIP MILHOUS

He was old, almost seventy years. And all about him were young. They were kind to him and venerated him, but they didn't understand. They treated him as if he were some ancient shrine, or some bearded god. And they would have been forever scandalized if he had suddenly yielded to any of his instincts to act as young as he felt. But he never did. He knew that he was something reverent, something tangibly divine that they could hold on to and feel safe. And he could not bear to disillusion them. But it was dismally cold on the pedestal at times.

Sometimes he nearly lost control of himself. He came nearest it the night that Alice gave her party, and he came suddenly upon Bill and that McGavoc girl on the stairway. For the barest part of a second he wavered and then went on.

"Damned decent of him not to raise a row," said Bill. "I suppose he was young himself once. Anyway, he probably didn't even see us."

The old man was spared the remark and it was well, for though he was not sensitive about his age or its consequent infirmities, it hurt him to have every unusual occurrence imputed to it.

He had really wished to stop, but realizing their never changing attitude toward him, the futility, he turned again and walked unseeing into the blackness of the shadowed balcony, less dark than the place within.

The night was soft. A smooth young tree had caught the round moon in leaf-veiled tentacles and was standing quiet, glorying in its prize.

The man sat down.

Steadily, with patient effort, the white disc solved the puzzle of its toils and worked slowly toward the top. Freed, it paused in suspension before it passed into the sky.

The old man blended like a shadow into the softness.

So long into the full mid-summer night he sat very still and very old. The moon rested tapered fingers upon him, but he did not feel them. His eyes were bright for piercing into the place beyond, where it is always dark and never light.

The pointed little needle of his mind swung about like a mariner's compass.

That was why they called him twice before he answered, and that was why they shook their heads at the sign of advancing age.

Bondage

By ELEANOR M. KINCAID

Flitting images,

Vague shapes

That cross the stupid mind.

Evil thoughts or

Memories bright

Winding their way

Through darksome passages,

Bringing the soul to light,

Or laying it low

With soothing touch

And strange caress—

Spirits of the night.

* * *

*Let me not dream my whole life through,
Or else, dear God, bring one dream true.*

Jazz Preludes

By JAMES DAWSON

I

Morning,

*and a short while ago
the milkman*

rattled in

to bring the stuff I

pour

on

cereal.

*listen to the crack, crack of ice
in the ice box.*

the cook

*is making me an ice pack
for my head.*

II

Evening,

And across the little eaves

the moon

Is a lemon

That a soda-jerker slices with a

side

long

stroke.

The telephone jingles

pettishly,

and I sit

on the floor and let it

Ring.

THE STORY OF ERIC

(Continued from page seven)

to let him stay here. I made arrangements to have him taken care of as to food, shelter, and clothing. You probably noticed the garment which appears seamless to him. You see, his insanity has taken a religious turn. I do not know just what finally caused the loss of his intellect, but I imagine he came up here and being afraid to die he must have rushed to the edge of the cliff with his eyes shut. No doubt he tripped and fell unconscious and went crazy all in one brief moment. I suppose he told you he killed himself?"

"Yes, he did, and acted very strangely all the time I was talking to him. I am very grateful to you for having told me this."

We reached the foot of the precipice then and were obliged to climb single file in silence to save our breath. As we gained the top the white-clad figure shrank back, for he seemed to recognize dimly myself and my companion. He shrieked as we drew closer, and covering his eyes with his hand, wept wildly. His sobs stopped, and he glared at my elderly companion. "What, you, too, have committed the unpardonable sin? You, too, have forgotten how to live? Then may your punishment be long!" He flung his crude wooden key at our feet. "There is the key to the Gates: I'm going to Hell! Ha, ha!" Laughing wildly, he rushed to the edge of the cliff, stretched out his arms for one brief instant, and leaped off before we could reach him. We looked giddily over the brink and saw the white spot hurtling downward, turning over and over until a projecting ledge cut off our view. The old man looked at me and shrugged his shoulders. "Now Eric is dead."

WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE

(Continued from page one)

the autumn hills, with the red-coated gentry coming after on magnificent blooded hunters. The old slave quarters still house the servants down back of the big house. The mistress personally directs the pruning and delving of her garden, and she alone may cut and gather the roses when they are heavy with June. On Sunday the gentlemen and ladies sit in the austere pews of Old Chapel, the first Episcopal church built west of the Blue Ridge. Such things as this may yet be found scratched on a window pane of a country place: "May 3, 1793. Tonight Sally Randolph went to Winchester to dance with the handsome Richard Byrd."

I wish to emphasize the fact that the people of this community, these F. F. V.'s, if you must, neither bear haughty heads nor a pechant for resting on the laurels of their illustrious ancestors. Although they haven't forgotten how to live gracefully, they are industrious workers and keen business men who know how to husband their resources. Above all, as true, simple friends and neighbors they equal the country's best; and until I go back and find them suddenly different my respect for them will not be marred by the wry opinions of innumerable pedagogues to the contrary.

A Golden Age of American art comparable to the Renaissance in fifteenth-century Europe is foreseen as a possibility by Eugen Neuhaus, head of the art department of the University of California, whose book "History and Ideals of American Art" will be published on May 20 (Stanford). Conditions in twentieth-century America parallel those which led into the Renaissance, and he predicts the development of an art truly reflecting American life and institutions.

Born in Germany, he has no sympathy for American apologists: "In the degree in which the public will strengthen their faith in their own institutions and will believe in the beauty of their environment we shall have a truly independent American art," he declares. His book is the first to examine critically the art of the entire United States, covering all periods, phases, and schools, although emphasis is on the developments of the present century.

Best Sellers at the Bull's Head

Odum: *Cold Blue Moon*

Maughan: *Of Human Bondage*

Millay: *Fatal Interview*

Boccaccio: *Decameron*

Munthe: *Story of San Michele Boners*

Maughan: *Cakes and Ale*

France: *Penguin Island*

He was penniless—as a poet should be.

—O. Henry.

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An Essay On Shaving

By JAMES DAWSON

"Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown."
II Samuel.

Once I saw my father, who is almost hairless on the top of his head, shaving in cold water, with a blade which he had used twice before. Although I was too young then to appreciate his agony, I was intensely interested in his facial expression. I remained to watch, which restrained him from using the vocal expressions which I am now sure he felt deeply. At last he rubbed a towel across his quivering cheeks, and turned a wrathful eye upon me.

"Why the hell," he said, "can't a man go bald on his face instead of on his head?"

James Stephens once caused one of those delightful old philosophers he is so adept at creating to deliver a tirade against shaving on the ground that it is a vicious and barbarous custom. The old gentleman deplores the fact that man is not content with confining his body in the garments of civilization, but must approach himself even more closely, and scrape off the natural covering which nature has given his face. He says that it is a sign of benevolence to wear a beard, calling to witness the hairy caterpillar, which has never harmed a living creature, the wise cats, both sexes of which wear whiskers. He makes out a very strong case. But he has omitted the most potent argument of all. For oh, and ah, what a care was inflicted upon mankind when Philip of Macedon bade his soldiers shave closely so that the enemy might not obtain a deadly, crippling hold upon those long beards. True, when the Macedonians shortened their beards they conquered the world, but they conquered also a great part of man's leisure time. They brought into favour one of civilization's most diabolical implements, the razor. And in the same ungentlemanly class I place the cowardly Egyptians, who wore false beards in battle, so that the horrified enemy might well forget to protect himself when he saw the beard he had grasped come off so sickeningly in his hand.

It is damning the minds of men, this thankless task of hewing down those forests of standing bristles on the chin. It is bringing home to millions of otherwise happy and contented males the awful futility of opposing nature in her little whims. For after the first few years, it begins to seem a silly thing to scrape so carefully when within twenty-four hours the smooth chin will have returned to a state of sublime hairiness. It demands a Gargantuan humor, and a Jovian

Chanson Triste

By RICHARD A. CHACE

*Just be my friend and ask me nothing, dear;
Nothing! I could not answer questions why
I need the friendship I must stand in fear
Of losing, dreading facts my words belie,
All I must hide, dare never let appear.
You shall not know me, though my brimming
eye,*

*Too soon grown reckless, show my love too clear
When hand graze hand and yearning flesh defy
Its own imposture, secrets it must keep . . .
You must not suffer, you, nor guess the sore
That burns insatiate, growing daily deep
To gnawing needs within that rot the core
Of every impulse love may never free
To open long-shamed eyes at length to see.*

patience to avoid brooding on the uselessness of it all. Until man rebels against shaving, the practice will always be one of the first to teach bright youth that all is not so happy in the world.

Because of the popularity of shaving, those now indispensable creatures called barbers have fixed themselves firmly among our professional men. The *Natural History* of Pliny the Elder records the fact that barbers first came into Italy from Sicily in the year 454 after the founding of the city. Scipio Africanus was the first to be shaved, and Augustus himself soon began to go daily to the barber. In the Middle Ages, the barber was also a surgeon who could cure many maladies by "bleeding" the patient. Anyone who has been shaved by one of these knows that most of them have never been able to conquer that urge to "breathe" a vein. The barber pole is still symbolic of the white pole about which they wound their bloody towels. This sanguine function they have given over to our modern surgeons, but where is the man who can take away from them that equally traditional rite of entertaining the long-suffering customer? Mediæval barbers did it by performing on musical instruments, such as the zither and the harp, but modern ones have reverted to the deplorable practice of forcing their views, political and otherwise, upon the helpless patient with his mouth full of soap and steaming towels on his face. Plutarch tells an anecdote of old King Archelaus, who went to his barber to have his beard trimmed.

"How shall I cut it?" asked the shaver.

"In silence!" roared his majesty.

It is an intriguing fact that barbers, like sprinters, pie-eaters, and channel-swimmers,

(Continued on page eight)

A Curious World Of Words

By ALDEN J. STAHR

PROUD women on display glittered in their cubbyhole show cases in the dress circle sanctum of the "Golden Horeshoe," and haughty lorgnette repulsed with scorn the inquisitive glass of the "higher-ups," the proletarians who come to the opera for reasons of soul. Soon attention shifted from box to stage as the house lights dimmed, and the orchestra came sweetly into being. New worlds to conquer, new loves to win, strange deeds to do, and my soul within cried out in elevated ecstasy. Music has charms that no man can deny, but it has more than charms for me; it bewitches me, and under its spell my mind relates odd fantasies.

The opera passed, and with its going a sudden sickness of pain surged through me and centered about a choking constriction of my throat, as though the Oversoul were reclaiming its own. Relief came in a moment, but I felt differently than I ever had before. Down in the foyer a stir of soft humming arose as from a finely trained mixed choir. I thought for a moment that I was asleep or hearing a memory of the opera chorus, but the sound persisted and grew as I neared the doors. These starched and ermined opera-goers seemed to be conversing, but no words could be distinguished. I was still in a quandary when I reached the sidewalk; I stood still and listened, for now all the noises of the city were in perfect accord, and a thousand new shadings and weird harmonies hung in the air. By slight mental adjustments I could attune myself to hear any wave-length I desired, and I stood in a recess a long time, listening to this new universal opera. People scurried by in their usual numbers, but stepping rhythmically now, in harmony with the new scheme of things. A newsy thrust a paper at me and sang two tones—blatant notes, which conveyed the word "Uxtree!" to my new consciousness. The nickel I dropped in his hand chimed as it struck another coin, and I opened the paper to see what it was all about. No words were printed on the page, but in their place were staves covered with musical notations. I stared at the page bewildered, but it was only a moment before I could understand what was printed on it. A blaring trumpet sounded the headline in my mind; translated into words, it read, "Beethoven Elected God—Syncopated Press Dispatch From Heaven Tells of Revolution!" The story read that there had been some dissension in Paradise as to the value of

(Continued on page six)

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Sunday, May 24, 1931

Writers

If one should examine the class notebooks of an average college student, he would likely find sandwiched among various historical dates, chemical formulas, and other things about which professors talk, snatches of poetry, bits of fine prose writing, along with sketches of professors and unknown females done in ink. Crude? Doubtless. But just a germ of art is there, the desire to create, to express oneself. And the expressions are sincere, because they were made only for the sake of expression, and not for the world to see and criticize.

There are people on this campus who have talent for writing, but keep it hid. Why? There is always a dread of criticism or rejection. It seems to be characteristic of man to be very sensitive about what he creates. An eminent author once said that we may talk and act as much as we chose and still hide our real self, but the moment we fashion something from our own mind, we lay our inner selves bare to those who look upon what we have created. Young and timid writers seem to realize the truth of this statement, and they hesitate in allowing their thoughts to be printed. One has to go through a series of disillusionments to find that all in all we think very much the same things.

One of the most fascinating aspects of men is the peculiar individuality of each. And in sincere writing the personality of the author characterizes his work. Sincerity is unmistakable in art. It is the soul of art. And individuality is the spice of it all.

Carolina, set in a spot of unusual

natural beauty, is in itself an inspiration for writing. The rustic tranquility of the place allows one to collect his thoughts and to concentrate them among our green hills and forests filled with singing birds and blooming plants. Year bring famous writers and painters here to work. Their continual leaving only to return shows that they think Chapel Hill is a fit laboratory in which to do creative work. Carolina has sent out writers who have been received with favor by the literary world. Here is a training ground for artists.

Book Reviews

Beginning with this issue you will no doubt notice that the policy of THE BOOK WORLD has been somewhat changed, we hope for the better. Previously that page has been filled with a long resume of but a few books, an account largely of plot. From now on we shall try to select a wider variety of fiction, poetry, travel, and belles lettres in general, which we intend shall appeal to all. In reviewing them, the book editor has tried to give a brief analysis of the character, the plot, and a brief suggestion of the story which should leave the reader with a desire to learn more about and thus read the book. We sincerely hope that this new method will appeal to all and that it will encourage a desire for a wider range of literary knowledge.

TABLE OF CONTENTS	
An Essay on Shaving	JAMES DAWSON
A Curious World of Words	
(a fantasy)	ALDEN STAHR
Two (a story)	VERNON WARD
The Gods Are Incensed	
(an essay)	W. M. HAYES
Scraps From a Last Year's Notebook	
	ANONYMOUS
POETRY	
Chanson Triste	RICHARD CHACE
Three Are Great	PETER HAIRSTONE
Ode	RICHARD A. CHACE
Mea Nunc Vexat Corpora	
Fessa Calor	JAMES DAWSON
Two Chinquains	ROY CHAPIN
SKETCHES FROM LIFE	
Invalid	LORETTA BAILEY
Huldy	GERTRUDE W. COFFIN
Worms	PHILIP MILHOUS
All Love Is	PHILIP MILHOUS
Nothing	W. M. HAYES
DEPARTMENTS	
The Book World	ROY CHAPIN
Book Chat	ROY CHAPIN
Writers (editorial)	

BOOK CHAT

By ROY CHAPIN

American women come off better than American men in the critical opinion of Lucien Lehman, the French journalist whose incisive study of the United States—"The American Illusion"—has just been published by The Century Co.

* * *

M. Lehman finds that much is imperfect in American women, citing as special instances the immodesty of "beauty parades" and the custom of indiscriminate kissing on the lips, which in France is indulged in only between lovers. He concludes, however, that "taken on the average, the American woman, with all her faults, is much superior to the American man. She reads more, can carry on a more sustained and interesting conversation, is interested in music and the other arts, often has a ready wit, and is not afraid to indulge in a beau geste."

* * *

Eugene Reynal, head of Blue Ribbon Books, Inc., says that paper book jackets will soon be a thing of the past owing to the perfection of a new method of cloth printing that will reproduce any design or picture on the cloth cover of a book more brilliantly and clearly than if it were printed on the present glossy paper jacket.

* * *

We hear from our Paris correspondent that Eugene O'Neil is rumored to be leaving for New York soon . . . Guy Fangle, protege of Ford Madox Ford, has just finished his second novel . . . Gertrude Stein's *Lucy Church Amiably* is well received both in France and in England.

* * *

James Joyce's *Anna Livia Plurabelle* has been translated into French and will appear in the *Nouvelle Revue Francaise*. Joyce, almost inapproachable for the most part, may be met any day on the Champ de Mars. If he likes you he will talk to you for hours—about music.

* * *

Ernest Hemingway writes back from Colorado that he has had an accident, that his companion, John Dos Passos, is very congenial and that his bowels are functioning splendidly; the last remark is excusable in view of the fact that he was wounded exactly in the manner described in *Farewell To Arms* . . . D. H. Lawrence's paintings are again on view and creating the usual disturbance . . . George Antheil and Ezra Pound have interesting articles in the *New Review* that has just appeared.

* * *

A recent meeting of the salon of Madame Aurel, one of the oldest and most indefatigable patrons of the arts in Paris, was an hour of communal discussion led by the inimitable Jean Cocteau. A late visitor to the group was Thomas Mann, who also addressed the little assemblage.

—♦♦♦—

"Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale coming to the ears of a drowsy man."—*Shakespeare*.

A FEW SKETCHES FROM LIFE

Invalid

By LORETTA BAILEY

Old Mrs. Mortenson was the most popular invalid in town. For twenty years she had lain in the hollow of her wheel chair by the window. She had been content to sit there—to see Haverstock's grocery store exchange its ancient horse and wagon for five brightly painted trucks; to watch the Miller children go to the dogs. Without a flicker of her blue lids, she watched her middle-aged son come and go in their small cottage,—a gaunt, war-stricken man with near-sighted eyes, selling pink soap and perfume.

But the town took care of Mrs. Mortenson's wants. At Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving, and her birthday the people filled her room with short-lived potted plants in purple straw and ribbons. The Mary Priscilla Abbot Circle of the Presbyterian Church liked to spend its surplus on Mrs. Mortenson because she suffered from no really obtrusive malady. One could visit her without being aware that she was ill. And the ladies liked to see her face light up at sight of some small gift. They felt that their small kindnesses kept her alive. Whenever they doubted the efficacy of Christianity, they looked at Mrs. Mortenson and told each other that there was no malice in her, that she loved everyone,—and their faith was strengthened.

There was a very malicious old woman who used to visit her sometimes, and talk to her very cruelly because she was envious. And one day after she had flounced away old Mrs. Mortenson shook her head a little wearily and said to me: I don't dislike folks, and I've never hated any single soul I know of, but sometimes . . ."

Huldy

By GERTRUDE W. COFFIN

Howdy. Will your dog bite? No, ma'am, I don't never venture inside nary yard fence 'thout I know the dog.

Don't mind if I do set and rest a spell. Hit's pow'ful swultry. Way my j'int's has been a-hurtin', wouldn't surprise me to see hit rain afore dinner. Law, I reckon I've took a wagon-load of store medicines for my rheumatiz but hit's throwin' money away. Prickly-ash root cut up fine and stood in a quart bottle of good liquor beats any store or doctor medicine ever you seed. Yes, ma'am, plenty of prickly-ash grows all through these woods and some 'lows that 'stillin' is a-goin' on worse'n hit ever was. But in this day and time, good church folks can't get liquor even for bitters. Shore, hit ain't safe to put in a feller's insides since the beadin' is hurried up with this here consecrated lye.

How about sellin' you a few gallons of nice blackberries? They was picked late yisterdy and set in the springhouse over night. Sample one. Ever'body gives me the name of pickin' clean. They're awful sweet this year. Three gallon? If hit suits you better, I'll measure in your quart cup. They're sorter sunk down in my vessel. I give good Methodist measure. All the big ones ain't on top, neither. There's a

Trouble

By PHILIP MILHOUS

*Please go over the hill
and tell Aunt Viny
that Frances needs her.
The baby is very, very sick.
Dr. Sisk says
she can't live
unless he bleeds her.*

*It seems a pity that one so young
should come on such ill luck.
The ways of God
Are most mysterious.
But He is good—
and, of course, is God.
Though He has struck
where Sin was not.*

*Dr. Sisk says
Tell Aunt Viny to hurry.
She lives just over the hill.
She needn't dress,
nor worry—
Just hurry.*

fine chance of berries but they're bringin' no price. Thirty cents is all.

Would you mind mo washin' my hands? I hate to mess up your clean kitchen. Well, what about that contraption? Water a-pourin' in right over a-body's hands for the world like it was a-comin' from a spring-dreen.

Hit's a sight what folks can conjure up. 'Course, ever'thing is studied out to get out a-workin' hard, but I wouldn't swap my little patch and hits bold spring up in Smoky Cove for the best farm on Pigeon River.

Thanky, ma'am, I'll be gettin' on. If you're up in the Cove, stop and see me.

All Love Is

By PHILIP MILHOUS

They stood beside a clinging rose vine in the moonlight calm with year. He wanted to kiss her. He felt that life and his love could not go on without it. And she? Ah, it would not be fair to say it, but she held back as maidens do, and pressed for answer said:

"No, you must not. I am not as others you have known. You must not treat me so."

And he answered, "But I do not wish it as others would. I, too, am different. I love you and I must!"

So they stood and so too shone the moon, beaming down upon them as many before me have observed, the girl who was not as other girls were and the boy whose request was different. At last she believed him and they kissed while their hearts beat as other hearts have before them and as other hearts beat now. And all the while they thought, pardon them the crime, that they were different and new, the girl who was as all girls are and the boy who asked in the same old way.

Nothing

By W. M. HAYES

When the sun is shining hot, and scorching the earth at the turn of an August afternoon, to sit under the shade of a large water oak with the eyes half shut is nothing. The leaves whisper ever so faintly, and a water oak casts the coolest shadow in the world. To dream then of things far away and improbable is nothing. To watch the chickens panting under the grapevines, their wings drooping from the heat, is nothing. Then as the sun peeps under the branches to move to the shady side of the house, lean back against it in a straight-back chair and prop the feet on the first rung is nothing. To gaze dreamily down across the cane field toward the woods where a bob white is sending out his lonely musical call is nothing. To saunter down the dusty road that dances in the distance, to turn off at the well-worn path that leads to the swimming hole under the beckoning poplars, is nothing. To lie, floating like a log, on the surface of the water that is sprinkled with patches of sunlight and splash now and then is nothing. To form with one's friends a circle in the shade out behind the barn after the cider has been made, with the jug, cool, amber-colored, sparkling, sitting in the center of the circle, and talk, and talk and talk is nothing. To listen to the tinkle of the cow-bell far beyond the woods in the pasture bottom is nothing. To relax every bone, muscle, and mental faculty; to absorb heat, sunshine, and energy is nothing. How delightful it is to live in that dreamy time of summer after laying-by time when there is nothing to do.

Worms

By PHILIP MILHOUS

Worms never have any too easy a time of it, and this one I saw in the garden this morning on the other side of my lily pool had a worse time even than most of his neighbors and relatives, because he wasn't a very well made worm. And he knew it. He wobbled from side to side when he walked.

People wouldn't notice it; it was imperceptible to them. But anyway, he didn't give a hearty damn one way or the other whether people noticed him or not so long as they didn't tromp on him or pack the ground down so that it would be hard for him to get about.

But the other worms did notice, particularly the females. And that was what hurt, because if there is anything a self-respecting worm hates, it is to have female worms shrugging their skins in pity as he passes.

It is a sore thing to have labored long and scaled the arduous hilltops, and when all is done, to find humanity indifferent to your achievement.

—R. L. Stevenson.

Ode

By RICHARD A. CHACE

We have not lived these lives in vain!
No sin nor fear is prophet
That in remembered pain

Its coming joy must forfeit
Each spirit longs for, soon to know
Beyond what fondest dream—through slow
It seem. Its certain coming looms
Outside quick ticking time. For life
Must supersede the ugly strife
Our ignorance assumes.

For I have felt—(Mnemosyne,
O lead me, be my guide!
And lend my song, bright Euterpe,
Wings, lest it fail beside
Its tortured wish!)—for I have felt
The wisdom of the force that dealt
This endless, blind mutation, seen,
Phophetic in one sudden flare
Of piercing ecstasy, the fair
Design of all we mean.

We stood and watched and felt the world
Grow big around us. Earth
Was pregnant, as though truth had curled
To thought and longed for birth
In words roused deep in me by you.
Not you—but something vast that grew
Within all teeming with desire—
Your eagerness, my ecstasy,
Our common bond, reality,
And searing love like fire.

And then your voice grew indistinct
And lost its meaning. Sound,
Stilled echo of some cause that linked
The past, scarce was around
That lofty region—though it be
New note of coming harmony,
Coeval germ grown manifest
Through infinite transition. Yet
I sensed your voice nor could forget
Such longing has no rest.

Then suddenly I knew! I knew!
Felt ALL and understood...
One moment... life; till wonder grew
To see that it was good.
But how say "good"? The word is weak.
I can not say it, may not speak
The inexpressive. Truth is mute.
Still I must sing the pregnant soul,
The vision, see the mutual goal
Again, yearning, acute.

"All things on-circling into one."
A lonely phrase, a dream,
And truth. It must be sung!—All One!
One! One!—till sorrow seem
Illusion, death the sequent lie;
For what has lived can never die.
Within man's spirit—as a womb,
Hiding the future—restless love,
Yet embryonic, yearns above
The mockery of doom.

I felt the teeming past expand
Beyond infinity
Until my soul must understand
The universe was me
And time my own extension—mine!

For I was God and life's design
My superstition, pregnant seed
With seed no less mature, the sperm
Eternal of an endless germ,
Insatiate with need.

But quick the vision faded. Sound,
Forgotten notes that sweep
In mazy ambience all around—
Like music heard in sleep—
Became less vague until I heard
Your voice again, grasped word for word—
To read an unexpected end
In what you said, persistent fate
In this, "I need my sleep. It's late!"
As though it mattered. friend!

The Gods Are Incensed

By W. M. HAYES

EVER SINCE I had been taking English composition courses I had been of the opinion that a deadline for the handing in of themes and essays was detrimental to true art. The opinion had grown upon me until it had become an obsession. I got to where I dreaded the thought of the day that was arbitrarily set up as the last day for one to hand in a theme and get a grade on it. I was sure that this was the reason that no professor ever wrote anything that was worth reading. He always set a certain day, hour, and minute that the work must be done. I thought that one should write when one was in the mood, or when the Muse of his particular line of work inspired him to heights of achievement. No one ever accomplished anything by trying to force the Muse. She just didn't work that way.

Diogenes with his lantern was no more diligent than I in my search for a professor who understood that genius and the Muse was uncontrolled by the will of man. No doubt Demmy had the same trouble that I have had; probably he had it many times, for if history can be trusted (Rupert Hughes and Edgar Lee Masters say it can't) he searched much longer than I have. In other words, he probably got fooled into thinking that he had found his man only to discover that he was wrong.

It all happened this way: in the spring quarter I signed up for an English composition course. It was a course in short story writing. The first day that the class met the professor announced that he did not expect us to write under pressure. We were to write when we were in the mood and then only. He said that he realized that the Muse couldn't be coerced. Praise Allah! (I do not maintain that he is almighty) my search was ended. Paradise, Utopia, Avalon, even the Happy Hunting Grounds could be no better than this.

The birds were beginning to sing; the buds were springing forth in all their verdant youth; the world was unfolding in beauty, life, vitality. The very air was filled with romance, dreams, and all the things that imaginative writing is composed of.

I secured a notebook, went by the Y. M. C. A. and sharpened my stub pencil, and proceeded to wait for the Muse to hit me with ideas, to

(Continued on page seven)

Two

By VERNON WARD, JR.

They were there together on the porch.
Inside the house her mother was dead.
They could not understand that.
It was hard to realize—
Her mother being dead;
Hard for both of them.

*

They were longing for each other,
Not understanding each other,
Not knowing what to say
Or what to do.
She wanted him to take her in his arms,
To tell her he was sorry.
He wanted to hold her close to him,
To tell her he would care for her.
But they were afraid,
Having nothing to be afraid of.
They were simple—
Not quite big enough to understand,
To know what they wanted.
So they just sat there.

* *

The farm was as still as they.
The fields were grey under the moon.
The barnyard was quiet.
Why was everything so strange tonight?
Why were they so alone with themselves?
Why was the moon so far, far away?

* *

She sobbed.
That was enough—
Quite enough.
He put his arm about her.
She clung to him,
Sobbing warmly against his shoulder.
He wanted to cry—
He tried, but he could not.
He raised her face,
Wiped away the tears with his fingers.
Her skin was soft—so soft.
He kissed her thin lips—
They trembled against his.

*

Something in her reacted,
Resisted him for a moment—
Something she could not help,
Something not a part of her.
But she was weak from sorrow—
And she wanted him;
So she gave herself to him.

* *

They said nothing,
For they had nothing to say.
They understood that they loved each other,
And they knew her mother was dead
There in the house.
There was nothing to say.

* * *

They got up
And walked slowly down the sandy road.
They did not know where they were going.
They did not try to think
Or to stop themselves.

(Continued on page eight)



THE BOOK WORLD



By ROY CHAPIN

In the realm of belles lettres there have come to my attention two rather unusual works indicative of a scholarly trend and an application to detail which we find all too rare in contemporary writing. The first of these, *The Quest For Literature*, by Joseph T. Shipley, Ph.D. (Richard R. Smith, Inc., 540pp., \$3.50), is a survey of literary criticism and the theory of literary forms. The primary concern of the author throughout is for the broad current of a slowly forming critique through ages of reason and their reactionary periods of revolt, the steady flow of ideas, rather than the men by which they may have been impelled. After a brief definition of criticism he proceeds to analyze the influence of such things as poetry, prose, and the drama in their cumulative growth through the Greeks by way of the Renaissance into the widening view of the present day. The other volume, although restricted by its subject to a more narrow field, is no less significant. In honor of the two-thousandth anniversary of the birth of the great Latin poet, Edward Kennard Rand has written an outstanding piece of literary criticism entitled *The Magical Art of Virgil* (Harvard University Press, 458pp., \$5.). This book purports to lay before the reader a detailed account of the Eclogues, the Georgics, and the minor poems attributed to Virgil, in which the interpretation of the poet's art is accompanied by such an exposition of the contents of his works that the reader may perceive the basis of the judgment given. Throughout the body of the study, Mr. Rand traces the definite development of the epic spirit in his works. The story of this progress lies before us in the minor poems, and this progress is traced carefully to us, step by step until we can understand the inspiration of such a masterpiece as the Aeneid. To the serious student of literature, we unqualifiedly recommend these two books.

This month's poetry to hand does not strike me as being particularly distinctive, although there is much food for comment in Jessie Rehder's anthology of *Best College Verse 1931* (Harpers, 271pp., \$2). Here are gleaned pieces representative of the work done by undergraduate poets in the leading colleges and universities in the country. The work is typical of youth and a fair cross-section is offered of material, mediocre, perhaps, in most cases, but in many others indicative of a talent that is distinctly promising. This university is represented by two of its own campus poets. An enlarged edition of *Sailor With Banjo* by Hamish MacLaren (Macmillan, 80pp., \$1.50) offers a collection of rollicking sea ballads, old bold out-of-date airs, and inland lyrics. MacLaren is at his best when spinning a yarn of the doings of Tom the Rambler or some other seafarer who had been forty times in gaol! By the use of strange and sometimes meaningless words, the poet secures an unusual rhythmic effect which is the outstanding quality of his poetry. The drama offers a novel play by Frank Craven

entitled *That's Gratitude* (Samuel French, 191pp.). Written in a prologue and three acts sparkling with nimble-witted comedy throughout, the gist of the drama is a study of three human relationships, showing the reactions of those who are placed under unavoidable obligations. The theme is brilliantly developed without compromising a single important point in order to make a theatrical effect.

Two many novels have come under my consideration to do any one adequate justice and I find myself unfortunately obliged to go briefly over books to which I would prefer to give a more detailed analysis. Perhaps the most distinctive is a translation from the German of Franz Werfel's *The Pure In Heart* (Simon & Schuster, 610pp., \$3), whose theme is the deliverance of the spiritual man in our present day, non-spiritual universe. Werfel has set out to write a philosophical novel in which can be argued and articulated the values of life, and he shoots straight at the mark of its sustaining principles. Through the development of the main character we feel the decay of a great state. Werfel, without doubt, offers us here one of the finest things to come out of post-war Austria, a delicate tale with implications transcending the individuals involved. Next we have a novel that is different from the general trend due to an unusual character study. *Here's Luck* (D. Appleton & Co., 320pp., \$2.50) from the biting pen of Stephen French Whitman is concerned with the career of one of our own boot-legging racketeers. City council, mayor, district attorney: all are under the powerful influence of this man, an influence which seeps into the very life of the private citizen, molding to his own ends consequences seldom deliberately conceded to such an individual. We see his rise and fall through the facets of those others with whom he comes in most frequent contact. Erskine Caldwell has assembled a number of those stories of his which have previously appeared in various publications into a collection called *American Earth* (Scribner's, 314pp., \$2.50). His particular genre is the rustic and under his hand they breathe and seem to acquire life-like dimensions. Although his country yokels, whether in the South or in New England, act as yokels do act, Mr. Caldwell writes of them with a quality of understanding that makes them palatable. Another collection of short stories has a southwest locale and is called almost generically, *Best Short Stories From The Southwest: Second Series* (Southwest Press, 380pp., \$2). These stories, conventional in type and treatment, are concerned with the usual Indians, cowboys, Texas negroes, and drab ranch life of that country with which we must all be, in a literary sense, at least, long familiar. In such a story as "Street Keeper," Norma Patterson diverges from the general trend and writes a truly memorable piece. *The Rich Are Always With Us* (Sears Publishing Co., 314pp., \$2.50) by E. Pettit is a novel which deals with the much publicized surroundings of the idle

rich, their loves, parties, and the general disorder of their lives. The author, in trying to show too fully the disturbing influence of their life of idleness, both moral and economic, tends to bore the reader with too much detail and unimportant event. Although the story is fairly stimulating at times, we soon grow tired of seeing the good qualities of the rich so utterly ignored, and the scope of the book is considerably narrowed in our eyes. Another adventure story translated from the French, *Lady Helena or the Mysterious Lady* by Gaston Leroux (E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 286pp., \$2), brings to my desk a humorous, enticing, and fast moving story of a gentleman burglar, an artist in his trade who steals only for the adventure offered. By his keen wits he continually outwits the police, even going so far as to dine with them, and becomes the hero of Paris, the inhabitants of which consider it almost an honor, and at least an enjoyable experience, to be burglarized by this popular man of the hour. Mister Flow by name and by nature, he literally flows through the hands of the police time and again in a thoroughly believable manner. A proletariat England is the picture offered us in *Storm Against the Wall* by Laurence Meynell (Lippincott, 307pp., \$2). London is ruled by a hunchback who delights in torturing those who oppose him. His men in their green uniforms permeate the country. Spies are everywhere. The main problem of the time is the overthrow of the tyrant who is hated by all but a very few and the re-establishment of the beautiful young queen. Although we have such an incredible theme, the story succeeds in retaining our interest on every page, with danger lurking between each line.

There are two travel books which should intrigue even the casual reader, the names of both of which amply indicate the scope of their contents. *Roaming American Highways* by John T. Faris (Farrar & Rinehart, 301pp., \$3) is a detailed account of the nine great routes up and down and all the way across our continent. Dr. Faris has written his book so that it is fascinating history and anecdote as well as guide, since he has a ready ear for the glories of the past when the embryonic road was still under tentative construction and an eager pen to translate his enthusiasms to the printed page. Mr. Sidney A. Clark, the author of *Many Colored Belgium* (McBride & Co., 247pp., \$3), has made Brussels his headquarters for several attentive years, visiting many well-known, as well as numerous unknown, places which are new to most of us and thus of a peculiar interest. We are first introduced to Belgium by the author at the market place in Brussels, where people from all over the country meet to sell their many wares. Ghent, the flower capital of the world, Antwerp, the life nerve of Belgium, and many other cities of equal note, are visited and each is pictured for us together with its vivid life and buildings. Contrast is the keynote of a

(Continued on page six)

A CURIOUS WORLD OF WORDS

(Continued from page one)

music in the world; so Beethoven had formed a political frame-up of his disciples and promised to run the world musically, if they should elect him God. The election was successful, and Beethoven appointed Wagner his Secretary of State, and formed his privy council of Bach, Chopin, Liszt, Gounod, and Verdi. A decree was issued ordering that all the harps in Heaven be tuned immediately, and the Devil was condemned to lead a jazz orchestra for the rest of his unnatural life. The melodies went on to describe the new order of things in the world, and how every individual had become rearranged mentally in order that he might understand the new system of musical notations. The alphabet had been supplanted by a revised scale of many fractional steps, and each man's vocabulary was to be decided by the range of his voice and the variety of shaded vowel tones he could produce. For the one who was not endowed with a wide natural range, a sort of tiny flute was to be hung from his neck, and he was given the ability to play it as an aid to conversation.

While I was reading this newspaper, it struck me that I had not yet tried my own voice since before entering the opera house; so I read aloud experimentally, and I flattered myself that Caruso was a novice as compared with my new ability. Involuntarily I started thinking of something else as I read, and without any conscious effort on my part, I began to sing chords—the most exotic harmonies I had ever heard. To me this was the most marvelous thing of all, for I had never imagined that man could ever sing more than one note at a time. Now I could become a Y. M. C. A. quartet all by myself! I tried myself for volume by reading the headlines aloud and sang so tremendously my ears hurt. An officer ran up to me and inserted a short muffler in my mouth; he explained that it was against the law to read headlines aloud within the city limits. He was a Russian bass with a sub-cellar voice, and it was difficult for me to understand him because of the depth of his range. I told him I had not yet become thoroughly familiar with the hour-old regime and its different intricacies; so he released me on promise of good behavior.

Curiosity impelled me to walk down Broadway. All the signs and advertisements now consisted of notes, which were audible at a certain wave length to be determined by an interstate wave length commission. The passerby had the option of reading or hearing the advertisements, and if the shopper were interested in buying clothes, he could tune himself to the clothing wave length, or for diamonds, to the jewelry advertising wave.

The same condition prevailed on the other side of the river, although the music was pretty bad in Hoboken and Jersey City; it was just a matter of short range and lack of quality as it had been before with small vocabulary and lack of education. I thought it all over as I drove across the Meadows, and in spite of the sudden change, this system seemed just as valid as the

Three Are Great

By PETER HAIRSTONE

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN

*One man stands without pedestal.
He needs no prop to reach his glory higher;
His language darts from depths of depths,
Ascends in riot, burns the honeyed lyre.*

*No love tale his, nor song of cooing doves,
But storms of wrath between the good
And evil that in man do fight
At that poor creature's soul for food.*

*A music built on tempests, rocks, and fire,
Away from billing and the lilac's scent,
A music built by genius of a man who looks
Upon us pigmies from heights by heaven lent.*

RICHARD WAGNER

*Language spoken for gods of gods,
Music of their triumphs and hates,
Drama that moves in the mind and soul
Of an alchemist changing lead to gold,
Of a master heart which now creates
Wonder from commonplace, flowers from sods.*

*Appalling wisdom and sweep superb,
Depth of feeling and mystic hints,
Thought, once crystalized then dispersed
Like colors of sunlight through the dew,
Showers the world with fairy tints
Yet centers still in the sparkling globes.*

FREDERICK CHOPIN

*There's nothing new about a box
That smells of old cigars, a leather thing,
Its edges worn by smokers' use.
There's nothing new until
The lid falls open, and there are no more cigars,
Only the scent, and in their place,
A jewel for a queen.*

*An emerald which flashes back the light
And turns it into fire blazing green,
Darted with almost-purples and ambers in
mystic forms,*

*Until it seems that therein lies a fairyland
Where a farmer's son becomes Chopin,
And age old forms, his preludes.*

one recently replaced. Why shouldn't men sing to express themselves? Singing is as natural as speaking. As a matter of fact, a baby sings before he talks, and tones and scales are as good as words and an alphabet of vowels and consonants—provided, of course, that man could suddenly forget his traditional wordiness. If any preferences were to be given, I should have chosen the new code, for it was infinitely more pleasant to hear.

My ruminations passed the time between the Meadows and home, where my wife greeted me tunelessly. She didn't see anything unusual about the world, in fact, she did not seem to know that things had not always been thus; so there was no point to singing the matter over with her. The clock in the hall sounded, and instead of chiming the hour as it had been doing, it spoke the words, "Three A. M." This was uncanny; I thought my head was affected; so I went to bed to relieve the turmoil of my mind.

It was the same way in the morning; my children came in singing gleefully and pulled the covers off me. I wanted to yell at them, but instead of a shout a tremendous *arpeggio* pealed from my throat; they scurried out of the room

in fright. I voiced a piqued aria down the stairs to find out if my breakfast were ready; it was not. I rumbled a few damns, *basso profundo*, and went to my office in the city. Stenographers were typing in syncopated rhythm, waltz time, march time; dictaphones were humming busily; and the board of directors' meeting sounded like the Pilgrims' chorus from Tannhauser. My Swiss clerk yodeled a "Good morning," but it didn't surprise me; I was fast forgetting the art of verbal expression. As the day passed my memory gradually faded, and when five o'clock came around nothing seemed unusual any more. I walked into my living room at home and turned on the radio; the announcer sang that Mr. Lawrence Tibbett, the famous opera star, was about to make a speech; he had received special verbal training with the best European masters. The radio no longer presented its "Hair-oil quartets or 'Toothpaste Troubadours'; so the advantages of the new regime were already apparent.

I went outdoors and walked in the orchard; the thrushes and wrens were talking to each other—up above a lark on the wing was mumbling to himself. I returned to the house, and my wife suggested going to the opera. I protested that I had been there the night before, but she said Nagwer's "Die Spracher" was billed; so I assented. The day before, the performance would have sounded like a Chinese schoolroom scene, but I was told it was something quite wonderful and required intensive training. The opera was beautiful and appealed strongly to my esthetic sense; I hummed favorable comment in my consort's ear and whistled conservative applause.

I wrote up the orchestrations for a Rotary club speech before retiring, tucked in the children, and climbed into a bed which put me to sleep with its melodious creaking. I dreamed fantastically of a strange people, who conversed in worded monotones and of birds that sang and clocks that chimed—of a poor demented being, who sat fingering the keys of an organ, listening in the crimson twilight for the sound of a great "amen."

THE BOOK WORLD

(Continued from page five)

book whose suggestive scrutiny we can only appreciate.

As a final dash of salt, I would heartily recommend to all who enjoy the humorous, *Studies Are Not Everything* by Max McConn (Viking, 236pp., \$2). This diary of a freshman serves as a peculiarly appropriate fillip to a column such as this purports to be. Dealing only with the crowded events of his first term at college, we follow at first hand the career of a freshman who finds himself much too busy to study. House parties, love, football games, hard liquor, road-houses, all claim him and absorb his interest to the detriment of courses he cannot be bothered with. McConn, as Dean of Lehigh University and before that of the University of Illinois, well knows the genus of which he writes so understandingly. The reader who will not feel the keen edge of satire between the rollicking lines, by which he cannot fail to be entertained, is dull indeed.

THE GODS ARE INCENSED

(Continued from page four)

inspire me with plots, characters, episodes, and situations for short stories. My mind was unlimited, the field was infinite. Of course, the professor had said something about having to get in at least ten papers of some kind during the quarter. But goodness, didn't that mean that I had three whole months of thirty days each, including week-ends when I would have nothing to do but lay my mind open to the Muse, to do them? Even mid-terms were so far off in the hazy future that they were inconsequential. The Muse was probably inspiring someone else. It didn't matter, I would wait; there was no hurry, and besides all nature was inviting, "Come!"

This continued for about three weeks, then the professor dropped a gentle hint, saying that there were some in the class that had not been handing in their work regularly and that they were getting behind. I sat up and took notice. Could he, by any chance, mean that he was going to go to dogging us to hand in papers by a certain date? However, nothing more was said for some days and my mind was beginning to rest easy. I had got the professor straightened back on his pedestal. Then! Then came the fatal blow that shattered all my bliss, the blow that knocked my beloved professor from his throne and cast him down among the mob of ordinary professors. He announced that all members of the class who did not hand in four papers by mid-term would get a "W" on their report. He said that he was sorry that he couldn't give any "Z's."

Mid-terms were fast approaching. I ventured one night to inquire timidly of the Muse as to why she had been so shamefully neglecting me. I got no answer. I even sat down at my typewriter, put paper in it and begged her to hit me with an idea; still no response. I dared her to strike me with one. I might as well have raved at the door-post. Finally I got my Greek dictionary down to discover the name of the Muse of short story writing so that I could address her by name. To my horror I found that there was no Muse of the short story. The props were knocked from under me; I would have to depend upon my own mind and experience.

I looked over the list of the Muses as recorded by the Greeks and tried to pick one that gave the nearest approach to my problem. Finally I decided on Melpomene. I went down to the store that advertised itself as selling *everything* and called for some incense. I bought a dime package and returned to my room and began to burn it to Melpomene. The smoke rose in great volume and filled the entire room. I could see the objects around me but dimly. It began to stifle me. I opened both windows and the door, grabbed the remainder of my incense and ran from the room. When I got to where I could see I read the directions on the box and found that the incense was to be used as a disinfectant and deodorant.

When the smoke and fumes left the room I returned and seated myself at my trusty Underwood. My mind was clear, my thinking straight and logical. My thoughts and ideas lined them-

"Mea Nunc Vexat Corpora Fessa Calor"

By JAMES DAWSON

*This is not what you think, this bitter heart.**This is not what your eyes would have you see.**Not ever was it cold, a thing apart.**Seeing your hair, your eyes, how could it be?**The song it knew was not the one your hands**Would have it sing beneath their seeking ways;**This was not what you thought, a sprite that stands**Aloof and frozen in the winter days.**Above your cup's bright rim, the words you said**I watched through smoke and found them strangely fair;**The talk you made of hands and spoons and bread**Went not unkind, for all its careless air Of gaiety. This was not cold apart.**This is not what you think, this bitter heart.*

selves up in orderly fashion and marched through my finger-tips to the sheet of paper in the machine. The following is the brain child resulting from my union with Melpomene, the Muse of Tragedy.

All through the ages of human history, recorded and guessed at, the mind of man has been growing stronger and has been conquering matter, subjecting nature, and learning to control things in general. One day man discovered that he thought with his brain. Sometime later he discovered that the brain was not the thing that did the thinking, but that it was only the medium of thinking, or something like the typewriter, merely used as an instrument through which ideas were expressed. Later he found that he was mistaken about man's thinking with his brain. A professor at one of the larger universities announced that man sometimes thought with his stomach, or with his little finger. This same professor says that thinking is not confined to any definite part of the body. In other words, the mind just loafs around in the brain most of the time, but can and does travel to all

Two Chinquains

By ROY CHAPIN

PRIMAVERA

*Spring is
a glowing spark
at the core of nature
that renews each year the beauty
of life.*

SUN

*The sun
is a great eye
that searches each corner
in its ceaseless journey from east
to west.*

parts of the body to carry on its work. This fact and discovery laid the foundation for me to lay the foundation of a new science that makes Einstein's mental acrobatics mere child's play.

Now, gentle reader, I warn you before you read further, and call to your attention the fact that Copernicus had to retract, Fulton was persecuted, and the Wright brothers were laughed at. Melpomene and I realize that we will be laughed at and ridiculed, but we have put our hands to the plow and we are going to plow a straight furrow, let the clods fall where they may.

Mind has proven its superiority over matter, has proven that it can control matter. There is only one step yet to be taken. For centuries man has looked to the far distant stars and planets and wondered if he would ever be able to reach them. Philosophers have theorized about the matter, scientists have given their time and energy to the question, and astronomers have given themselves perpetual cricks in the neck and have become squint-eyed from peeping through their telescopes at the stars. Science discovered that man would grow old and die before he could get out of the universe, yea, even reach the nearest star, even if he was traveling with the speed of light, *the fastest moving thing in the universe.* (The italics are the scientists', not mine.)

Melpomene and I have developed a new theory and a new science, and to prove that we are doing this for the good of humanity and not for our own vainglory we have not given the new theory our names as Einstein, Newton, Copernicus and Pasteur did to their theories and discoveries. We call ours the science of Mental-transportology. The idea is to develop the mind and give it such absolute control over matter that it will be able to transport matter with it when it wanders through space. This will be the last great step of mind in its conquest of matter. We will then be able to move from place to place without taking time into consideration. We can think of Mars or any other point in the universe just as quickly as we can think of Durham. The mind can wander around on Mars now, but the body must remain behind on the earth because the mind has not yet gained the control necessary to enable it to take the body along with it on its inter-stellar rambles. It is the mission of this science to give mind that control. How is this to be done? It is to be brought about in the same way that all great things are brought about, by the toil and labor of those bright and intelligent minds that are willing to sacrifice time, effort, and even good name to a great and glorious cause.

We call all men who are truly interested in the advancement of mankind to rally to our standard, and warn you that you had better come join the ranks early if you want to get in on the persecutions that always immortalize the early disciples of any great movement such as this.

"Words are like leaves, and where they most
abound

Much fruit of thought beneath is rarely
found."
—Shakespeare.

AN ESSAY ON SHAVING

(Continued from page one)

have their records. In 1909, a London barber, Robert Hardie, demonstrated his skill and art by shaving six men in one minute 29 seconds. He could shave one man thoroughly in 12 seconds, he could perform the operation with a carving knife in 45 seconds, and with a pen-knife in 27 seconds. And to top it off, he did it blindfolded in 28 seconds flat! There are those who will ask: "What of the victims?", but those persons are vulgar, and unappreciative of tonsorial artistry.

The safety razor has revolutionized the process of shaving. It has made of an art a routine task. Before the turn of the century, a man brought his water close to a boil, worked prodigiously over a stone mug, and covered the lower half of his face with two inches of stiff lather. He grasped the handle of that swiftly-vanishing antique, the razor-strop, whetting the gleaming blade with a rhythmic whack-whack, careful to hold the blade at the proper angle. Then he wound his arms about his neck and head, in order to get the razor into the shaving position. He began to scrape. When he has removed the lather and the beard, and miraculously, none of his skin, he palmed his face with expert strokes, following up with more short scrapes. Then, dashing upon his stinging cheeks a generous handful of bay rum (there were no effeminate "after-shaving lotions"), he emerged shining and fragrant for his two hours in church. That was an art! No smooth, quick run-over with a safety razor. It was a careful process, the guiding of the razor's shining keenness with deft and practiced hand. Dramatic—melodramatic flourishes of the blade and slaps of the lather. It was a spectacle worthy of the stage. And like the drama, it has been turned into a bloodless and calm business. Just as the players walk on the modern stage and speak in soft voices instead of staggering on with a hoarse shout, so does the modern shaver make a short affair and an uninteresting one of what was once an exciting Sunday-morning drama, fascinating to every body whose father owned a straight razor and a tough beard.

So intriguing it was that my older brother once tried to do it himself, at the tender age of seven. He spread the cold lather over his cheeks, nose and forehead. Later, he came down the stairs with a broad grin on his face, shining through a mixture of soap and blood.

On the other hand, despite the affliction and the bane of having a beard to remove daily, there is nothing like the magic touch of a clean shave to restore a man to civilization and self-respect. I have come out of the swamps of Hyde county, where I had been with a party of engineers draining Lake Mattamuskeet, with a three weeks beard on my youthful chin. I had let the bristles grow purposely, and with them had grown the dirt and hardships, the dislike of the swamp-smell and the hard work. I think I have never enjoyed anything so much as the two-hour soak in a tub of hot water, and the smooth shave that followed immediately upon my return home. It was impossible to keep my hand from lovingly stroking that clean chin a hundred times in that first day. It was like

being a water moccasin, and sloughing off last year's scaly skin, to blaze forth in a new spring covering, leaving behind all the memories that grew with the old one. It was worth all the pain that crackled between the razor and the wiry bristles as I cut them down.

So after all, painful and futile as the operation may be, I suppose there is nothing else to do. In this day of high-pressure shaving soap advertisements, clean-shaven men in Arrow collars, and tea-cups without moustache-guards, convention is too strong. If the question is to shave or not to shave, we must shave. For if it requires a Herculean physical courage to hew down those bristles with a dull razor, it calls for an even greater moral courage to grow a beard.

Scraps From a Last Year's Notebook

(Anonymous)

As I am leaving B—— tomorrow I went this evening to visit our old home on T—— Street, which is by the schoolground. The place has changed little: the front paling fence with its lilacs and rosevines; the elm, the maple, three locusts, and a walnut still in the front lawn; the great pecan, a walnut, and the young English walnut that Matt set out at the back; the pear tree that blooms in spring by the kitchen window; one decrepit old apple tree and one hazel-nut bush in the rabbit-garden, where there used to be so many old apple trees and so many hazel-nut bushes. It is a vegetable garden now, with beans and corn; but pink and blue larkspur still mark it off from the locust-grove.

There is a family in the seven downstairs rooms, but nobody lives upstairs in the five little rooms; the dormer windows there are dark at night. The family is a happy one: a mother and father, four little girls, a handsome boy of seventeen, and a girl of sixteen, pretty and wistful. I think they already have some of my love for the house; for its low, rambling length, its long side-porch running under the grapevines past dining room and pantry and kitchen; for the cool cellar, and the shaded front porch, which, with its Virginia creeper, and rocking chairs, and low balustrades, and with the school-yard of grass and trees across the road, was always such a pleasant spot for idling away the long summer evenings.

* * *

Laurel Hill gorge is less than two miles from Chapel Hill but it is a lonely place because nobody lives there anymore. The cabin on the farther bank is nothing but a stark chimney now, and four vast beams foundered in the silence of the tall weeds until their handwrought nails are dropping out. Vague remnants of a wooden-and-leather bellows lie on the broken hearth, and a forlorn regiment of yard-lilies still wage an ancient war with the wild-blackberry vines, but there's little enough else there one could tie a memory to. Ten yards away deep woods begin to climb the bluff, and towards the creek alder and greenbrier and blackberry have made a rabbit's-heaven and hound's-hell combination. A final margin of sandbar-

willows and young sycamores, then Morgan's Creek paces loudly down its rocky road.

* * *

To that co-ed on the front row:-

So you let them cut it off last night, or yesterday afternoon, or some time between yesterday's class and today's class! Well, it was pretty enough tumbling down about your shoulders. Yours was a bright distinctiveness that white teeth and clear eyes and a strong healthy face could not quite complete without thick yellow hair flowing to your shoulders. Now that your neck needs hiding, nor your ears, nor the fine curve of your throat—but when you rode by, with the wind under your long hair, there went down the street with you something that whispored of maiden chatelaines riding their pal-freys down a green lane of ancient Brittany, and made me long to whistle after you like a troubadour from Provence.

Of course you are still pretty enough now that it's clipt and piled about your ears like masses of rich silk, soft and wheat-colored; but somehow the bright distinctiveness is gone, the strange, quick charm that took my breath away and made me remember old tales of fair sweet ladies who rode with some brave knight's heart in fee.

TWO

(Continued from page four)

Warm blood was throbbing in her body
And in his.

It was the same kind of blood.

Why was it not the same blood?

Why were they not one—

Instead of two strange ones?

Oh God!

How they loved!

There was a space between them that
must be filled.

If they could but be closer,
One!

They stopped at a little wood,
And there they made themselves
As close to one
As two can ever be.

* * *

They walked back two as they had come,
But they had forgot
For a while
That her mother was dead
Back at home.

* * * * *

They always loved each other
But were never quite happy,
For their desire could not be satisfied.
They could not get quite close enough
To be one.

BEST SELLERS AT THE BULLS HEAD

Boners

Sellar: *1066 And All That.*Maugham: *Of Human Bondage*Hibbard: *Stories Of The South*Millay: *Fatal Interview**Memoirs of Casanova*Laski: *Politics*Komroff: *Coronet*Stoker: *Dracula*France: *Penguin Island*





